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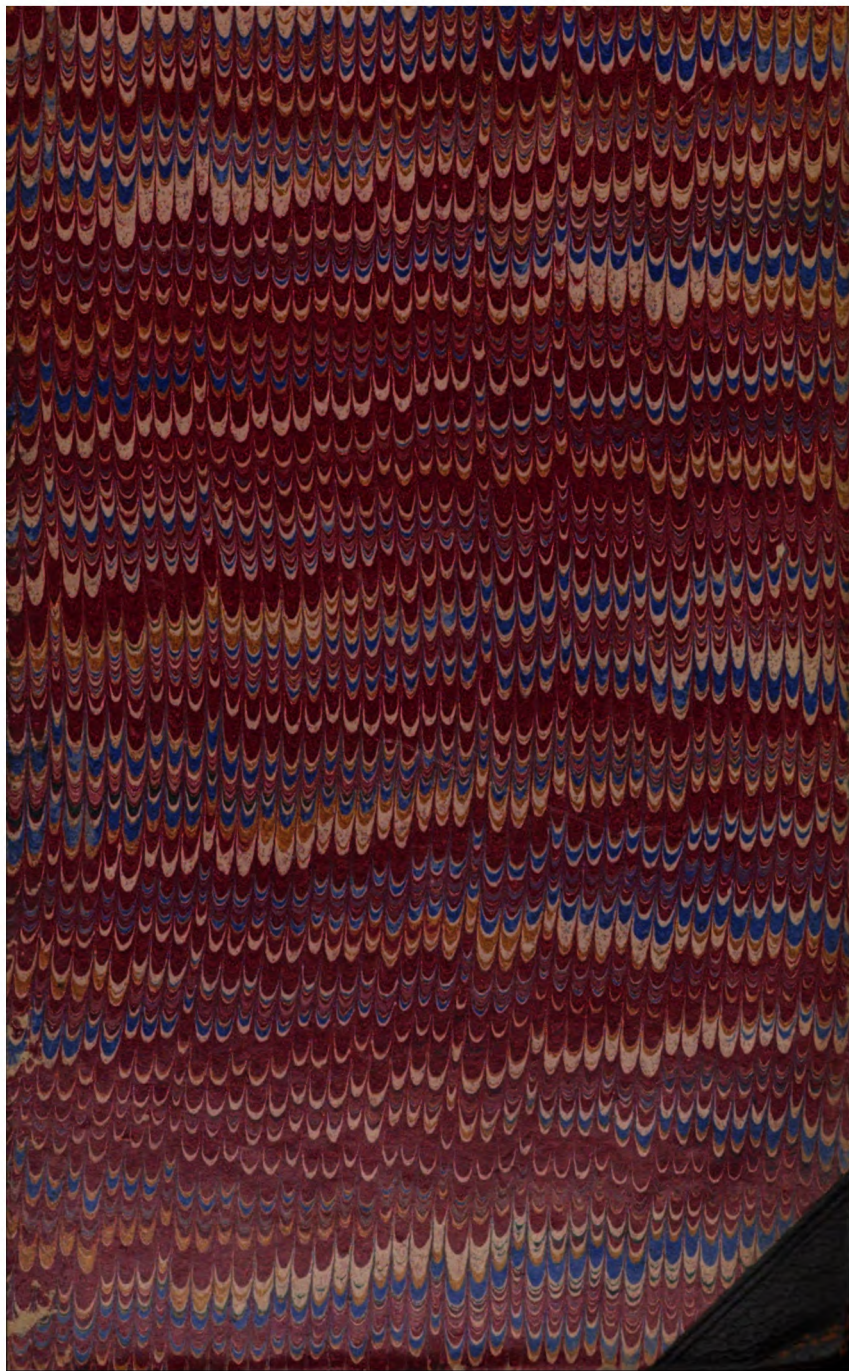
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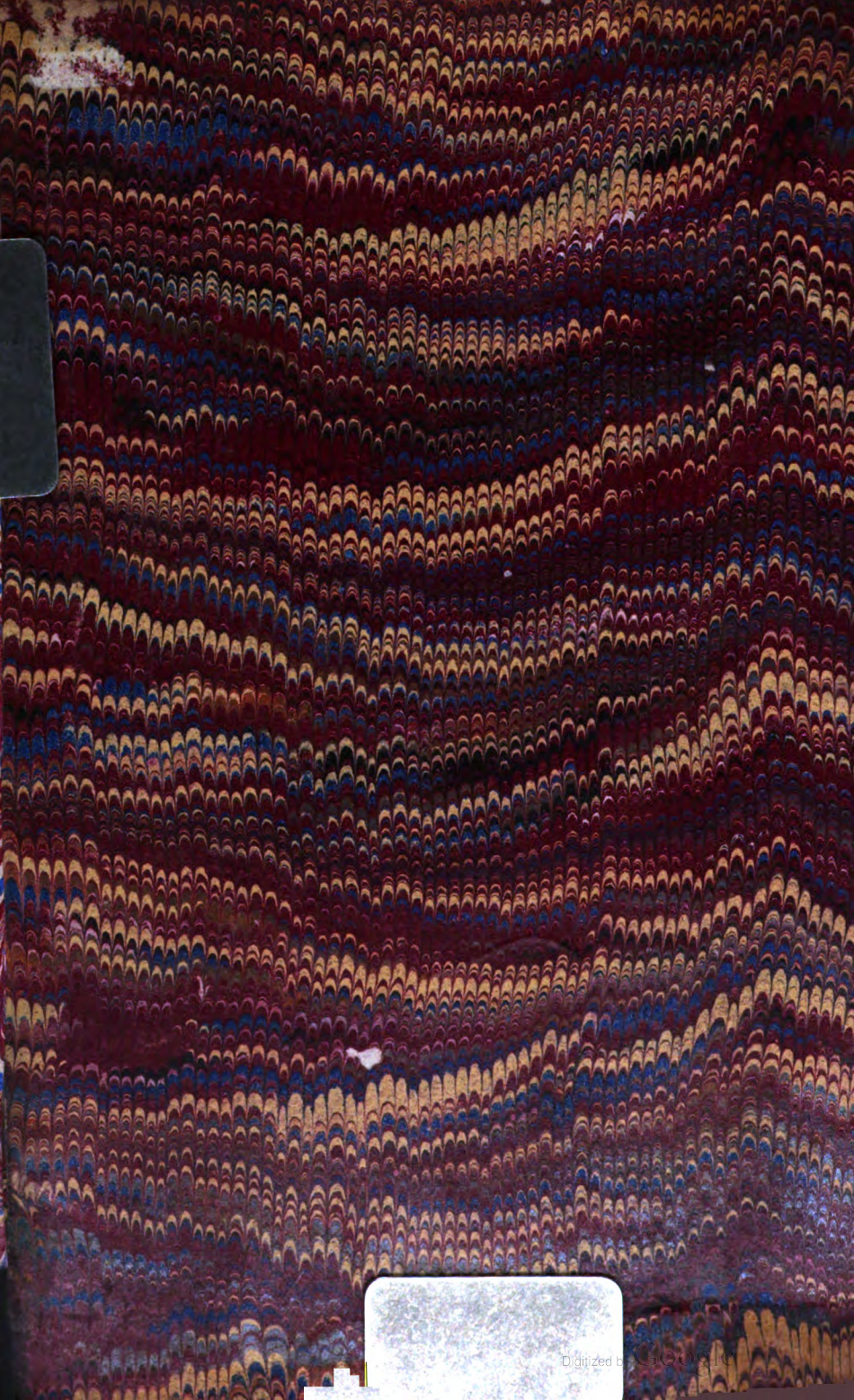
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THE
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE
OF
THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF
ODD-FELLOWS,

Manchester Unity.



EDITED BY GEORGE F. PARDON.

—
VOL. I.—NEW SERIES.
—

MANCHESTER:
PUBLISHED BY THE G.M. AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

1858.

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THE  
ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES

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No. I.]

JANUARY, 1857.

[Vol. I.]

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Introduction.

THE "ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE"—a name once so familiar to the Unity,—after a slumber of upwards of eight years, is revived, and the Manchester Unity, the greatest affiliated society that ever existed, once more possesses a medium through which it can communicate with its members. The Lincoln A.M.C. *unanimously* resolved that the Magazine should be re-established—we trust to enjoy a lengthened and useful existence—with a circulation commensurate with the numerical strength of the Order it represents. Differences of opinion will, no doubt, from time to time arise with regard to the management of the Magazine. At present the editorial arrangements are of a temporary character, made by the Directors, solely with a desire that the First Number should be published at the commencement of the forthcoming year. Some forbearance may, therefore, be fairly asked at the hands of those who may undertake to criticise the initiatory Number. The editorship will, however, speedily be vested in responsible and, we trust, able hands, capable, it is hoped, of establishing its literary reputation, and so conducting it that it shall prove useful and creditable to the Order, and instructive and interesting to its readers.

The object sought to be attained will be to make its contents of the most varied character, acceptable not only to the more highly educated of our members, but to their family circle—that it may be regarded as a most welcome quarterly visitor.

With regard to its connection with the Manchester Unity, a reasonable space will be devoted, when requisite, to the spread of the best information with regard to the management of Benefit Societies; whilst its columns will be open to repel any unjust attacks that may be made upon the Unity: That such attacks have been made, we need but to refer to the recent attempt, on the part of Lord Albemarle, to damage our Society in public estimation, in which, however, we are happy to state the noble Lord has signally failed—these attacks may be repeated—hence the necessity that so large and powerful a body should have its recognised organ, distinct from, and unconnected with, our business reports.

To give additional interest to the Magazine, the Directors, after much consideration, determined that the Portraits of the most useful and intelligent of the members should appear. The A.M.C. will confirm or reject this course, as that body may consider its effect upon the success of the Magazine.

With these brief remarks we introduce the first number of the "ODD-FELLOWS MAGAZINE," to its readers; to each and all of whom we heartily desire a happy and prosperous New Year.

MANCHESTER, DEC., 1856.

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## Memor of John Schofield,

P.G.M. OF THE ORDER.

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THE gentleman whose portrait embellishes the first number of our Magazine, new series, was born in January, 1820, in the parish of Saddleworth, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. His father was a clothier and farmer, and highly respected in the neighbourhood where



*John Schofield R.M.*





he resided. In the year 1835, Mr. J. Schofield went to reside with his uncle in the borough of Ashton-under-Lyne, for the purpose of learning the trade of a plumber, &c.

On the 19th January, 1839, he joined the Exorable Lodge, in Ashton-under-Lyne, and having received a good education, he was elected Secretary of his Lodge soon after his initiation. The Order at this time was a widely different institution from what it is now, and Mr. Schofield united himself with those men in Ashton who were anxious to remove many ridiculous things from amongst us, and make our society worthy of any class who might join us. Some of Mr. Schofield's early associates in the cause are gone down to the grave; a few, very few, are still remaining in the borough in which he was initiated.

Mr. Schofield left Ashton, visiting many places in England and Scotland, and finally settled in Bradford, in 1842.

Mr. Schofield is in partnership with Mr. Guthrie, as a plumber, glazier, &c., and they have the most extensive business in the town.

Mr. Schofield then joined the Benevolent Lodge in Bradford, in which his aptitude for business and knowledge of the laws soon made him conspicuous; and having passed through the various offices of the lodge, he was appointed their treasurer in 1845, and still continues to hold this office.

In 1849, Mr. Schofield was elected the D.G.M. of the Bradford District, and the following year G.M., which offices he filled to the entire satisfaction of the members of the whole district. At this time he was instrumental in raising a subscription to furnish a ward in the Bradford Infirmary, which was accomplished to the admiration of the directors of that institution, and to the credit of all concerned. During the time that he was G.M. of the district that important question of legalization had been introduced at our A.M.C.'s, and stirred the minds of our members throughout the entire Unity. Mr. Schofield warmly supported that common sense principle—legal protection for our accumulated capital—grappled with the prejudices of those who were conscientiously opposed to him, and had the satisfaction of seeing the resolution for legalizing the district laws carried without one dissent by the representatives of thirty-two lodges.

He was appointed by his district to attend the Dublin A.M.C. in

1851, and assisted in carrying a vote to legalize the laws of the M.U. under the new Friendly Societies' Bill.

At this meeting he was appointed one of a committee to re-arrange the general laws of the Order. At the Carlisle A.M.C. he was elected one of the directors of our institution; and at the Preston A.M.C. voted with those who introduced that financial scale which has done so much good to the Unity. On quitting his position as G.M. of his district, from a printed address delivered at the time we quote the following, having briefly alluded to it before:—"There is another subject to which I would draw your attention, namely, the movement we have lately made to furnish a ward in the Infirmary, to be called the 'Independent Odd-fellows' Ward,' and which has succeeded far beyond our most sanguine expectations. We shall now have a ward in that noble institution that will be second to none—one that will be an honour to the Order—a credit to this district—an ornament to the Infirmary—and a lasting benefit to those parties who have the misfortune to go there for relief." Can any of the isolated benefit societies of my Lord Albemarle equal that? Or can the *Times* newspaper, that publishes libels on our institution, and refuses the insertion of our vindication, blot these actions out—actions worthy the highest and the noblest in the land?

At the London A.M.C. Mr. Schofield was elected the D.G.M. of the Order, and at Durham was elected G.M., the highest office it is in the power of Odd-fellows to bestow.

In celebration of his election to the highest office, his district got up a banquet, which was not only attended by the leading members of the Unity, but was also attended by the influential of the town of Bradford. Added to all this, Mr. Schofield is a member of the Town Council, and was elected to represent at the council board the largest ward in Bradford, without opposition.

Of the personal appearance of Mr. Schofield the portrait will speak for itself.

In debate he is calm and deliberate, and enforces his ideas with a mildness which even an opponent must admire; while in private he is affable, and has earned for himself the highest opinions as well as the highest honours of all those of our society who have had the pleasure of his acquaintance. Mr. Schofield is still one of the

directors of the Unity; and in the hands of such men to guide, govern, and direct, the progress and continued prosperity of this great Unity is secure from prejudices within and unfounded misrepresentations without.

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## Odd-Fellowship and its Detractors.

BY CHARLES HARDWICK, D.G.M.

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It may, at first sight, appear somewhat surprising, that a society so numerous, so extensively ramified, and so practical in its operations, as the Manchester Unity, should be but little understood by the middle and upper classes. What is *Odd-Fellowship*? Yes what is it? are questions continually asked. Certainly, like "Brazenose College," at Oxford, its name is scarcely indicative of its quality—a circumstance which of itself tends somewhat to puzzle the uninitiated. One person will inform you Odd-Fellowship is a humble imitation of Freemasonry; another, that it is a benevolent or charitable institution; a third says it is a provident society; a fourth declares it to be the prolific parent of numerous convivial clubs; and a fifth avers, with a provokingly contemptuous sneer, that it is a mere mass of innocent "tom-foolery" and tinsel display.

I remember, a few years ago, conversing, at the *Hotel des Invalides*, in Paris, with one of the great Napoleon's "Old Guards." In answer to the question—"Are you a Freemason?" I very innocently replied—"No, but I am at present the Provincial Grand Master of a society, *qu'on appelle, Camarades Bizarres!*" being the nearest literal translation I could think of, at the moment, for the term "Odd-Fellows." This was too much, however, even for the habitual politeness of the veteran French soldier. The expression of his countenance suddenly presented a singular compound of confusion, curiosity, and contempt! Of course it was impossible for him to divine how any organisation, self-designated *bizarre*, funny, or *outré*, could, under any circumstances, be regarded as pertaining

to the same class as Freemasonry. After I had explained the principles and objects of Odd-Fellowship, however, we fraternized amazingly; so much so, indeed, that the old soldier volunteered to procure for me a private peep at the tomb of Napoleon, then in course of erection, and closed from the public view, beneath the dome of the *Invalides*. And what greater courtesy could the old weather-beaten Grenadier show to an Englishman, than to accompany him to the last resting place of his idolized chief,—once our most redoubted foe?

But stay! Odd Fellowship has again been besprinkled at the baptismal font; a new name has been found for it, and a most noble sponsor! I fancy I can see an industrious operative member, as he reads this, smile, and slyly intimate to his wife, seated on the opposite side of the fire-place, that "we are going to make Prince Albert into an Odd-Fellow at last;" while visions of the royal arms quartered with those of the Order, float dreamily athwart his imagination.* He knows well, we possess already honorary members amongst the nobility, the clergy, and the gentry; and to gain the patronage of the Prince Consort would, of course, he conceives, be the "crowning mercy" or honour in that direction. But my worthy brother is a little too enthusiastic. Odd-Fellowship is not yet about to rejoice in the title of "royal," as well as "loyal," order. Quite the contrary! What will he think when he is told that the new designation is "HUMBUG!" and the sponsor the Earl of Albemarle?

It is a somewhat difficult thing to precisely define what is meant by the term "*humbug*." It is scarcely yet "a dictionary word." It is nearly as great a puzzler to me, in connection with Odd-Fellowship, as the phrase "*Camarades Bizarres*" was to my French friend. In the absence of a duly authorised lexicon, it may be permitted to consult any good practical authority or precedent. In my youth I remember well hearing the gossips of our neighbourhood tell a story which I think throws a little light on the obscure phrase. The face of the late Sergeant Cockle, it must be premised, was very much disfigured by the action of the small pox. In the course of his professional duty at Lancaster, he once indignantly demanded of

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* A rumour to this effect has several times found some credence.

a witness, a buxom Lancashire matron, what she meant by the term "*humbug!*" The old lady ingeniously out-generalled the learned Sergeant in the following manner :—

*Lancashire Old Lady.*—Why, Mester Cockle, I should think yo know what humbuggin is as weel as onybody !

*The Learned Sergeant (snappishly).*—I know nothing about it whatever. Tell his lordship what you mean by the offensive epithet.

*Lancashire Old Lady.*—Why, Mester Cockle, I thought yo wor a larn'd mon. Well, *I'm not larnt* ; but if I were to co yo a *hansum mon*, I should be *humbuggin yo*.

There's a nice little bit of practical etymology !—a simple illustration, worth a hundred imperfect definitions. From it I gather that, in the opinion of the Earl of Albemarle, the Manchester Unity has profited by the advice gratuitously presented by Prince Hamlet to his guilty mother, and *assumed* a virtue though it *possesses none* ; or, in plain English, that it is an impudent imposture, an unblushing falsehood, a deliberate fraud ! Nay, his lordship goes so far as to say that Odd-Fellowship is "humbug from beginning to end ;" thus permitting of no escape for its most worthy members, present, past, or prospective. This is indeed a very sweeping charge, especially in its prophetic sense, for the day of the dissolution of Odd-Fellowship is unquestionably much more remote than many amateur lecturers dream of, including its latest, and, I am sorry to say, its least courteous, antagonist. His lordship likewise talks about the members being "deluded" into the society. If such be the case, it is very desirable that the noble lord's marvellous penetration should be employed in the difficult task of selecting the deluders from the deluded—the victims from the victimizers—in order that proper steps may be taken to the end that unadulterated British justice be most liberally poured upon the heads of the vile offenders !

As a simple member of the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows, I indignantly reject the title of "humbug," though conferred by a nobleman ; and as one of the chief officers of that body, I emphatically deny that such a term is in any sense appropriate to the objects and practices of the institution, as a whole. I rather fear some wag, or incipient secretary to a rival society, has been dexter-

ously "cooking," not his lordship's figures only, but his lordship's "facts and arguments" also. I understand the Earl of Albemarle is a truly amiable and well meaning English nobleman. The matter is enveloped in some mystery, but one fact is pretty certain,—that such a man as his lordship could scarcely have made the exhibition he did at Diss, in October last, if he had not himself been most egregiously "humbled" by some one.

The practice of "holding forth" to the people, on subjects but imperfectly understood by the philanthropic orator himself, is, at the present day, an affair of such ordinary occurrence, that I can readily extend full forgiveness to his lordship on that head. But I am not so easily satisfied as to the culpability attached to the individual who voluntarily goes out of his way to traduce an institution and its members, of which and whom he appears to be so deplorably ignorant. If the "Diss Provident Society" has not answered the expectations of its founders and patrons, why, in the name of common honesty as well as common sense, is the Manchester Unity made responsible for the disappointment resulting therefrom? Certainly, the Earl of Albemarle is perfectly at liberty to expose the unsound financial position of working men's friendly societies, in general, and some of the *upper class insurance companies in particular*, if it so pleaseth him; but, in the prosecution of such philanthropic labour, facts and arguments alone should be employed, and not vulgar abuse. No doubt his lordship imagined that the long array of figures adduced by him at the Diss meeting, applied strictly to the Manchester Unity of the *present* day, and that this institution was not one whit in advance of ordinary sick clubs and affiliated societies, or, indeed, of its own condition a dozen years ago. The parties upon whom devolved the delicate office of "cramming" his lordship for the occasion, have served him most vilely with the stale *debris* of a great statistical banquet, discussed some ten or a dozen years ago—very foul food indeed, in the present condition of this department of the public larder. Statistical figures, *like* female beauty and pianofortes, and *unlike* wine and fiddles, do not always improve with age. Facts of this class may be very true in 1845, and, relatively, very false in 1856; and especially so if they are disinterred, re-"vitalized" and ingeniously adorned with a newly-emblazoned title-page bearing

the latter date ! To my mind his lordship cuts a somewhat similar figure to the renowned Rip Van Winkle, after his long sleep in the Kaatskill mountains. Poor Rip, beneath the soporific influence of the wizard liquor patronised by the ghost of the renowned Captain Hendrick Hudson, and the spectre crew of his good ship the "Half-Moon," quietly dozed away twenty years of the most valuable portion of his terrestrial existence ! When he entered his native village, at the conclusion of his protracted nap, he was amazed to find his exuberant loyalty had, by the subtle alchemy of successful rebellion, become transmuted into treason !—the head of General Washington swung in the wind from the very sign-post, which, according to his reckoning, on the previous evening held in suspension no less a personage than his Majesty George III. ! One large thick volume in the history of his own times had evidently been purloined from the shelves of his scantily-furnished mental library. Rip was palpably behind his time ! With respect to the Manchester Unity, the Earl of Albemarle appears to me to be in a similar predicament.

Granted; the financial position of many lodges in connection with the Manchester Unity was not *very much* superior to his lordship's portraiture at the period when his oblivious fit first came over him. Granted; many lodges closed (*as well as numerous other sick clubs*) for want of funds ! Very well. "*Experientia docet*" is on almost everybody's tongue. Fools are said to learn wisdom by experience. There can be nothing miraculous, therefore, or even surprising, in the fact that the members of the Manchester Unity profited by their experience.

The circumstance that a large number of lodges had closed for want of funds, caused the Newcastle resolutions in 1844. Returns were called for, and the question of finance seriously discussed. At the annual meeting of the Unity, held at Glasgow, in the following year, the financial resolutions adopted were regarded as of so sweeping a character that serious revolt and disaffection ensued. The "National split" resulted, notwithstanding all that has been said upon the subject, mainly from the introduction of these improvements. I can assure his lordship, from much experience, that it is quite, or *nearly* quite, as difficult a task to convince a large portion of the operative population that their time-honoured practices and



prejudices are based upon an insecure or irrational foundation, as it is to indoctrinate the proprietors of "close" or "rotten" boroughs with the sentiments of "go-a-head" parliamentary reformers. Nevertheless the Unity weathered the tempest, and a new lease was granted to its existence. The subscriptions were increased from twenty-five to thirty-five per cent, and the amounts assured materially reduced. The funds for management and philanthropic objects were separated from those devoted to the insurance of specified sums in case of sickness or death;—truly, at that period, a mighty stride in advance. It is much to be lamented that more of the numerous other affiliated societies and isolated sick clubs did not immediately follow the example.

*Why was all this practically ignored by the Earl of Albemarle, at Diss?*

In 1850, the Manchester Unity published Mr. Henry Ratcliffe's observations on the rates of mortality and sickness experienced by the members of the Order, and in 1852 his supplement appeared,—forming, together, one of the most valuable works extant in connection with friendly society assurance. And, what is perhaps the most commendable feature of the transaction; this was effected without any external aid, Mr. H. Ratcliffe himself being the regular secretary of the Order.

Surely such labour in the right direction was worthy of a passing recognition from the Earl of Albemarle.

This labour was not without its fruits. In 1853, the Annual Moveable Committee, assembled at Preston, adopted graduated rates of payment, according to age on entrance, formed from the past experience of the society; thus placing the future operations of the Order upon a solid foundation in this particular at least. This was a most valuable step. The enactment of this law, after much intelligent discussion, and the overwhelming majorities by which it has since been confirmed, testify abundantly to the disposition of the members to keep pace with the progress of intelligent inference deduced from past experience, as quickly as they learn clearly to comprehend its truth and necessity. There are many active members of the Order still labouring to prepare the way for further improvements. Surely such efforts are worthy of a little more

respectful consideration than the flippant use of the terms "humbug" and "delusion" would indicate; and especially so when it is remembered that the great bulk of the labour necessary to bring about these improvements is of a thoroughly spontaneous and self-denying character. What other society, certified or uncertified, can say more, or, indeed, as much? And, if not, why is the Manchester Unity ever made the butt of the, in this respect, semi-educated, *soi-disant* philanthropists, who vain-gloriously imagine they can re-model everything connected with the affairs of the working classes by means of prosy speeches, garnished with a few scraps of ill-digested statistical information? I fear it is not because the Manchester Unity is in a *worse*, but in a *better*, condition than most other similar institutions, that much of this animosity is exhibited. It is not merely a society of passive working men, quietly governed by gentlemen of the middle and upper classes. It is self-originated, self-dependent, and self-governed. Hence its real strength; and hence the antipathy of those who look upon the masses as utterly incapable of self-direction, even in the humblest duties of every-day life. The hardy indigenous plant, native to the soil, they perceive, flourishes still without their *intermeddling* patronage. They are somewhat astounded that ought pertaining to the working classes can continue to govern and gradually develop itself for the good of society, without their especial protection and supervision! In relation to this important principle, the Bishop of Manchester, in his speech on the free library question, a short time since, at Preston, enunciated words of sterling truth, equally worthy the serious consideration of patrician philanthropists as of their plebeian *protégés*. His lordship said,—“But while I congratulate Preston that I am present at this meeting, which combines the higher and wealthier classes with many whom I see around me in the artizan's garb, *let me in all earnest and friendly feeling assure the artizan that however liberal those above him may be, under God and with God, his best friend is himself.*”

Of course, neither I nor any true Odd-Fellow would refuse the aid of well-meaning individuals, of whatever class, in the furtherance of a good cause; and I believe the direction of the provident spirit of the operative population to be amongst the very best. But I have had sufficient experience in this species of propaganda to know that

the men who adopt his lordship's tactics at Diss both have done, and will continue to do, more injury than benefit, except in so far as their illiberal denunciation may tend to the ventilation of the question, and provoke the members to do battle in their own defence. His lordship must not imagine that I either am or have been wishful to "delude" the members of the society or the public, with respect to the imperative necessity of sound financial legislation in connection with friendly societies. Had his lordship perused my pamphlets on this subject, published in 1851 and 1852, or my twenty letters, which appeared in the "Empire," London newspaper, in 1854, I care not to acknowledge that I entertain a sufficient amount of vanity to believe the noble earl's discourse at Diss would not only have been less antiquated, but his estimation of the Manchester Unity and its officers would have been somewhat improved. I believe I have told as much naked unpleasant truth on the subject of finance, to the members of friendly societies, as any other individual, and yet they have shown no irritation at my disclosures; on the contrary, they have often invited me to lecture before them on the subject. How is this, that Englishmen, who so "dearly love a lord," withhold their approval from the Earl of Albemarle, a nobleman whose position and personal character entitle him to the most respectful consideration? Why, simply because I spent some time in thoroughly investigating the question in *all its bearings* before I ventured to teach; and when I did teach, I addressed the members as a *friend* wishful to *save* their societies and not to *destroy* them. I did not abuse kindred institutions for the sake of proselytism. I selected my examples of imperfection and error from the practice of the Manchester Unity itself, though I knew well the great majority of other societies were in a far worse condition. Nay, in order that the members of the Unity might not be impressed with a notion that I was desirous of unduly extolling the branches situated in my own neighbourhood, I prudently quoted from the books of my own lodge and district whenever their condition could furnish the necessary material. I likewise frankly acknowledged to whose experience both myself and the actuaries were indebted for our superior information on the subject. The following paragraph, from my first lecture, delivered nearly six

years ago, is still so very much to the present purpose that I reprint it for the especial consideration of the Earl of Albemarle and his abettors :—

“It is, however, but just to the members of the old friendly societies, after the errors into which they have fallen have been pointed out in order to the adoption of means for their improvement, that I should give them full credit for the whole of the good they have effected. This, unfortunately, has been neglected by many who have thought proper to denounce their errors and imperfections. The cause of these errors has not been want of integrity, but the absence of knowledge. The honest working man is, of course, offended when he sees or hears himself and friends classed amongst the fools, or perhaps the knaves, by parties, *some* of whose statements *he knows* to be false, and whose motives he has perhaps some little show of reason to suspect. But the great mischief is, that when uneducated men discover that their case is made out to be *worse* than they know it really to be, they at once denounce the *whole of the assertions* of the party as false and slanderous ; and thus the communication of much information which might really have been well worthy of their serious attention, is productive of no beneficial result, but engenders, perhaps, fierce and bigoted opposition. No, let us give the founders of the old friendly societies, imperfect though they be, every credit for the good they effected in their day and generation ! It must not be forgotten that but for the experience of these old institutions, the present improved tables of the rates of sickness and mortality could not have been compiled. Great praise is therefore due to those enterprising pioneers in the march of social amelioration who launched their bark upon the unexplored ocean of vital statistical science, with no other chart or compass than the honourable desire to save themselves from dependence and pauperism in seasons of affliction, and their friendship, love, and charity towards their fellow men ! Let us encourage spirits like these to continue to apply the same energies, the same integrity of purpose, the same practical common sense, to the important question of financial improvement. The great difficulty of the question has been the difficulty of the subject itself. The science of vital statistics is as yet but a new-born science. Vast numbers, even amongst

the middle and upper classes, know little or nothing of its teachings, beyond the most simple elements. How can it, therefore, be expected that the industrious labourer, whose time is occupied by toil, whose early education has been altogether neglected, or at the best but imperfectly attended to, should be the first to understand the whole of its mysteries and revelations? And yet, on the other hand, it is equally true that, to some extent, learn it he *must*, and as early as possible, or the great majority of the present societies will experience the fate of those which have preceded them, for the expense and difficulty of adjustment *rapidly increase* with every year of delay."

It was from instruction *imparted in this spirit*, that important financial improvements resulted, and especially those adopted by the Annual Moveable Committee, held at Preston, in 1853. The Manchester Unity now possesses *within itself*, sufficient knowledge to effect further progress, as soon as the members, who are their own legislators, can be taught to understand the value or necessity of each innovation, without the aid of the professional actuaries, whose certificates are sometimes illusive, from their great ignorance of the practical details, and the operation of minor restrictive laws. It would not be an uninteresting or uninstructional labour, if some philanthropic actuary were to expend a little of his time in the collection of facts relating to the breaking up of *certified* societies, from the period when the power to grant the necessary document was first conferred by act of parliament upon *justices of the peace and schoolmasters*, to the present time, when the same is enjoyed by a privileged few, respecting whose competency public opinion is so much divided. Perhaps the intemperate zeal of the enemies of the Order may provoke some Oddfellow to undertake the task.

There are some other matters of importance in the address of the Earl of Albemarle at Diss, but the length of this paper precludes their discussion in the present number of the Magazine. I may perhaps refer to them on a future occasion.

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## Easy Chairs.

BY ELIZA COOK.

It requires no great stretch of imagination to believe that there is a natural affinity between civilised beings and "easy chairs." Certain it is that everybody appears to like one—if they can get it. We have, occasionally, heard individuals pretend to scorn such things, as Sybarite appurtenances, and declare that being compelled to sit in them was quite an infliction; but we have been perfectly aware that there was a deal of mere Stoical bounce in the assertion, and that, at heart, they could appreciate and enjoy the lolling repose of an "easy chair" as much as the more honest and professed admirers of these household comforts. We contend that "easy chairs" are *sine qua non*, wherever the "home" has a degree or two higher pretensions to refinement than an Indian wigwam; or a Cornish hovel.

Let us roughly sketch a family scene on a "bitter" frosty evening. There is a nice, capacious, warm room, with a bright sea-coal fire, thick carpet, downy hearth rug, rich cerese-coloured curtains closely drawn, and a table-lamp giving its widest light. There is a bubbling urn putting the greatest possible amount of steam on, with hot plates of frizzling toast, and shining "Sally Lunns" around it. These are valuable auxiliaries to the domestic cosiness of a January night; but if there be not two or three "easy chairs," the picture is sadly deficient in *tone*, and we feel a degree of chilliness, even with our nose over the boiling Hyson, and our fingers clutching a piece of reeking muffin. The younger branches of the party may manage tolerably well to perch themselves on the narrow-bottomed, straight-backed skeletons of rosewood, mahogany, or maple. They can afford to wriggle and twist, and balance themselves, as they best can, on the fashionable articles; but there is a venerable, grey-haired grandmother in the establishment, who wears a stately black satin, and a sort of demi-turban style of *coiffure*. Her lace ruffles are very rich, and her hands a *leetle* shaky, and altogether she comes under the style of "Gothic Architecture." Now, fancy this dear old lady doing penance on one of the above-mentioned narrow-bottomed skeletons. Why, you might as well place a Nineveh marble on an ormolu flower-stand. We cannot endure the thought, so let us pass on. There is the Paterfamilias, who has grown rather corpulent of late, and is beginning to find the sixteen inches outside a "bus" quite unattainable, and the sixteen inches within very "close quarters." He likes to change his tight-fitting surtout for a loose *robe de chambre*. He likes to put on his slippers and unfasten a couple of his waistcoat buttons. His hair is becoming rather more snow-droppy than

hyacinthine, and altogether, he is acquiring the pleasant appearance of portly grace so generally visible in the elderly English gentleman. How would Paterfamilias look on one of the aforesaid props? "Why, like many of our late generals in the Crimea, very much out of place. Now, let us put both of these respective parties into cosey, roomy, "easy chairs," one on each side of the fender; and behold, what a difference in the scenic effect. The old lady's stately drapery is arrayed to much more advantage. She sips her tea with increased zest, and pats the head of her youngest descendant with extra kindness as he comes to take her cup. How comfortable she seems, and how beautifully the fire-light falls on her placid features—that "easy-chair" has done wonders for her. The tired, stout gentleman on the opposite side relaxes into something pliant and loquacious. He stretches his legs with a kind of passive dignity, and rubs off the dust and rust gathered in his counting-house against the softly-bulging morocco of his "easy chair." It is not impossible that within an hour the corpulent gentleman and venerable lady may become possessed of an indistinct and absurd notion that it is bed time—begin to look very blinking, and lose a great portion of muscular control over the region of the brain. The old lady tries to rouse herself, and begs Amelia to sing her last new song. The lethargic gentleman attempts to shake off the poppies by a sudden and totally unnecessary attack on the Redan of "Wallsend," but it will not do, and by the time Amelia has got to the pathetic conclusion of the ballad the respectable pair of worthies are off by the night coach, with their recumbent heads gracefully reposing on the backs of their "easy chairs." It is pleasing to gaze on them so safely and snugly deposited, but how would they appear tottering on those fashionable props above mentioned? Why, we should tremble lest an unhappy nod of extra jerkiness might not leave a dislocated vertebra, or a chance over-balancing of the unsupported shoulders, cause them, like the unfortunate Royal George of old, to "keel over." An impromptu doze is not unseemly in family elders, provided the nasal accompaniment is not too suggestive of the piggy-wiggy style of melody, and with the strict proviso that it is always taken in an "easy chair."

"Easy chairs" are things of which we are apt to form very delusive opinions in the psychological sense of the word.

Some miscalculating beings conceive a notion that there will be no real "easy chair" for them until they are rich enough to have the frame carved out of solid gold, the seat stuffed with bank notes, and the covering formed of freehold deeds; but somehow or other, when the desired and splendid specimen of Rothschild's cabinet-making is achieved, it seldom proves so delectable a seat as was anticipated. The golden scrolls are very imposing, but they seem to require a degree of softened and social relief. The tissue paper is too closely compressed to be yieldingly pleasant, and the precious hieroglyphicked parchment is shivering cold, and utterly unsoothing to a touch of sciatica or a twinge of gout. Be cautious in time, ye Crecusian upholsterers; the retiring room of Life's mansion needs no such gorgeous and ponderous furniture to make it comfortable. Lend some gentle hands in your service by the

human ties of consistent generosity and thoughtful kindness, and those gentle hands will wheel your old, common, chintz-covered chair nearer to the fire, and shake up the simple feather cushions, with the willing and active solicitude of affection. You will sit yourself down in it for your evening's rest with satisfactory feelings; and, take a simpleton's word for it, that, as you give the blazing pile an extra stir, it will be under much more pleasant sensations than the much coveted Californian couch would have promoted.

Others, a select few of "inspired idiots," think they can contrive to fashion a most brilliant and luxurious "easy chair" out of very strange materials. They coax Apollo to let them have a gim-crack, overgrown Jew's-harp sort of thing out of his Olympian Philharmonic orchestra, called "a lyre," of which they form a very fantastic seat, by placing it on piled-up quires of blue post. They twine and bedeck it with red roses and green bay leaves; and, by dint of either wheedling or bullying, they frequently get that gadding, gossiping young lady, Miss Fame, to assist them in their labour. The celestial ottoman is deliciously agreeable to the builder for awhile; but, unfortunately, the occupiers of these "easy chairs" are very thin-skinned, and few stretch their thrilling nerves upon the electric strings of the lyre, despite the enchanting flowers and leaves about it, without becoming most sensitively excoriated. Ah! our poetic "easy chairs" are not so downy and delightful as we imagine they are when we first gaze on them in our ethereal boudoir, and it is a question, if those who trust to such for a spiritual siesta do not often experience an intrusive notion that they had an easier seat on the ink-splotted form at old Dilworth's, while, with a few pence, a lump of toffee, a peg-top, and a rusty knife in the pocket of their corderoys, they were supremely wealthy; and indited the important letter announcing the "Christmas vacation," with fairy land visions of Pantomime, plum-pudding, and mother's kisses floating around the sheet of foolscap.

One of our own earliest recollections is of a certain miniature "easy-chair" presented by a party who made it expressly for us, out of real oak; and a rare, solid, sturdy, matter-of-fact article it was. Its legs, rails, arms, and back were something miraculous in strength. If Daniel Lambert could have been compressed into its dimensions it would have borne him; though we believe our various and ingenious methods of testing its endurance quite equalled the power which that mountain of flesh could have exerted. What lugging and tugging, and banging and dragging that brave little chair underwent. Now it served as a Grecian chariot, and, laden with a playfellow, was whirled along on its two hind legs with steeple-chase speed. Then it did duty as a navigator's wheelbarrow, and was filled with all kinds of rubbish, from clay to oyster shells. By and bye we wanted to have a confidential negotiation with Miss or Master Somebody over the garden wall, and we were up on the seat in a twinkling, which not being high enough, of course we mounted the arms, and thence tip-toed on its back with a touch-and-go sort of footing which would have considerably alarmed the maternal sense had it witnessed the feat. Its slaveries and indignities



were innumerable. All that mud and dust could effect, it experienced. It was dabbled with liquorice water, smeared with peppermint, and splashed with orange juice; but when some outrageous desecrations had been inflicted on it, we would wash it under the pump, and make it as clean as ever. Then, we could carry it up stairs and repose in it before the parlour fire, with the engrossing pages of "Dick Whittington," or "Jack the Giant Killer," in our hands, until we were called off by some new game being up, and in our hurry to join it, the noble little Spartan of an "easy chair" was ingloriously upset, and left head over heels in the fender to take its chance of being burnt to death, or breaking the neck of some affectionate and devoted relative. Ah! it was a *very* "easy chair" *that*. We wish we could now purchase just such another, but we know we should get laughed at if we were weak enough to inquire about such an article.

Easy chairs are like the Scotchman's glass of whiskey—there is always an ostensible reason for their being taken. If the mercury is below zero—if the wind at all resembles a blunt razor—if the clouds are indulging in a continued, uncomfortable, sloppy, moppy, soppy, drizzling, mizzle, what more rational course could be adopted than ensconsing one's self in an easy chair, and stoically remarking, "It must be a wretched day out of doors!" If the sun is doing its fiery utmost to roast the July roses, without even basting them with a Southern zephyr—if the dust is flying in our face more unpleasantly than even our sins, why, with what a peculiar puff of the lungs we fling ourselves down in an "easy chair" and exclaim, "Oh, how hot it is!" If we are dreadfully fatigued by thinking little and doing less, and between grumbling and yawning begin to look round for something that is likely to immediately afford us an endurable state of existence, what do we pitch upon so often as an "easy chair?" We can loll there, and denounce philosophy as "humbug," poetry as "stuff," labour as "useless," and the whole of our human kindred as fools and knaves, or something worse. It is very agreeable, we daresay, to many spirits, to put the world in their own morbid pillory, and fling the questionable eggs of selfish Discontent and the withered cabbage stumps of habitual Idleness at that same world's face; but the possessors of these luxuriant velvet and eider-down seats are usually the spoiled children of Prosperity, and the dazzling light of Fortune only serves to contract some minds, as the rich sunshine of day does the pupil of the cat's eye. We would suggest that all those so ungraciously disposed, who sit in the *too* "easy chairs" of worldly place, carrying on a savage attack of cosmopolitan slaughter, should try a "common rush" or an office stool for a short time.

Our fingers are getting rather tired of the pen, our back a little impatient of stooping over the desk, and we have within five yards' distance a dear friend, "an old arm chair," with a new face, in the shape of bright green chintz. The temptation is not to be resisted, so, gentle reader, we are about to retire into it and be at peace with all the world. Come, Fanchette, sweep up the hearth and mix a glass of negus, and as we sip it we will drink to the honour, longevity, and blissfulness of "easy chairs."

## Notice of the Art Treasures Exhibition of 1857, AT MANCHESTER.

BY GEORGE FALKNER.

THERE can be no doubt but that the unqualified success which attended the addition to the Dublin Exhibition of Industrial Art in 1853, of its magnificent Gallery of Paintings, primarily suggested the idea of aggregating the Art Treasures of the United Kingdom; and that the acknowledged attractions of the Palais des Beaux Arts at Paris, in 1855, confirmed the certainty of success which would attend a similar national display in England; but to Manchester was reserved the honour of amplifying the project, and of supplying the means for carrying it into practical operation.

IN the month of April of the present year the first announcement appeared of the intention "of making the year 1857 memorable in our annals," by collecting for exhibition in Manchester all that the country could furnish of art and artistic objects. Within two months after, a guarantee fund, amounting to not less than £62,000, had been subscribed by the nobility and leading merchants of the district; and on the 20th of May, a public meeting was held in the Town Hall, at which formal resolutions were passed, and an Executive Committee nominated. The patronage of Her Majesty and of His Royal Highness Prince Albert was graciously extended to the undertaking; and Lords Derby, Ellesmere, Overstone, and others of conspicuous rank and title, promised their active co-operation and warm sympathy. The services of J. C. Deane, Esq., who was one of the Secretaries of the Dublin Exhibition, and who was subsequently in the service of the Crystal Palace Company, were early secured as General Commissioner; and the constitution of the Council and Executive was formally announced.

ON the 23rd of June, the General Council ratified the recommendations of the Committee, as to securing a lease of the land at Old Trafford, held by the Manchester Cricket Club, and lying between the Botanical Gardens and the Manchester, South Junction, and Altrincham Railway, which, from its connection with a line of rails, the purity of the atmosphere in the vicinity, and its proximity to the city, rendered it the most eligible of all the sites offered. At the same meeting, the design for the building, submitted by Messrs. C. D. Young and Co., of London and Edinburgh, was finally adopted,

its recommendations, over numerous competitors, being convenience in the distribution of space, the facility of execution, and the cheapness of construction.

Mr. Edward Salomons, architect, of this city, was appointed by the Executive to lend his professional aid in determining to what extent the facade and the general exterior of the building should be decorated or relieved by architectural design, and generally to confer with and assist the Messrs. Young in the construction of such a building as would form a fitting receptacle for the priceless contents which it was destined to enshrine. A contract was entered into for the completion of the works by the 1st of January, 1857, for the sum of £24,500, and penalties were prescribed for non-fulfilment.

The extreme length of the building is 704 feet, and its width 200 feet. It covers 15,200 square yards of ground, or rather more than three acres. In the facade, designed by Mr. Salomons, red and yellow brick are mainly employed. It presents three semi-circles of imposing height, constructed of iron, which correspond with the divisions of the area; and besides a central entrance, there are suites of apartments for officials, retiring rooms, and other conveniences adapted to the necessities of the undertaking. The building generally is of corrugated iron, with an internal lining of wood. It comprises a great hall, with a picture gallery on each side. The former is 56 feet wide, and the latter 48 feet wide. The central hall has two side aisles, each 24 feet wide, and separated from the nave only by a row of pillars. It is covered by a semi-circular roof, springing from pillars 33 feet high, the height from the floor to the top of the arch being 65 feet. The side aisles are covered by the ordinary ridge roofs, rising 3 feet 6 inches above the pillars, so that their total height is 36 feet 6 inches. The circular roofs are of corrugated iron and wood, similar to the sides; a broad strip, at the top, throughout the whole length, being glazed, so that the entire light is obtained from above.

Near the west end is the transept forty-eight feet wide, gained by opening out the great central hall to the extreme width of the building, and around is a gallery affording accommodation for spectators on occasions of great ceremonial. At this end of the building it is projected to erect a suitable organ and permanent orchestra. The great hall is intended to be open from end to end, but across each of the lateral picture galleries there are thrown a series of arched openings, so that whilst there will be an uninterrupted vista along the centre, a number of divisions will in reality be formed, each of which will no doubt, as far as practicable, be devoted to the illustration of a particular school or class of painting—in accordance with the valuable suggestion of H.R.H. Prince Albert, contained in his admirable letter to the Earl of Ellesmere. The great hall itself will receive the statuary, bronzes, decorative furniture, armour, works in gold and precious metals, tapestry, antiquities, and the thousand other objects comprised in the term "Art Treasures."

A covered corridor, twenty-four feet wide, uniting the building with the

platform of the railway station, is divided into entrance and exit passages, and a circular drive is provided up to the front entrance, for carriages and pedestrians from the city. The second class refreshment rooms communicate with the corridor, those for the first class being situated near to and opening into the transept. Besides these, there are retiring rooms, news rooms, lavatories, an office for the electric telegraph, and a station for the fire brigade. The general decoration of the interior will be simple, but harmonious and effective. The wood-lining is at the present date being covered with canvas, for the reception of a chaste and appropriate paper, and the girders, stays, and other visible iron work, are either being painted or cased in. No definite decision has yet been arrived at by the Executive as to the location of the various classes of art; when the programme of each department is completed and closed, no doubt their final destination in the building will form the subject of judicious deliberation.

Turning from the building to its contents, it may be stated generally that this Exhibition will differ from all its predecessors in the peculiar character of the objects which it embraces. Whilst those of London and Dublin were designed as exponents of the industrial and mechanical resources of the empire, this is intended exclusively to promote a refinement of national taste, and to encourage amongst us a love of the pure and the beautiful. Hence every thing that is not mere *workmanship*, and that may appropriately be classed as *Art*, will find a fitting receptacle. In no other country of the world do there exist such valuable treasures of art as in our own; but, scattered in the palatial residences of our nobility, and hidden in the cabinets of connoisseurs, they are unknown, unseen, except by the privileged few. To aggregate these rare and priceless gems—to present under one roof, enhanced by an instructive arrangement, all that England possesses most noble in the creations of artistic genius, is the end and aim of the great project of 1857.

To aid in this high and humanizing effort, Royalty itself has not deemed it unbecoming to lend a gracious and a helping hand, and the example thus set before the country has been as widely as it has been generously responded to. To enumerate, however briefly, the ready contributions of art, in all the various phases it embraces, which the Executive Committee have received, would occupy too large a space in this introductory notice. A few, however, of the choicest and most valuable may be here recorded; and of these the selection permitted to be made from the royal collections claims precedence. They embrace the masterpieces of Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, Gerard Dow, Teniers, Van Ostade, Paul Potter, Van der Velde, Wouvermans, Cuyp, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Sir David Wilkie: the examples of the two latter being the well-known portrait of Sir Joshua by himself, and the national favourite by Sir David, of Blind Man's Buff. Twenty-one pictures thus comprise the contributions from the private collection of Buckingham Palace. From Hampton Court are to be sent *chef d'ouevres* of Titian, Vandyck, Claude Lorraine, Kneller, Tintoretto, Correggio, Holbein, Quintin Matsys, the Blacksmith of Antwerp (whose picture—that of the Misers—is associated with a

well-known and interesting episode in his history), Dominichini, and Sir Peter Lely, making in all a series of twenty-three paintings.

The Earl of Ellesmere, President of the General Council, has promised a selection from the famous gallery of Bridgewater House, twelve in number, which includes the Assumption, by Guido, a picture well known and appreciated as one of the chief attractions of his lordship's valuable collection.

The Earl of Derby, who, from the commencement of the undertaking, has evinced great cordiality in its support, has promised a contribution of twenty-one pictures, of which Belshazzar's Feast, by Rembrandt, and two portraits, by Vandyck—one of the unhappy 7th Earl of Derby beheaded at Bolton, and the other of his heroic Countess, who defended Latham House against the Parliamentary forces—are considered the most interesting and valuable.

Lord Overstone, whose early and zealous tender of substantial aid is beyond all commendation, has submitted a list of fifteen pictures of well known merit, amongst which are a Virgin and Child, by the Spanish master Murillo, and a rare example of Rembrandt, a sea-piece, by Van der Velde, and one of the best works of Wright, of Derby—the siege of Gibraltar.

The Duke of Newcastle has placed his collection at Clumber House, and in London, at the disposal of the Committee. In the former are choice examples of Claude, Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyck, Annibal Carracci, and Snyders; and the celebrated picture, by Turini, of Sigismunda, which provoked Hogarth, when he saw it, to paint his Sigismunda, the present owner of which, by happy coincidence, has liberally offered it for comparison and contrast.

The Earl of Carlisle has submitted a selection from the gallery of Castle Howard, which will greatly enhance the uniqueness of the Exhibition. The Entombment, by Ludovico Carracci, the Sacrifice of Isaac, the Temptation of Christ, by Tintoretto, and St. John the Evangelist, by Dominichini, will form a series of valuable contributions.

Lord Spencer is to forward thirteen pictures of rare merit, including a small Raphael, three magnificent Vandyck's, two Rembrandts, and a Rubens.

Lord de Tabley is to contribute, amongst others, two of Turner's grandest pictures; and Lord Suffield two celebrated pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds; and Lord Dartmouth pictures by Claude, Snyders, Rubens, Wilson, and Lawrence.

The Earl of Spencer's offering comprises no less than twenty-three works of the old masters, amongst which are the celebrated Cartoon by Raphael, of the Murder of the Innocents, and the Mother of Rembrandt, by her son.

The Earl of Warwick promises ten pictures of great merit, including Murillo's Laughing Boy, and Ruben's Ignatius Loyola, Holbein's Henry VIII., and a Schoolboy, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The Right Hon. Henry Labouchere has placed twelve pictures at the disposal of the Committee, amongst which a Virgin and Infant Christ, by Michael Angelo, and two Landscapes, by Salvator Rosa, are deemed the most valuable.

The Earl of Yarborough contributes two of the finest examples of the earlier style of the greatest of English landscape painters, Turner, viz., the Wreck of the Minotaur on the Herak Sands, and the Opening of the Vintage of Magon. Dr. Waagen characterises these as "two of Turner's largest and finest works." In addition to these there are eighteen pictures of great merit, including Lawrence's noble representation of F. Kemble as Coriolanus.

The Earl of Elgin and Kincardine is to send twelve first-class paintings, of which a portrait by Velasquez is considered of extreme rarity.

Lord Northwich, of Northwick Park, Lord Wensleydale, the Earl of Chesterfield, and an endless number of other noblemen and well-known possessors of galleries, have with unreserved liberality placed their collections at the service of the Committee; and there can be no doubt but that in every School of Painting, ancient and modern, the Art Treasures Exhibition of 1857 will present an assemblage which in extent, variety, and value, will have no parallel in the annals of art.

In the department of Sculpture, the contributions up to this date embrace twenty examples of the antique, and nineteen of the modern school. Of the former the Earl of Pembroke, J. Weld Blundell, Esq., and J. Smith Barry, Esq., are the principal donors. Of the latter a Dolphin and Child, from the chisel of Raphael, will command universal attention; whilst the works of Canova, Roubillac, Westmacott, Gibson, Marshall, and others, artistically disposed in the grand hall, cannot fail to enhance by their delicacy and purity the florid effects of the galleries of paintings.

The Soulagès collection of works of decorative art, which will form one of the most interesting features of the Exhibition, and to which a separate court will no doubt be assigned, claims its name from M. Jules Soulagès, a French advocate, and one of the most systematic of modern collectors, who formed it in the interval that elapsed between 1830 and 1840. The present owners are a body of subscribers who purchased the property at a cost of £13,000, and whose intention it is, after its exhibition in Manchester, to offer it for sale to the Government. The whole assemblage of articles is divided into Majolica, bronzes, and Cinque-cento furniture, with a fourth category of miscellanea. Majolica is a corruption of the Mediterranean island of Majorca, the seat of a particular style of pottery, in which glaze, enamel, and metallic lustres, are employed. The specimens of this ware, produced in the course of the 16th century, present a splendid assortment of plates, dishes, bowls, vases, &c., each of which, it is said, is worthy of a separate study. In design they appear to reflect the then prevalent taste for heathen mythology, and to embody all the thought and erudition of the period. A minute investigation proves that

all the figures, birds, and flowers, must have been designed and executed by artists of the highest range of taste, and the colours throw out a lustre as if the pottery were inlaid with gold and silver, rubies and opals. As a contrast to the works in Majolica ware, there are several specimens of the ware named after the French artist, Palissy, who flourished during the latter half of the 16th century. The works of this class are in coloured relief, and the designs are in some instances strained and unnatural. The bronzes, the antique furniture, and sculptured composition of the Soulaiges collection, as objects of decorative utility, are of great value and interest, but require high artistic taste for their appreciation.

The Armoury, which, through the liberality of Colonel Meyrick, is to be sent from Gooderich Court, will convey much historical interest and instruction, and in completeness and extent will be surpassed only by that of the Tower of London. This collection was the first armoury attempted to be formed on the basis of true chronology, decided upon the most careful examination of authorities. "The utility of a collection of arms and armoury thus formed is evident when it is considered that there is no surer criterion of date than costume, and that down to the time of Charles II. our ancestors represented everything they had to produce in the fashion of their own time, and not that of its true period." As works of art many of the specimens are highly valuable, both singly and collectively, as showing at one period its flourishing state, and at another its depreciation.

Of the ancient European arms and armour, the most beautiful are those from Italy or Spain; next, such as came from Germany or Flanders; and the French specimens excel those of England. The Asiatic Armoury is various in its contents, and includes Turkish and Persian, Polygar, Mah-ratta, East Indian, Tartar, Malabar, Malay, Burmese, and other national arms and armour. In those of England the collection is unique, embracing all the styles and fashions prevalent from the 14th to the close of the 17th century. In a notice necessarily so brief as the present, it would be impracticable even to name the endless variety of arms, offensive and defensive, which the Goderich Court Armoury embraces, with its weapons and implements of the chase. A judicious and careful selection from this collection, arranged in strict chronological adherence, will do more to illustrate the various phases through which our national manners have passed, and enforce the lessons of historical teachings, than elaborate researches in the volumes of antiquity or cotemporaneous authority.

The Museum of Art, in connection with the Exhibition, over which Mr. Waring presides, is expected to embrace some of the finest works in metal, ivory, porcelain, marble, wood, leather, and other materials, which can be collected in the United Kingdom, illustrative of the several epochs of art from the Anglo-Roman period to the present day. The Queen has condescendingly granted permission for a selection to be made from Her Majesty's own private collection of plate, furniture, china, and tapestry. The Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford has also given every

facility for a selection from the Art Treasures of the several Colleges. The Directors of the East India Company have signified their readiness to place at the disposal of the Executive Committee such articles of Oriental produce in the possession of the Company as may add to the general interest and utility of this section of the Exhibition. The Society of Arts will likewise lend most valuable aid in the proposed classification of ancient and mediæval art, which will be carried out upon a scale not before attempted ; and innumerable offers of contributions from private individuals have been received, from which it is reasonable to expect that in products of fictile art,—in ecclesiastical, military, and domestic metal work,—in specimens of workmanship in stone, terra-cotta, bronze, and lead,—in examples of art in gold, silver, bronze, steel, iron and copper, in combination also with enamel work, jewellery, and damascene,—in every description of glass productions, German, Bohemian, French and English, and stained glass, ecclesiastical and domestic,—in furniture, of marqueterie, and buhl,—in textile fabrics, tapestry, embroidery, and lace,—in ivories, intaglios and cameos, as well as in the numismatic art, the great national project of 1857 will substantially and satisfactorily justify its designation by enshrining

#### THE ART TREASURES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

It remains only to be announced that Her Most Gracious Majesty has signified her intention of honouring the Exhibition with her presence, and that the Committee have received permission to state that His Royal Highness Prince Albert will take part in the opening ceremonies in May.

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## The Factory Beggar Girl.

A TRUE STORY.

BY W. AITKEN, P. Prov. G.M.

THE winter of 1841 was a season that will long be remembered with painful anxiety by all classes in the manufacturing districts of England. The flag of commerce was lying motionless at the mast-head ; our merchants and manufacturers had no outlet for the productions of our country,—or, if they had, the demand was limited in comparison with our qualifications for supply.



In consequence of this calamity, many large manufacturing establishments were stopped that had employed thousands of industrious people ; and even those employers who could carry on their establishments, were compelled to limit the hours of working to half the usual time. As a necessary consequence of all this, many an industrious man, and virtuous and industrious woman, were driven by stern necessity to leave their once peaceful and happy homes—after having sold nearly all they possessed, to procure the common necessaries of life—and ask charity from those who were able and willing to relieve the necessitous of their kind. The minds of many recoiled at the idea of begging, as destroying the independence of the human character ; but the old maxim, that “necessity knows no law,” stood before them in grim reality, and impelled them from door to door, to get as much as would keep them in existence.

Happy are they who are so circumstanced as to be able to relieve the deserving and indigent poor ! It is almost the only thing the rich are deserving of being envied of, and not even then when used to do good in its multifarious forms, as brought before us by the lights of science and the appliances of modern days. Although our charity is often ill bestowed—and nearly always so when given indiscriminately—yet to be able to dry the falling tear, and to stay the sob of sorrow, is to a benevolent mind one of the greatest of the many blessings upon earth.

Little, indeed, do many of the wealthy know of the intense agony that is working in the bosoms of many a high-souled child of industry, when loss of employment, from any cause, reduces them and the loved ones of their hearts to the verge of ruin and the misery of grim want. Alas ! that any state of society should exist, in which worth and honest industry is surrounded by all the evil concomitants of the demon WANT. No fine-spun theories upon paper will remove the evils consequent upon a competitive state of society ; and, however much to be deplored, it is greatly to be feared that there will always be many, very many, of the deserving of society suffering from those evils which the good of all ages have sought to ameliorate by various agencies. Those whose hearts never heave with compassion for the sufferings of their kind, and are alone charmed with the *mighty circle of self*, are beings from whom the many will turn in disgust, and must be looked upon as coldly by the world as the half-frozen blood that half stagnates in their veins.

Give us, in preference, those of our race whose hearts melt into pity at the sufferings of their fellow-men ; whose generous natures shrink at the bare idea of littleness and all uncharitableness, and bound into activity to redress the wrong and establish the right ; and these men of large heart we should shake by the hand, and share with them the little that we have if they need it, while the tinselled owner of wealth is treated with scorn if self-idolatry is his ruling maxim, and a frigid indifference to the claims of others. But to my tale.

It was Saturday, and the wind blew in heavy gusts the whole of the day.

As evening advanced large flakes of snow descended, and made it in reality a dreary winter's night. Already the tramp of the passenger was scarcely heard in the streets, in consequence of the thick covering of snow, and as the wind swept by in dull cadences, the white fleecy element was driven beneath the cottager's door, to the very centre of the house. But if the elements were contending fiercely without, all was peace and comfort within our happy little home.

Tea was in course of preparation, and the children prattled on the warm hearth-stone, and came to inquire with the simplicity of childhood, "where the wind came from, and who made the snow;" questions which far too many of the inhabitants of these islands can give no philosophical answer to. After laying aside my weekly number of *Chamber's Journal*, to explain, and having done so, the elements of nature and the more discordant ones of society came over the mind. The impression made on my mind, as it must be on all others, was, that a man with a home and a country can never be poor,—that is, a home possessing the common comforts and conveniences of life, and a country blessed with wise statesmen, liberty, a patriotic and an industrious people.

Amidst these reveries a rap was given at the door, and it was evidently a beggar's, as those who have paid attention even to a knock, know that there is a wide difference between the knock of a gay person whose mind is easy in his circumstances, and one that feels the iron hand of poverty grappling with his very existence. The door was opened, and a hollow voice said, imploringly and pathetically—"Will you relieve a poor woman for God's sake." "I will," was the reply, "and for your sake," so calling her in, and giving her what we then intended, she retired to the door, showering on us those blessings which often spring from a grateful heart, when not checked by the emotions working within.

As she retired she said, "I should not have been begging Sir, but I have lost one arm in the factory," and pulling from beneath her cloak the stump of her arm, she exhibited but too truthful a mutilated emblem of the ravages made on her, and the sufferings she had undergone.

The thought immediately struck me, that the individual who would turn a servant adrift on the world after losing an arm in his service, (and that servant a female too), was devoid of those ennobling feelings that dignify mankind, and if he bore the character of a gentleman, it was high time he was stripped of that noble appellation, and his conduct, and the helpless condition of this poor female, brought before the world.

I then called her in, desired her to sit down to the tea table, and take tea with us, after which we got the particulars of how she lost her hand, and the reason she was destitute. To use the nomenclature of the mill, she had "tented the blower," at town, the property of Mr. Nipper, and while feeding the blower with cotton, six years before, her arm had been drawn in amongst the teeth of the machine, and the hand so dreadfully mutilated, that amputation above the wrist was necessary. She

returned to her work in a short time after, and continued to work at the mill in which she was maimed till a few months before the period in question, when, through severe illness, she had been compelled to stay at home. When sufficiently recovered, she went to resume work, but was told by the manager that she was not "to commence there any more, as it was not likely the master would give her as much for her work, with one arm, as he could get plenty others to work for the same wages with two." She thought the manager's ears had been poisoned by an overlooker, who wanted her to treat him during the Christmas recess, which she very properly and indignantly refused, and that unjust complaints had been made against her to the master, which had led to her discharge.

The manager lifted his *humanity* as high as possible, as he gave her eight shillings, telling her that "she must not see the manager any more." She said, and truly, she knew not what to do, as no other employer would find her work with one arm. The whole of her clothes, with the exception of the very scanty covering on her back, she had pawned to purchase food, and nothing but want, misery, and beggary stared her in the face.

She said she had sat for three days without fire, and nearly without food, before she could make up her mind to beg, and only then in a place where she was unknown. Such were the impressions her unfortunate lot had made on her, that although only twenty years of age, her hollow and dejected eyes, sunken cheeks, and wrinkled forehead gave her all the appearances of fifty. I then took down her residence, found her as much money as would keep her till the end of next week, told her to be of good cheer, and the whole circumstance should be laid before her late employer.

Her work was all she wanted, and an effort I told her should be made. I wrote a letter to her late master, who was and is still one of the most extensive and opulent manufacturers in Britain, and is also a magistrate. After narrating to him the circumstances herein named, I made an appeal alike to his better judgment and his heart, as follows:—

"Am I to understand, Sir, that an English gentleman, more especially one who either does or ought to adorn the British bench, has so far forgotten himself as to snap nearly asunder the ties that ought to bind servant and master together, and discharge from his employment a poor girl, who has lost one hand in his service, and turn her adrift disabled for life, to starve, steal, or beg, at this inclement season of the year. If one vestige of humanity or English sentiment still glows within you, I implore you by the sacred sanctity of that bench you ought to adorn when dispensing justice—for your own honour and the honour of your order—to take again into your employ this poor, unfortunate, and I believe virtuous girl. If not some other means must be used to snatch her from her present state of wretchedness and misery."

At the end of the following week, I went over to visit her, at Nipper Town. Her appearance was much altered for the better. The gloom that was on her countenance the week before was exchanged for a cheerful

smile, and she seemed "a creature of another kind," so much do circumstances work on appearances and the mind. To shorten my tale, the gentleman, on receipt of the letter sent him, came down to his counting-house, and sent immediately for the "Beggar Girl;" made every inquiry into the statements in the letter, before his book-keepers, and ordered them to put all down on paper, and then read the letter sent. Suffice it to say, that she was ordered to her work immediately, with instructions to inform me of the result. The overlooker received notice to leave the premises, but on account of his family, and a promise not to offend any more, the notice was revoked. Mary, when last I heard of her, was still working there, and has ever since had less labour to perform, and is treated with the greatest kindness, and even courtesy, by all concerned in the ownership and government of the establishment.

This is another proof of the necessity of gentlemen who employ large numbers of people, being careful to whom they delegate their power. It also proves the necessity of the working classes appealing to the fountain head, in a proper and decorous manner, when they have anything whereof to complain, and experience proves that many of the misunderstandings that exist between employers and employed would be removed.

Mary and I occasionally see each other, and both rejoice that she is now earning her bread by honest industry, and is no longer the "Factory Beggar Girl."

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun,  
Sees from thy hands, no worthy action done."

*Ashton-under-Lyne, 14th Nov., 1856.*

## Cultivate your Men.

BY EDWIN WAUGH,

Author of "Come whom to thi Childer and Me," "Lancashire Sketches," &c.

### I.

'Tis well to till your barren lands,  
And drain your moss and fen,  
And so give work to honest hands,  
And food to famished men;  
For you'll not always stop the ear  
Unto this smothered cry:—  
"Is there no chance, then, for us here  
But to beg, to thieve, or die?"  
Ye lordly horde of pompous men,  
With Mammon-blinded eyes,  
Think of the poverty and pain  
Which moaning round you lies.

## II.

With kindly guerdon, this green earth  
    Rewards the tiller's care,  
And for her toiling sons gives birth  
    To harvests rich and fair ;  
But there's another, nobler field,  
    Big with immortal gain,—  
The morasses of mind untilled,—  
    Go, cultivate your men !  
Plough up the wastes of human mind,  
    Where weedy ign'rance grows !  
You'll find the deserts of mankind  
    Will " blossom like the rose !"

## III.

But penny-wise, pound-foolish thrift  
    Deludes this venal age ;  
Poor self's the all-engrossing drift,  
    And pelf the sov'reign rage ;  
E'en in the Church the lamp burns dim  
    That ought to light to heaven,  
And that which fed its holy flame,  
    To low ambition's given !  
Oh ! till your wastes of human mind,  
    Where weedy ign'rance grows,  
For treasure, there, you'll surely find,  
    Whose limit no man knows.

## IV.

One holy eye o'erlooketh here,  
    Pride's wrong, and Sorrow's tears ;  
To it the world's pretence is clear,  
    Whatever cloak it wears,  
And high and lowly tread one path,  
    Which leads into the grave,  
Where false distinctions flit from death,  
    And tyrant blends with slave.  
In life's short hour, with all your power,  
    Work out what good ye can ;  
There's no investment yields such dower,  
    As generous love for man.

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## Hety Imbos bon Zweibrucken; or the Exile of Siberia.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY FROM LIFE.

I was travelling from Weimar to Frankfort, and had stopped at a little town, one or two stages beyond Fulda. I was standing at the window of the inn which was opposite the post-house, and looking at a crowd of travellers who had just been disgorged from a huge *eilwagen*, or post-coach, which was standing there. Among them was one female, who, before I was aware, fixed my attention. Although closely enveloped in a winter dress from head to foot, her height, and the easy decision with which she moved, showed that her figure was fine and well-proportioned; and, as the wind blew aside her black veil, I had a glimpse of features which still further excited my curiosity. I had time to consider her as she alighted, and walked over to the inn alone. She entered at once the room in which I was; summoned the waiter, whom she addressed in a good-humoured but rather familiar style, and ordered breakfast. While this was preparing, she threw off her travelling accoutrements: first, a dark cloak, richly lined with fur; one or two shawls; a sort of pelisse, or rather surtout, reaching to the knees, with long loose sleeves, such as you may see in the prints of Tartar or Muscovite costumes; this was made of beautiful Indian shawl, lined with blue silk, and trimmed with sables. Under these splendid and multifarious coverings she wore a dress of deep mourning. Her figure, when displayed, excited my admiration: it was one of the most perfect I ever beheld. Her feet, hands, and head were small in proportion to her figure. Her face was not so striking; it was pretty, rather than handsome; her whole appearance and manner gave me the idea of a farmer's buxom daughter: nothing could be more distinct from our notions of the lady-like, yet nothing could be more free from impropriety, more expressive of native innocence and modesty. But the splendour of her dress did not exactly suit with her deportment; it puzzled me.

I observed, when she drew off her glove, that she wore a number of silver rings, of a peculiar fashion, and among them a fine diamond. She walked up and down while her breakfast was preparing, seemingly lost in painful meditations; but when it appeared, she sat down and did justice to it, as one who had been many hours without food. While she was thus engaged, the *conductor* of the *eilwagen*, and one of the passengers, came in, and spoke to her with interest and respect. Soon afterward came the mistress of the inn, who had never deigned to notice me; for it is not the

fashion in Germany. She came with an offer of particular services ; and, from the conversation, I gathered, to my astonishment, that this young creature—she seemed not more than two or three and twenty—was on her way home, alone and unprotected, from—can you imagine ! even from the wilds of Siberia ! But then, what had brought her there ! I listened, in hopes of discovering ; but they all spoke so fast that I could make out nothing more.

Subsequently we met at Frankfort, where she was lodged in the same hotel ; and I was enabled to offer her a seat in my vehicle to Mayence.

My heroine was the daughter of a rich brewer and wine merchant of Deuxponts. She was one of five children ; two much older, and two much younger, than herself. The eldest brother was called Henri ; he had early displayed such uncommon talents, and such a decided inclination for study, that his father was determined to give him all the advantages of a learned education, and sent him to the University of Erlangen, in Bavaria, whence he returned to his family with the highest testimonies of his talents and good conduct. His father now destined him for the clerical profession, with which his own wishes accorded. His sister fondly dwelt upon his praises, and described him, perhaps with a sister's partiality, as being not only the pride of his family, but of all his fellow-citizens ; "tall, and handsome, and good," of a most benevolent enthusiastic temper, and devoted to his studies. When he had been at home for some time, he attracted the notice of one of the princes of the north of Germany, with whom he travelled, I believe, in the capacity of secretary. Through the recommendation of this powerful patron, he became a professor of theology in a university of Courland : I think at Riga, or somewhere near it, for the name of this city was continually recurring in her narrative. Henri was at this time about eight and twenty.

While here, it was his fate to fall passionately in love with the daughter of a Jew merchant. His religious zeal mingled with his love ; he was as anxious to convert his mistress as to possess her ; and, in fact, the first was a necessary preliminary to the second : the consequences were all in the usual style of such matters. The relations discovered the correspondence, and the young Jewess was forbidden to see or to speak to her lover. They met in secret. What arguments he might use to convert this modern Jessica, I know not ; but they prevailed. She declared herself convinced ; and consented to fly with him beyond the frontiers, into Silesia, to be baptised, and to become his wife.

Apparently their plans were not well arranged, or betrayed ; for they were pursued by her relations and the police, and overtaken before they reached the frontiers. The young man was accused of carrying off his Jewish love by force ; and this, I believe, at Riga, where the Jews are protected, is a capital crime. The affair was brought before the tribunal, and the accused defended himself by declaring, that the girl had fled with him by her own free will ; that she was a Christian, and his betrothed

bride, as they had exchanged rings, or gone through some similar ceremony. The father Jew denied this on the part of his daughter; and Henri desired to be confronted with the lady, who was thus said to have turned his accuser. Her family made many difficulties, but by order of the judge she was obliged to appear. She was brought into the court of justice, pale, trembling, and supported by her father, and others of her kindred. The judge demanded whether it was by her own will that she had fled with Henri Ambos.

She answered in a faint voice, "No."

"Had then violence been used to carry her off?"

"Yes."

"Was she a Christian?"

"No."

"Did she regard Henri as her affianced husband?"

"No."

On hearing these replies, so different from the truth—from all he could have anticipated—the unfortunate young man appeared for a few minutes stupefied: then, as if seized with a sudden frenzy, he made a desperate effort to rush upon the young Jewess. On being prevented, he drew a knife from his pocket, which he attempted to plunge into his own bosom, but it was wrested from him; in the scuffle he was wounded in the hands and face, and the young lady swooned away. The sight of his mistress insensible, and his own blood flowing, restored the lover to his senses. He became suddenly calm; he offered not another word in his own defence, refused to answer any questions, and was immediately conveyed to prison.

These particulars came to the knowledge of his family after the lapse of many months; but of his subsequent fate they could learn nothing. Neither his sentence nor his punishment could be ascertained; and although one of his relations went to Riga for the purpose of obtaining some information—some redress—he returned without effecting either of the purposes of his journey. Whether Henri had died of his wounds, or languished in a perpetual dungeon, remained a mystery.

Six years thus passed away. His father died; his mother, who persisted in hoping, while all others despaired, lingered on in heart-wearing suspense. At length, in the beginning of the year (1833), a travelling merchant passed through the city of Deuxpontois, and inquired for the family of Ambos. He informed them, that in the preceding year he had seen and spoken to a man in rags, with a long beard, who was working in fetters with other criminals near the fortress of Barinska, in Siberia, who described himself as Henri Ambos, a pastor of the Lutheran Church, unjustly condemned, and besought him, with tears and the most earnest supplications, to convey some tidings of him to his unhappy parents, and beseech them to use every means to obtain his liberation.

You must imagine—for I cannot describe as she described—the feelings

that this intelligence excited. A family council was held, and it was determined at once that application should be made to the police authorities at St. Petersburg, to ascertain, beyond a doubt, the fate of poor Henri ; that a petition in his favour must be presented to the Emperor of Russia : but who was to present it ? The second brother offered himself, but he had a wife and two children : the wife protested that she should die if her husband left her, and would not hear of his going ; besides, he was the only remaining hope of his mother's family. The sister then said that she would undertake the journey ; and argued that, as a woman, she had more chance of success in such an affair than her brother. The mother acquiesced. There was, in truth, no alternative ; and, being amply furnished with the means, this generous, affectionate, and strong-minded girl set off alone on her long and perilous journey.

"When my mother gave me her blessing," said she, "I made a vow to God and my own heart, that I would not return alive without the pardon of my brother ! I feared nothing : I had nothing to live for. I had health and strength, and I had not a doubt of my own success, because I was *resolved* to succeed. But ah, *liebe madame*, what a fate was mine ! and how am I returning to my mother, my poor old mother !" Here she burst into tears, and threw herself back in the carriage. After a few minutes she resumed her narrative.

She reached the city of Riga without mischance. There she collected the necessary documents relative to her brother's character and conduct, with all the circumstances of his trial, and had them properly attested. Furnished with these papers, she proceeded to St. Petersburg, where she arrived safely in the beginning of June, 1833. She had been furnished with several letters of recommendation, and particularly one to a German ecclesiastic, of whom she spoke with the most grateful enthusiasm, by the title of M. le Pasteur. She met with the utmost difficulty in obtaining from the police the official return of her brother's condemnation, place of exile, punishment, &c. ; but at length, by almost incredible boldness, perseverance, and address, she was in possession of these ; and, with the assistance of her good friend the pastor, she drew up a petition to the emperor. With this she waited on the minister of the interior, to whom, with great difficulty, and after many applications, she obtained access. He treated her with great harshness, and absolutely refused to deliver the petition.

Her suit being rejected by all the ministers (for even those who were most gentle, and who allowed the hardships of the case, still refused to interfere, or deliver her petition), she resolved to do what she had been dissuaded from attempting in the first instance, to appeal to the emperor in person. But it was in vain she lavished hundreds of dollars in bribes to the inferior officers ; in vain she beset the imperial suite, at reviews, at the theatre, on the way to the church ; invariably driven back by the guards, or the attendants, she could not penetrate to the emperor's presence. After spending six weeks in daily ineffectual attempts of this kind, hoping every morning, and almost

despairing every evening; threatened by the police, and spurned by the officials; Providence raised her up a friend in one of her own sex. Among some ladies of rank who became interested in her story, and invited her to their houses, was a Countess Elise — something or other, whose name I am sorry I did not write down. One day, on seeing her young *protégé* overwhelmed with grief, and almost in despair, she said, with emotion, "I cannot dare to present your petition myself; I might be sent off to Siberia, or at least banished the court; but all I can do, I will. I will lend you my equipage and servants. I will dress you in one of my robes; you shall drive to the palace the next *levée* day, and obtain an audience under my name. When once in the presence of the emperor, you must manage for yourself. If I risk thus much, will you venture the rest?"

"And what," said I, "was your answer?"

"O!" she replied, "I could not answer; but I threw myself at her feet, and kissed the hem of her gown."

I asked her whether she had not feared to risk the safety of her generous friend.

She replied, "That thought did strike me; but what would you have? I cast it from me. I was *resolved* to have my brother's pardon. I would have sacrificed my own life to obtain it; and, God forgive me! I thought little of what it might cost another."

This plan was soon arranged; and at the time appointed, my resolute heroine drove up to the palace in a splendid equipage, preceded by a running footman, with three laced lackeys, in full dress, mounted behind. She was announced as the Countess Elise —, who supplicated a particular audience of His Majesty. The doors flew open, and in a few minutes she was in the presence of the emperor, who advanced one or two steps to meet her, with an air of gallantry, but suddenly started back.

Here I could not help asking her whether, in that moment, she did not feel her heart sink.

"No," said she firmly: "on the contrary, I felt my heart beat quicker and higher! I sprung forward, and knelt at his feet, exclaiming, with clasped hands, 'Pardon, Imperial Majesty! pardon!'"

"Who are you?" said the emperor, astonished; "and what can I do for you?"

"He spoke gently, more gently than any of his ministers, and, overcome even by my own hopes, I burst into a flood of tears, and said, 'May it please your Imperial Majesty, I am not Countess Elise —: I am the only sister of the unfortunate Henri Ambos, who has been condemned on false accusation. O pardon! pardon! Here are the papers—the proofs. O, Imperial Majesty, pardon my poor brother!' I held out the petition and the papers, and at the same time, prostrate on my knees, I seized the skirt of his embroidered coat, and pressed it to my lips.

"The emperor said, 'Rise, rise!' but I would not rise. I still held out my papers, resolved not to rise till he had taken them.

"At last the emperor, who seemed much moved, extended one hand toward me, and took the papers with the other, saying, 'Rise, Mademoiselle : I command you to rise.'

"I ventured to kiss his hand, and said, with tears, 'I pray your majesty to read that paper.'

"He said, 'I will read it.'

"I then rose from the ground, and stood watching him, while he unfolded the petition and read it.

"His countenance changed, and he exclaimed, once or twice, 'Is it possible ! This is dreadful !'

"When he had finished, he folded the paper, and without any observation, said at once, 'Mademoiselle Ambos, your brother is pardoned.'

"The words rang in my ears, and I again flung myself at his feet, saying—and yet I scarce know what I said—'Your Imperial Majesty is a god upon earth ; do you indeed pardon my brother ! Your ministers would never suffer me to approach you ; and even yet I fear—'

"He said, 'Fear nothing ; you have my promise.'

"He then raised me from the ground, and conducted me himself to the door. I tried to thank and bless him, but could not ; he held out his hand to me to kiss, and then bowed his head as I left the room. *Ach ja !* the emperor is a good man—*ein schöner feiner Mann !*—but he does not know how cruel his ministers are, and all the evil they do, and all the justice they refuse, in his name !"

On her return, she received the congratulations of her benefactress, the Countess Elise —, and of her good friend the pastor ; but both advised her to keep her audience and the Emperor's promise a profound secret. Recollecting the pains that had been taken to shut her from the emperor's presence, she feared some unforeseen obstacle, or even some knavery on the part of the officers of the government. She described her feelings during the next few days as fearful : her agitation, her previous fatigues, and the terrible suspense, apparently threw her into a fever, or acted on her excited nerves so as to produce a species of delirium ; though, of course, she would not admit this. "Just five days after I had seen the Emperor," she continued, "a laquais, in the imperial livery, came to my lodging, and put into my hands a packet, with the 'Emperor's compliments to Mademoiselle Ambos.'" It was the pardon of my brother, with the Emperor's seal and signature. Then I forgot everything but joy."

Those mean, official animals, who had before spurned her, now pressed upon her with offers of service ; and even the minister C— offered to expedite the pardon himself to Siberia, in order to save her trouble ; but she would not suffer the precious paper out of her hands ; she determined to carry it herself, to be herself the bearer of glad tidings. So, having made her arrangements as quickly as possible, she set off for Moscow, where she arrived in three days.

She told me that, after leaving Moscow, she travelled post seven days

and seven nights, only sleeping in the carriage. She then reposed for two days, and then posted on for another seven days and nights, alone and wholly unprotected, except by her own innocence and energy, and a few lines of recommendation that had been given to her at St. Petersburg. She suffered much from hunger, not being prepared to travel, for so many hours together, without meeting with any food she could touch without disgust. She described, with great truth and eloquence, her own sensations, as she was whirled rapidly over those wide, silent, solitary, and apparently endless plains. Altogether she described her journey as being *grausam* (horrible) in the highest degree, and, indeed, even the recollection of it made her shudder; but, at the time, there was the anticipation of unspeakable happiness, which made fatigue light and danger indifferent.

At length, in the beginning of August, she arrived at the end of her journey, and was courteously received by the commandant of the fortress. She presented the pardon with a hand which trembled with impatience and joy too great to be restrained, almost to be borne. The officer looked very grave, and took, as she thought, a long time to read the paper, which consisted only of six or eight lines. At last he stammered out: "I am sorry; but the Henri Ambos mentioned in this paper is *dead*!" Poor girl! she fell to the earth.

When she reached this part of her story, she burst into a fresh flood of tears, wrung her hands, and for some time could utter nothing but passionate exclamations of grief: "What a horrible fate was mine! I had come thus far to find, not my brother, only a grave!" she repeated several times, with an accent of despair. The unfortunate man had died a year before. The fetters in which he worked had caused an ulcer in his leg, which he neglected, and, after some weeks of horrid suffering, death released him. The task-work, for nearly five years, of this accomplished and even learned man, in the prime of his life and mental powers, had been to break stones upon the road, chained hand and foot, and confounded with the lowest malefactors.

I have not much more to tell. She found, on inquiry, that some papers and letters which her unhappy brother had drawn up by stealth, in the hope of being able at some time to convey them to his friends, were in the possession of one of the officers, who readily gave them up to her; and with these she returned, half broken-hearted, to St. Petersburg. If her former journey, when hope cheered her on the way, had been so fearful, what must have been her return! I was not surprised to hear that, on her arrival, she was seized with a dangerous illness, and was for many weeks confined to her bed.

On receiving her brother's pardon from the emperor, she had written home to her family; but she confessed that since that time she had not written: she had not courage to inflict a blow which might possibly affect her mother's life; and yet the idea of being obliged to tell what she dared not write, seemed to strike her with terror.

But the strangest event of this strange story remains to be told ; and I will try to give it in her own simple words. She left Petersburg in October, and proceeded to Riga, where those who had known her brother received her with interest and kindness, and sympathized in her affliction.

"But," said she, "there was one thing I had resolved to do, which yet remained undone. I was resolved to see the woman who had been the original cause of all my poor brother's misfortunes. I thought if once I could say to her, 'Your falsehood has done this !' I should be satisfied ; but my brother's friends dissuaded me from this idea. They said it was better not ; that it could do my poor Henri no good ; that it was wrong ; that it was unchristian ; and I submitted. I left Riga with a *voiturier*. I had reached Pojer, on the Russian frontiers, and there I stopped at the Douane, to have my packages searched. The chief officer looked at the address on my trunk, and exclaimed, with surprise,—

"Mademoiselle Ambos ! Are you any relation of the Professor Henri Ambos ?"

"I am his sister."

"Is it possible ? I was the intimate friend of your brother. What has become of him ?"

"I then told him all that I have now told you, *liebe madame* ; and when I came to an end, this good man burst into tears, and for some time we wept together. The *kutscher*, (driver,) who was standing by, heard all this conversation ; and, when I turned round he was crying too. My brother's friend pressed on me offers of service and hospitality, but I could not delay ; for, besides that my impatience to reach home increased every hour, I had not much money in my purse. Of three thousand dollars, which I had taken with me to St. Petersburg, very little remained : so I bade him farewell, and I proceeded. At the next town, where my *kutscher* stopped to feed his horses, he came to the door of my calèche, and said, 'You have just missed seeing the Jew lady whom your brother was in love with. That calèche which passed us by just now, and changed horses here, contained Mademoiselle S——, her sister, and her sister's husband.' Imagine my surprise. I could not believe my fortune : it seemed that Providence had delivered her into my hands, and I was resolved she should not escape me. I knew they would be delayed at the custom-house. I ordered the man to turn, and drive back as fast as possible, promising a reward of a dollar if he overtook them. On reaching the custom-house, I saw a calèche standing at a little distance. I felt myself tremble, and my heart beat so ; but not with fear. I went up to the calèche : two ladies were sitting in it. I addressed the one who was the most beautiful, and said,—

"Are you Mademoiselle Emilie S—— ?" I suppose I must have looked very strange, and wild, and resolute ; for she replied, with a frightened manner, 'I am. Who are you ? and what do you want with me ?'

"I said, 'I am the sister of Henri Ambos, whom you murdered.'

"She shrieked out. The men came running from the house ; but I held



fast the carriage door, and said, 'I am not come to hurt you : but you are the murderess of my brother, Henri Ambos. He loved you, and your falsehood has killed him.'

"I remember no more. I was like one mad. I have just a recollection of her ghastly, terrified look, and her eyes wide open, staring at me. I fell into fits, and they carried me into the house of my brother's friend, and laid me on a bed. When I recovered my senses, the calèche and all were gone. When I reached Berlin, all this appeared to me so miraculous, so like a dream, I could not trust to my own recollection ; and I wrote to the officer of customs, to beg he would attest that it was really true, and what I had said when I was out of my senses, and what she had said. And at Leipsic I received his letter, which I will show you."

At Mayence she showed me this letter, and a number of other documents : her brother's pardon, with the emperor's signature ; a letter of the Countess Elise — ; a most touching letter from her unfortunate brother ; (over this she wept much ; ) and a variety of other papers, all proving the truth of her story, even to the minutest particulars.

## Our Miners,—their Masters and Mines.

THERE are few subjects more worthy of our attention than the social condition of a people, the precarious manner they earn their bread, and the difficulties and dangers to which they are subject while following their employment.

No class of workmen in the British empire are more worthy of our regard than the mining population.

The numerous dangers by which they are momentarily surrounded, their isolated position from the world and the beauties of nature, the hundreds of thousands that have been hurled into eternity in times past for the want of a proper outlay of capital, the general neglect of their educational and social status, together with their great usefulness to the civilized world, demand that every attention should be paid to their well-being and intellectual advancement.

The wail of the widows, orphans, and relatives, at the Cymmer Colliery Explosion, in South Wales, which happened so recently, is still fresh upon the minds of the people of this country. There is now no doubt, had those whose business it was to see to the proper working of the mine done

their duty, those 114 human beings who are now festering in the graves would have cheered and gladdened—instead of saddened—the homes of the ancient Kimri. The many and fearful accidents that had taken place prior to 1830 stirred the heart of the whole nation, and parliamentary committees were called for in both houses. The report of those committees led to an act of parliament for the inspection of mines.

We have now lying before us one of those ponderous “Blue Books,” issued by order of the House of Commons, and although the date is 1854, there is something in the observations of Mr. Matthias Dunn, inspector of mines for Northumberland, Durham, and Cumberland, so interesting to all concerned in mines, that we quote the whole of his observations on the

“GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS OF THE PIT.

“1st. The downcast and upcast shafts must be ample, and the latter furnished with an efficient furnace, or furnaces, kept on day and night.

“2d. The currents to be so arranged that no air from the goaves, or other part of the mine making gas, shall come upon the naked lights of the workmen.

“3d. In the arranging and splitting of such air currents, care must be taken not to diminish the currents to such a degree as to render them unequal to the carrying away of the gas made in the working places, which is frequently the case.

“4th. The main stoppings guiding each main current of air to be built of brick or stone in narrow places, plastered with lime, and supported by a few yards of stowing to guard against the effects of explosion.

“5th. Each main current (where doors are necessary) to be guarded by two at least, kept by separate trappers.

“6th. The more perfect the arrangement of the air, the fewer doors are required; for, where doors are necessary, irregularity in the air is consequent.

“7th. Where brattices are necessary in the working places, they should be contracted at the intake, and pointed towards the entering current.

“8th. For single places, swing doors, perhaps, are the safest, when fitted up upon a proper principle, and well looked after, for they are subject to damage from the stroke of the tub.

“9th. All the working places should be examined before the workmen are suffered to enter them; and they are to be directed by some responsible person whether to work with a safety lamp or candle.

“10th. In case of a safety lamp being necessary, the blasting with gunpowder should not be permitted. It is a delusion to fancy that, because the shot is fired with touch paper, it lessens the danger. If gas be there, the explosion of the shot will inflame it, regardless of the manner of firing.

“11th. Printed regulations as to the use of the lamps, and the better to guard against accidents should be distributed freely amongst the workmen, embracing both their conduct in the pit, and also the number of persons who are to venture at once upon the rope. Also, printed notices should be

placed at the doors separating the naked lights from the safety lamps, with trusty doorkeepers at them.

"12th. The safety lamps should be provided by the owner, kept under the charge and examination of a properly qualified person, and not left to the common collier. The lamps should also be kept locked.

"13th. The examination of ropes, chains, slides, boilers, &c., should be put under the charge of scientific and responsible persons, and duly examined.

"14th. The air courses in the waste ought to be maintained in adequate size, according to the proportion of air passing in each department, the main return never to be less than 30 to 40 feet area; but, where the collieries are very extensive, and the accumulation of 12 or 15 split airs is collected, there is need of double this area. No such pit should have less than 10,000 or 12,000 cubic feet per minute.

"15th. It is needless to observe that suitable timber, in abundant quantity, ought to be provided, and experienced understanding men appointed to set it, for the preservation of the workmen.

"16th. Many lives are lost by the bursting of boilers. It is therefore a good precaution to have them fitted up with duplicate safety valves and feed apparatus; and, perhaps, a steam whistle would be a great safeguard to give notice of the decline of the water.

"17th. Where coals are sent away from an upper seam, or men and boys are changed at that seam, a person should be appointed to guard them, and to prevent individual putters from running into danger. Many accidents have happened in Scotland for want of, the shafts being roomed out at the bottom, and for want of proper signals to the manager of the engine.

"18th. That subordination and submission to orders ought to be maintained amongst the workmen, especially in respect to the safety of themselves and their comrades.

"19th. In case of explosion, if a person has sufficient notice, it is good to throw himself upon his face till the blast passes over him; and, as soon as he is satisfied that it is over, (for it is frequently repeated at the interval of a minute or two,) let him calm his fears as much as possible, and make his way out towards the fresh air. Many persons are lost from undue agitation. If he is not seriously burnt by the blast, although in a part of the workings which is deprived of ventilation, yet the air may be quite respirable, and in sufficient quantity, to sustain life for many hours.

"According to Dr. Glover, 666 cubic feet of air will sustain a healthy man for 24 hours; therefore, taking an ordinary working place to be 12 feet wide, 4 feet high, and 4 feet long, the air in that place will sustain a person nearly 7 hours; and in collieries where the chief air stoppings are well secured, it seldom happens that so long a period does elapse before the air is so far restored as to remove all the people.

"Upon the occurrence of an explosion, the whole ventilation of the

colliery should *pro tem.* be turned into that quarter, reinstating the stoppings with brattices stuffed with hay, and doors temporarily erected.

"And it is of great moment for some authorized persons not only to arrange regular relays of people with proper leaders, but also to restrain unwary persons from rushing before the air for their own destruction, recollecting that the first and main object is to direct a temporary current of fresh air towards the locality of the sufferers.

"I must, therefore, be excused for repeating, that it is *imperative that the chief air currents be secured by brick or stone stoppings, defended by 6 or 8 yards of stowing, and that the place appointed for the stopping be not exceeding 6 feet wide.* Where the stoppings are formed by a top deal stowed against with rubbish, the blast sweeps them out, and access to the poor people is fatally delayed. It is mostly unsafe to continue the furnace whilst the pit is in a deranged state; therefore, a water-fall at the downcast shaft is very effectual for increasing the air current.

"I here reprint some rules, which were published by the South Shields Committee, from French authorities, for the treatment of persons affected with the afterdamp, which consists of 8 of nitrogen, 2 of aqueous vapour, and 1 of carbonic acid gas. Where the nitrogen abounds in large proportions, the safety lamp will continue to burn even when the miner is struck down.

"1. Remove the person into pure air.

"2. Undress him, and throw on the body effusions of cold water.

"3. Endeavour to make him swallow cold water slightly acidulated with vinegar.

"4. Clysters should be given, two-thirds of cold water, and one-third of vinegar, &c.

"5. Irritate the pituitary membrane with the feather end of a quill, or stimulate with a bottle of volatile alkali put under the nose.

"6. Introduce the air into the lungs by blowing with the nozzle of a bellows into one of the nostrils, and compressing the other with the fingers; at the same time endeavour to give motion to the chest, &c. Therefore it is well to anticipate explosion by having ready prepared a supply of water mixed with a little brandy; and also a couple of common house bellows, to be applied as soon as ever the person is removed in moderate fresh air, instead of fatiguing him before he is sufficiently recovered.

"Having enumerated at length the arrangements which are both salutary and economical on the part of the owner and manager, I will follow them up with some recommendations to the colliers, whose duty it is to look beforehand and anticipate danger. When accidents happen, it is quite common to hear that this, that, and the other were known to be wrong; the brattice was not kept up, or badly made; that the air was insufficient, and the stoppings badly constructed; the furnace was ill kept; lamps should have been used instead of candles; their places were not sufficiently propped; two doors should have been set instead of one; such an overman was not a fit man, &c.

"I am, therefore, going to suggest that every pit's crew shall elect a com-

mittee of three or five intelligent and reasonable men, who shall entreat of the manager to make them acquainted with the arrangements of the colliery, such as the air-courses, the splits, the furnaces, and such other of the general principles of management as may enable them not only to suggest anything towards their safety, but to be competent to act more efficiently upon the emergency of an explosion in reinstating the colliery and in relieving the sufferers; for if a collier understands no more of the general arrangements of an extensive colliery than belongs to his individual place that valuable time is lost in obtaining access to the place of the misfortune which might redound to the saving of life.

"The committee above suggested might often also with advantage communicate with the inspector of the district, who would aid them with his advice and interference; whilst it is a moral impossibility for his personally visiting those places which are continually varying their position. Under these circumstances occasional reference to him might be most salutary.

"I am not unaware of the allegation that men are often visited with vindictiveness who venture to speak about any imaginary danger which they apprehend; and although that may be true in some insulated cases, yet I flatter myself that very few proprietors of collieries will so far demean themselves as to treat with severity any communications, made in a respectful and becoming manner, upon a subject wherein their own interests and character are so immensely involved.

"And I think it would be a dangerous responsibility for any agent to treat with disregard the application of reasonable and respectful workmen upon a subject of life and death to them, and of consequence to his employer; because if he were so fool-hardy, and death ensued, most assuredly he would be visited with signal punishment, whilst his employer would be no longer warranted in holding him in connection.

"And, lastly, should such application prove unsatisfactory to the men, they ought to avail themselves of the advantages which Parliament has provided for them by an application to the inspector, when they ought to know that they can approach him confidently, and he is bound to hear them. At the same time I earnestly urge that a good feeling should be maintained with the employer, by addressing him in the spirit of friendship and affection; and instead of calling upon the inspector to interfere officially, it may often happen that he may be of service in reconciling any difference which may arise, instead of going to extremities, to the production of strikes and ill will."

The whole of these observations, we trust, will be most useful to our mining brethren. There are thousands of our members miners from Northumberland to Cornwall, from the Tyne to Cape Wrath, in Scotland; and we feel confident if the masters, overseers, and themselves, will pay strict attention to the advice here given them, not only will explosions be seldom heard of, but kindlier sentiments will exist between employers and employed, and strikes, the bane alike of both, will be blotted out amongst them for ever.

## A Page for Boys and Girls.

THE "Odd-Fellows' Magazine" is intended to be a desirable companion in the homes of our members, and while we endeavour to instruct the old ones we do not wish to forget the young. We will, therefore, have in each number of the Magazine moral and scientific truths to be impressed on your minds to make you better boys and girls, and, consequently, better men and women. Agesilaus, one of the kings of ancient Sparta, was one day asked, "What things he thought most profitable for boys to learn?" His answer was, "that which they ought to practice when they come to be men." So you will see from this answer that you must learn all things you can to help you to do good for yourselves and others. Idle boys and girls think learning "hard" work, and cry when the master, mistress, or father and mother, set them a task. But good boys and girls obey the wishes of their parents and teachers, and *try* to learn; and by continually trying they will succeed, and that which once appeared "hard," as children call it, will be as easy as A B C. Besides, when you have got over something "hard," you will feel so proud, that it will embolden you to try something else. All learning is made up of small things, and if you only learn a *little* every day,—and you know there are three hundred and sixty-five days in a year,—all those little things you learn daily will be very large at the end of each year. Continue to multiply your knowledge every day, and you will become wise and good; everybody will love you, father and mother will be proud of you, and you will be a blessing to yourself and all who come near you.

There are three short words in the English language which influence our thoughts in searching after truth, as much as any three words we know. And what, boys and girls, do you think those three words are? The simple words, *How*, *Why*, and *Try*. These are, to a large extent, the beginning of all philosophy. As we are writing to awaken in the minds of children a love of science, let not the learned smile at the simple and easy questions that will be asked here. Our greatest mathematicians were once ignorant of the multiplication table, and the simple truths which we shall lay before our young readers may awaken thought, and launch them on the wide ocean of inquiry. Such at least is our intention, and whether successful or not it is worthy of an effort.

For our little readers in future numbers we will explain in an easy and familiar manner a great deal of the things by which they are surrounded. We now invite our young friends to read good books, to be diligent at their studies, obey their parents and teachers, speak the truth, and be kind and not quarrelsome with all those with whom they associate. Geography, which means a description of the earth; pneumatics, which mean illustrations and proofs of the air we breathe; electricity and galvanism; all will be treated in a form so that young minds may comprehend and become acquainted with the laws of nature by which they are surrounded.

*Ashton, December.*

W. A.

## Dreams.

BY ROBERT S. ANDREW.

WHAT philosophic intellect can scan  
 The quick transitions in a dreamer's brain ?  
 What sage or sophist, in the guise of man,  
 Can catch, imprison, and describe, the chain  
 Of vanish'd shadows, which the fairy train  
 Of restless Mab, the queen of elfin sprites,  
 Sheds on the memory rapid as the rain,  
 Which falls incessant in the vapoury nights—  
 Dreams born of black despair, or soft and sweet delights ?

Prone on my couch one eve, I clos'd mine eyes,  
 After the fitful turmoil of the day ;  
 And swift a host of changing phantasies,  
 To realms of cloudland bore me far away ;  
 Imagination seized me for its prey,  
 And conjur'd up a thousand visions quaint ;  
 Of divers shapes and lineaments were they,  
 No sable camera so soon could paint,  
 A demon here, grotesque, and there, a seeming saint.

Anon, methought I walk'd upon the earth,  
 With power to pierce into the hearts of men ;  
 To watch each germ of genius spring to birth,—  
 To note the villain in his baleful den ;—  
 To strip the hypocrite, whose breath, a fen,  
 With fiercest fevers laden, far transcends ;—  
 For no stern student, arm'd with keenest pen,  
 Can e'er depict how man and scoundrel blends,  
 Or what impels the vile to their unhallow'd ends.

And stuccoed Pride went by with stately pace,  
 And head as empty as a spendthrift's bags ;  
 He seemed intent upon his own sweet case,  
 Nor jostled he with dirt, distress, or rags :  
 A weary, dreary life, this peacock drags,  
 This meretricious, tinsell'd, vapid fool ;  
 This ape of form, whose tongue in dulness wags,  
 Who never glean'd one grain of sense at school,  
 But walk'd in witless ways, and laugh'd at wisdom's rule.

And there Authority, with formal mien,  
 "And fair round belly," filled the curule chair;  
 Fit subject for a vulgar masque I ween,  
 With manners gentle as an untam'd bear:  
 Dispensing justice, with so grim an air,  
 As if the wondering world was fix'd in awe;—  
 Yet, if old Midas with his ears were there,  
 On any single point of simple law,  
 Their wise opinions join'd were valueless as straw.

And now, methought, I saw three maidens meek,  
 So exquisite, so radiant, so benign;  
 A blush of modesty suffus'd each cheek,  
 A soften'd splendour in each eye did shine;  
 They seem'd descended of a strain divine,  
 So pure, so faultless, so instinct with grace;  
 I deem'd them sisters of the tuneful nine,  
 'Till one spoke out, "we mingle with thy race,  
 Faith, Charity, and Hope;—our lineage man may trace.

"And horny-handed myriads bless our name,  
 For Faith can lift mankind to bliss supreme;  
 And Hope can elevate them into fame,  
 And Charity—the poet's holiest theme;  
 The cynosure whose life-inspiring beam,  
 Soothes the lorn sufferer on his couch of pain;  
 When like an angel, in a tranquil dream,  
 She sheds her balms upon the throbbing brain,  
 Which fall like freshening dews upon a thirsty plain."

O blessed ministrants!—O triad fair,  
 Unnumbered devotees your temples throng;  
 Swart sons of toil, and toil itself is prayer,  
 Before your altars swell the votive song;  
 And men who seek the right, and shun the wrong,  
 Invoke your influence, or implore your aid;  
 And pray that heaven your attributes belong,  
 While Love shall live with Friendship fast array'd,  
 And vital Truth appear with spotless robes display'd.

Sweet sleep forsook mine eyes, and as I lay  
 I deeply mus'd o'er my incongruous dream;  
 And marvell'd how the restless brain could play,  
 Conceive, suggest, and illustrate its theme;  
 While I oblivious lay, as might beseem  
 A drowsy sleeper in the darkling night;  
 But this I thought—whatever man may deem,  
 His visions tend to lead the heart aright,  
 They breed a scorn of fools, a love of mental light.



## Mary Hartley, or the Odd-Fellow's Wife ;

A TALE OF A WORKING MAN'S FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

BY CHARLES HARDWICK.*

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

"Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate."—*St. Paul.*

To those who have wandered amongst mountain scenery, remote from the haunts of commercial life, and felt the solemn influence of nature's landscape, where the giant outlines are sketched with a bold and rugged pencil, a first visit to the hilly country of East Lancashire, or portions of the West Riding of Yorkshire, is productive of singularly painful disappointment. It resembles a compulsory descent from the dream-land of a fairy imagination, to the hardest and stubbornest realities of every-day life. In these localities man appears in direct antagonism with the nature by which he is surrounded. The ever active industrial energy and enterprise that forms so striking a feature in the British character, have penetrated the most lonely valleys, and beneath the frowning precipice erected the workshop or the factory. The mountain streamlet that once dashed on in noisy freedom through the solitary dingle, has yielded to human energy and inventive skill, and become the slave of man ! The dusky, grey mountain side has been pierced by the miner's shaft ! Tall, brick chimneys belch forth dense clouds of coal smoke, blighting and blackening the scanty brown herbage that struggles for existence on the slopes of the barren hills ! The spirit of Pastoral Poesy has fairly ceded the disputed territory, and a stern physical utilitarianism reigns supreme !

Lingfield, one of the numerous villages that crowd the narrow valleys by which the hills in the southern portion of East Lancashire are intersected, though now a thriving and populous place, sprang into existence but a very few years ago. Many persons in the neighbourhood remember the time when the echoes of the valley repeated few sounds except the songs of the wild birds and the sighing of the wind.

Notwithstanding the generally rapid and continued progress of the cotton manufacture in this country, its march has by no means been distinguished

* This story was published in "Eliza Cook's Journal," of June, 1853, under the title of "Harry Hartley." Its republication being requested by several members of the Order, I have availed myself of the opportunity to revise it, add a note or two, and confer upon it what appears to me to be a more appropriate title.—C. H.

by uninterrupted success. Capitalists, in their avidity to rapidly accumulate wealth, sometimes forced the productive power to a greater extent than the demand for their fabrics justified. Lingfield had met with some vicissitudes, notwithstanding its comparative youth. During one of the periodical panics that lay like a funeral pall upon the commercial world, the village had become almost deserted. Three or four of the cotton mills were closed; and one, the property of an impoverished speculator, was rapidly hastening to decay. The starving operatives wandered from their secluded homes, with the view of elsewhere securing the privilege to toil. Vain hope! The crowded towns had been "breathed upon by the same blight" beneath which the village had sickened! The once all-powerful, untiring steam-engine appeared to be everywhere prostrated beneath a kind of commercial catalepsy! Gaunt famine, followed by his attendant train of evil spirits, waved his dark banner over the land! The terrible privations which many of the labouring classes battled against during this sad season, are almost unknown to,—almost beyond the comprehension of their more fortunate fellow-men.

At length, after much suffering, and "hope many times deferred," a brighter streak appeared on the commercial horizon;—men skilled in trade recognised the signs which indicated the realization of large profits from well invested capital.

About this period a wealthy Manchester manufacturer purchased, for an "old song," one of the largest of the cotton mills at Lingfield, and placed it immediately in working order: other proprietors shortly afterwards followed the example; and at the time at which our story opens, the village had begun to assume its wonted bustle and activity.

About a quarter of a mile above Lingfield chapel, at the entrance to a narrow gorge, through which a tributary streamlet poured its waters, a row of cottages had been built by the new proprietor for the accommodation of his workpeople. Immediately below these cottages, on the margin of the stream, small patches of garden land were cultivated by the more provident of the workmen, as a kind of recreation after the regular hours of labour.

At the bottom of one of these little gardens a labouring man was seated upon a rude wooden bench; the approaching darkness had caused him to suspend his employment. An expression of deep and earnest meditation rested upon his sickly countenance.

"After all," he exclaimed, suddenly rising, "I begin to think that Dr. Allen is right. Neither I, nor any other man, who has to depend upon his labour for a living, can truly say he will never come to the parish. Poor Will Bates! He was as steady and careful a lad as ever lived. Yet he never looked up after his long sickness. His delicate wife and five little children, for the last six months, have scarcely had half enough food. And, to think that we should, after all, bury him yesterday in a pauper's coffin!"

A slight tremor shook the poor man's frame at the recollection of the fate of his companion.

"But I'll just see what Mary says about it," he continued. "I think I ought to consult her before I agree to join the sick club."

In a few minutes afterwards he entered his humble dwelling. A little, active, and rather handsome woman, though with unmistakable marks of premature old age upon her features, met him upon the threshold with a smile.

Harry seated himself by the chimney corner, and commenced smoking his pipe, while the wife prepared his frugal supper. He made several attempts to introduce the subject that had latterly occupied so much of his thought - but whenever his eye rested upon the pale though cheerful face of his wife, his spirit appeared instinctively to shrink within itself.

"You seem to be in a very deep study! Whatever can you be thinking about?" demanded the wife, with a slightly inquisitive laugh.

"Why, Mary, I am thinking of being made into an Oddfellow!"

"A what?" cried Mary, in a tone compounded of mystery and terror.

"I intend to join the Oddfellows' club, at Lingfield; Dr. Allen says that I am quite well now, and that he will give me a certificate if I wish it."

Mary gazed wildly at her husband for two or three moments. The hope and happiness that so lately lighted up her features became suddenly extinguished, and a shadow of deep pain darkened her countenance. She hurriedly threw down her sewing, and burst into tears!

Harry looked embarrassed and disconcerted, as many a brighter man has done under similar circumstances; but the well-known sound of Mr. Allen's foot on the threshold gave to his heart a little fresh courage.

"Here's the doctor, Mary! He'll explain away all your objections in a minute or two."

Now, Mary's fears for her husband's safety in this matter were by no means utterly groundless. Harry had not always been the steady, thoughtful man that his present conduct indicated. During the two years which preceded their arrival at Lingfield, he had been employed, on the average, only about two days per week; yet, by a strange, but by no means uncommon fatality, he had recklessly indulged in an excess of dissipation to which he had previously been a stranger. The difficulties of his position, instead of rousing him to more active energy and stricter economy, appeared to have completely prostrated the whole of his moral sense. He cowardly sought oblivion for his own care or sorrow in sensual indulgence, though he well knew, by this insane conduct, the misery of his family was increased a thousand-fold. The poor wife had to toil early and late for the purpose of procuring a scanty supply of the coarsest food for herself and children.

Amongst Harry's pot companions was a man named Joe Thornton. This man, Mary had often heard her husband say, was an "odd fellow." She had little, if any knowledge what the singular name meant; but she had always regarded this outcast as the evil genius, through whose bad example

and pernicious counsels her once kind and beloved husband had become transformed into a heartless drunkard.

One dreary winter's evening, Harry and his inseparable companion, odorous with the fumes of alcohol and tobacco, staggered into the home of the former,—a damp, and almost unfurnished cellar, in one of the darkest and dirtiest courts in Manchester. Harry ordered his wife to furnish them with more liquor. The poor woman stammered out a few words explanatory of her inability to comply with his wish. She had that day pledged the last of her spare clothing to procure some food for their dying child! Her application at the poor's office for relief had been indignantly scouted because she was unable to deny that her husband was in the receipt of six or eight shillings weekly.

The drunken man, lost and depraved as he was, felt a sense of still deeper degradation at the thought of being a *pauper*! His brutal passion overcame his better feeling, and he madly dealt a blow at his unoffending wife that stretched her upon the floor. The poor woman had clung to him with all the truth, if not with all the intensity of her early passion, in spite of his grave errors. But this cowardly blow fell with murderous power upon her heart. She uttered no cry; but gently raising the tattered blanket which covered their humble bed, exposed the corpse of her infant child, that had died but two hours before. The intensity of the woman's despair paralysed her tongue; but the look of crushing agony that flashed on her "protector," as, with her attenuated finger, she directed his attention to the lifeless form of their offspring, seared, as with a red hot brand, the wretched man's heart! He reeled for a moment, and, with a stifling groan, fell to the earth.

From that hour Harry Hartley became another being.

The preceding excitement having partially sobered him, he rapidly made his way to the house of an old, but long neglected friend,—an earnest worker in the temperance movement. In the presence of this friend, he solemnly declared he would be steadfast in his utter renunciation of the demon that had so nearly destroyed him. On his return home he instinctively closed his eyes to avoid the sight of his wife's countenance. Yet the conscience-stricken sinner quailed before the shadow, daguerreotyped with terrible distinctness upon the mental *retina*,—an image which no effort could obliterate.

Shortly afterwards the trade of the district exhibited symptoms of revival, and Harry Hartley was offered a situation, with constant employment, if he would remove to Lingfield. This, of course, he gladly accepted, and his poor wife was overjoyed at the prospect of leaving the neighbourhood of her husband's dissolute companions. During the six months they had been located at Lingfield, Harry's conduct had been such as to create in the breast of his wife the liveliest hope that her future existence would be tolerably happy.

Under these circumstances Mary Hartley might well shudder at what she considered the first retrogressive step in her husband's conduct.

"I wish, doctor, you would just explain to Mary the reasons why you think I ought to join the Oddfellow's club," eagerly exclaimed Harry.

Mr. Charles Allen was merely the village surgeon. He was but a young man, though his thoughtful countenance, frank, gentlemanly manners, and broad and ample forehead, indicated that the goodness and integrity of his nature were directed by superior intelligence.

"I imagine that Mrs. Hartley would have been so much gratified at the discovery of your provident disposition, that the assignment of any reason to her, in justification of such a step, would be quite unnecessary."

"Ay; just so," chimed in Harry. "I thought so, too; but some way or another she does not seem to understand it. You know that the best of women will get curious ideas into their heads sometimes."

Mr. Allen smiled; and addressing Mary Hartley, said, "The reason why I recommend your husband to join the society, is simply because I think it would be beneficial both to him and to yourself,—and to you more especially. Had he been a member of this society, it would not have been necessary for you to draw a portion of your little stock of money from the Savings' Bank during his present illness. Besides, I should not charge you anything for medicine and attendance."

"You surely don't work for the club people for nothing!" said Mary, with the least possible touch of sarcasm in her tone.

"No; not professionally. They pay me a certain sum per year, in consideration of which I attend any of the members who may be afflicted with sickness. You see, Mary," he added, with a good-humoured smile, "it is to my interest that they should be kept in good health, and when taken ill, that they should be cured as speedily as possible."

The gloom still remained upon Mary's countenance. After two or three false starts, she at length exclaimed, "I know well that they are a parcel of idle ~~drunken~~ blackguards!"

Harry Hartley began to feel very uncomfortable.

"I am very glad," said Mr. Allen, "that I am enabled to assure you, from my own experience, that you are very much mistaken in this matter. The members of friendly societies, taken as a body, are the most respectable, the most sober, as well as the most provident portion of their class. I myself belong to two of these clubs, and I know that several of the members are staunch 'teetotallers.' Our laws not only prohibit intoxication, but punish it severely. However, I am by no means surprised that such an impression should have been made upon your mind, for I remember well, that even I once entertained a similar opinion. Indeed, by the advice of my friends, I actually refused to act as surgeon to one of the Oddfellows' Lodges, because such 'practice' was not considered to be 'respectable!' But, Mary, during the last few years, a very great revolution has taken place in public opinion on this subject, and men of all classes now patronize these societies. Many regard them as powerful instruments for the social and moral elevation of the working classes, provided they be efficiently and judiciously conducted. I remember well, a short time ago, hearing a

gentleman, of some standing in society, state in public, that, if he had the making of the laws of the land, he would *compel* every man at the age of eighteen, to join one of these clubs. Now, although I do not say that I would assent to the employment of coercive measures in the matter, yet I should feel very highly gratified indeed, if the working classes, generally, from a sense of honour and duty, would exhibit an intelligent forethought, by voluntarily following the gentleman's advice.*

Mr. Allen was here interrupted by the arrival of a messenger, who intimated that his attendance was immediately required in the village.

The husband and wife were left alone.

Harry eagerly announced his conviction, that, after what she had heard, Mary would earnestly request him to join the society at once.

He was somewhat startled, however, when his wife sharply exclaimed that she "would rather *die* than he should enter the club !"

"Why, Mary, whatever reasonable objection can you have to it ?"

"Joe Thornton," said she, emphatically, "was an Odd-Fellow !"

"But Joe Thornton has been expelled on account of his bad conduct !" exclaimed Harry, triumphantly.

He expected this would operate as a finishing blow to the discussion, for his heart told him truly where Mary's real objection lay.

It proved so, though in a different manner to what he had anticipated ; for his wife's face suddenly assumed the expression which had terrified his soul into a sense of duty in that dark and dreary cellar in Manchester !

Harry Hartley quailed before it, and became instantly as powerless as an infant. He contrived, however, to stammer out, that, to please her, he would not, for the present, think of joining the club.

To what painful degradation is this man reduced by the simple consciousness of his past contemptibly selfish and vicious habits ! Here, months after his reformation, he is foiled, from this cause alone, in an honourable and upright purpose ! How could he, guilty as he knew himself to have been, dare to insist upon his capability to resist any temptation whatever !

* * * * *

About three months after the above conversation took place, Harry Hartley returned home one evening rather later than was his custom. Mary, however, had prepared his supper ; and her reception of him was, if possible, a shade more affectionate than usual.

It is scarcely probable, however, that such would have been the case, had she been aware of the fact that her husband had, that evening, joined an Oddfellow's Lodge !

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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* As early as 1772, Baron Maseres proposed a measure for compelling the poor to subscribe for a deferred annuity, or a pension in old age. The bill, which was supported by Mr. Burke and Dr. Price, passed the House of Commons, but was rejected by the Lords.—See Sir F. Eden's "*State of the Poor*," vol. 1. p. 50.

In 1780, Mr. Acland proposed that a kind of "Friendly Society Association, for the whole of England, should be established by Act of Parliament, to which every one between the ages of 20 and 30 should be compelled to subscribe."—For the details of Mr. Acland's proposal, see "*History of the English Poor-Law*," by Sir George Nicholls, K.C.B., vol. 2. p.104.

## A Gossip about Railway Travelling;

WITH A PEEP AT NAWORTH CASTLE AND LANERCOST PRIORY.

—  
BY WILLIAM DOBSON.  
—

In the days of stage coaches there was no greater treat to the traveller on a fine summer day than to be seated on the box of the "Highflyer" or the "Tally-ho" behind four spanking greys, having on your right an intelligent and chatty coachman, one who knew the road well, and was not chary in the communication of his information. There was not a park that you passed but he would tell you to what lord or squire it belonged, as well as something of the family history; not a town that you skirted but Jehu could relate something from its ancient or modern annals. If there was a castle crowned a neighbouring hill he knew of a tradition or two concerning the doings there in "the olden time;" and though he neither knew nor cared for the various stages of architecture, and had probably never heard of either Cistercian monks or Dominican friars, yet if you caught sight of the picturesque remains of an old abbey in some lovely valley, there was a legend to be narrated of the priests of old who "knew where all the nice spots were for building on." Now-a-days we are shot through the country at from twenty to forty miles an hour; we are most provokingly whizzed past spots intensely interesting from their history and associations, without even the opportunity of seeing them; a deep cutting may hide from you an ancient battle field, or a tunnel worm its way through a hill the scene of as many traditions as the Alhambra. Now and then you may catch sight of a valley of some beauty, but you know not what and scarcely where it is; the castle, the park, the church, the ruin, are left, and you know not what you have seen. Like a visitor at a gallery without a catalogue, you lose half the enjoyment from your want of knowledge; and if you ask your next neighbour what is the name of some beautiful nook in the landscape, ten to one he is a stranger in the district, or if he has been there before, he knows nothing about it but perhaps when the fairs and markets of the principal towns are held.

How few of our leading lines of railways have their histories or guides; yet, what a mine of information there is along them, for an appropriate addition to the Railway Libraries! How interestingly the time would be whiled away, to know as we pass along, not merely the name of the stations we stop at, but something of the history and associations of the neighbourhood. Here are unworked "diggings" for Murray, or Longman, or Rout-

ledge ;—well, if they act on the hint, and make a fortune, by a series of guides more interesting than Bradshaw's, may they not forget the writer who made the suggestion !

We remember a few years ago, while we were on the station at Newcastle-on-Tyne, just before we took our seat in a carriage to travel to Carlisle, looking over the book stall, which, there as elsewhere, supplies travellers with literature for a journey. We were naturally anxious for something with which to pass away time, as the route was one that had not the recommendation of novelty. We spied in the corner of the stall a little volume, that professed to be a history and description of the road we were about to travel upon. We became the owner of the book ; and although very far below the mark of literary excellence, which we now look for in the station-stall volume, and at least treble the price such a book should have been charged, we found the interest of our journey much heightened by the information it afforded to us. It was something, as we passed the mouldering ruins of Prudhoe and Dilston Castles, both instructive memorials of the past, to be told about their lordly owners, when they flourished in their baronial grandeur ; the one associated with the mediæval glories of the Percies, yet displayed in more than their pristine effulgence, in the stately halls of Alnwick ; the other reminding us of the melancholy fate and fallen fortunes of the Radclyffes. Who, that sees the few stones yet remaining, one above another, at Dilston, of the once extensive and hospitable hall of the last chivalric head of the family, refuses a sigh for the poor Earl of Derwentwater ! In travelling along this line, we often pass near the route of the great Roman wall of Severus, of which, here and there, are some remains. We see the birthplace of Bewick, the engraver, the fields where he imbibed that love of nature which marks his works, and for which he so longed while in the metropolis, and we see also the grave yard where rest the remains of that great master of wood engraving. We pass the ancient town of Hexham, and have a nice view of its fine old abbey church. It was near Hexham that the last great battle between the Yorkists and Lancastrians took place, during the wars of the Roses, and where the latter were defeated. A forest in the neighbourhood is named as the one where Queen Margaret, (consort of Henry VI.,) met the magnanimous robber, to whom she confided the charge of the prince, her son. The birthplace of the martyr Rydley, Willimoteswich Castle, is near the line, besides many spots interesting from traditions of border raids, for as the railway proceeds westward, it approaches nearer the border, the old "debateable land," where, in ancient times, the lawless made their home, and whence they issued in predatory bands, to attack the property of the settled inhabitants. Among such spots, is the site of the famous "Mumps Hall," so well known to the readers of Guy Mannering, and which is close to the railway. Meg Merrilies reposes in the grave yard of a primitive little church, within sound of the railway whistle. Even with our imperfect guide in hand, we felt much gratified with the associations called



to mind by the information afforded us, but we remember feeling much annoyed to find that we scarcely obtained a glimpse, as we were whirled along, of the towers of Naworth Castle, the fine old bordered tower of Belted Will, and that the lovely ruins of Lanercost Priory, in the adjoining valley, were equally provokingly hid from our view. Well! we thought, on our next journey between Newcastle and Carlisle, we will not be whizzed past in this tantalising way. We reached Carlisle in due time, but we cou'd not forget Naworth.

Some time afterwards we had occasion to travel on the same railway; so leaving Carlisle we were in about half an hour at the Naworth Gate station, a station not in Bradshaw, or on the company's time tables, but at which the trains stop whenever there are passengers to be set down or taken up, and in the summer months there are large numbers of persons so accommodated, who go from "merrie Carlisle" a pic-niccing in the grounds of the border tower or in the sacred vale of Lanercost. The railway here crosses the road on the level, and the very gates at the crossing attest that it is no ordinary lane which intersects the iron road. We turned to the north, and walked two or three hundred yards along the lane, which shows in its trim hedges the influence of a tasteful proprietor, when we arrived at the turnpike road, which for some distance runs almost parallel with the railway, and is near to, if not on, the very line of road constructed by the Romans, and not far from their great wall erected as a barrier against the Picts and Scots. The principal entrance to the grounds of Naworth is from the turnpike road here, and we had from the gates a fine view of the old border tower. Before us was a noble park, with here and there a grove of splendid old monarchs of the forest, and a pleasant path leading to the ancient gray and ivy-mantled castle, whose towers rise high above the neighbouring woods, as if still commanding, as in days of yore, the homage of the surrounding territory. Beyond the castle, for it lies in the valley, rose for miles a beautiful expanse of fertile land, extending to a wild background of the border country, the scenes in times past of many a foray and many a dark and daring deed. What associations crowded upon us as we gazed upon such a relic of the days when might was the only recognised authority, and when there prevailed, almost universally—

"The good old rule, the simple plan,  
That they should take who have the power,  
That they should keep who can."

How we thought of the borderers and moss troopers, the Johnnie Armstrongs and Belted Wills, the battles between the English and the Scotch, and the fights between neighbour and neighbour, giving a fearful interest to this part of the country; where even it was necessary that the churches should be citadels and watch towers, and where within sight of the halls of the paramount lord his will was law.

"Beneath those battlements, within those walls,  
Power dwelt amidst her passions."

But our reverie was somewhat disturbed; a snorting engine heading a

heavy railway train brushed past the station, the shrill whistle resounding among the woods of Naworth. Rather incongruous, we thought ; though not an uninstrusive aid to reflection ; the border castle and the railway train so near together ; the sixteenth and the nineteenth centuries jostling each other. But as the train winged its way to Newcastle we entered the grounds of Naworth, and, with the feelings of an antiquary, thought that the railway was quite near enough the castle, and rather rejoiced that modern utilitarianism had not with its iron tread crossed the groves of Naworth, whose associations were altogether of another era. A delightful walk of about half a mile brought us to a glen through which babbles a small stream, and crossing a bridge we came to a massive Norman embattled gateway, upon which over the entrance are the arms of the Dacres (encircled with the ribbon and motto of a knight of the garter), the ancient lords of the castle, and having underneath, in old English characters, their motto, "*Fort en Loyalte.*" We passed under the ancient arch, whence had so often issued in times past the armed retainers of the lord of the castle, and found ourselves in the outer court yard. All was as still as if it had been the castle of the Seven Sleepers ; nothing was heard save the murmuring of the stream at the base of the rock on which the castle stands, the nodding, with the gentle wind, of the tall oaks, and the chirping of a few feathered inhabitants of their branches ; with the exception of the latter symptoms of animal life there appeared such a solemn stillness about the castle, that we could have imagined it had seen no visitors since the days of border warfare.

We may remark that the castle suffered severely from fire in the year 1844 ; a great portion, however, escaped the ravages of the ruthless element. The noble towers, and the outer walls generally, were uninjured, and the ancient ivy, clinging to the gray walls, seemed more closely entwined with the old fabric from having together escaped the flames. The injuries inflicted by the fire have been repaired, and most judiciously. The present noble owner, the Earl of Carlisle, a descendant of Lord William Howard, the "Belted Will" of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," the first of the Howards who owned the property, having seen to the restoration of what his own muse has described as his "dearly loved border tower." The initials of "Bauld" or "Belted Willie," "W. H.," appear on an upper portion of the building, and the arms of the Howards, probably his own, in twenty-one quarterings, the alliances of the family, with the motto "*Volo non valeo*," are over the gateway leading to the principal court yard. Over this gateway hung the handle of a bell, on pulling which we heard twang after twang, loud enough, as they sounded through the valley, to awaken "Belted Willie" again to life. The summons was speedily responded to ; a domestic courteously opened the door, and we were soon in the main court yard, whence, after a rapid survey of the stately structure whose towers

"Unmodernized by tasteless art, remain  
Still unsubdued by time ;"

we were ushered into the hall, fitted up, as in the days of its border chiefs, with armour and other remains of a warlike and feudal age, huge carvings of dolphins, unicorns, &c., representing the badges or recognizances of the ancient lords of Naworth, and various heraldic achievements emblazoned to show their alliances. It would be of little interest to the general reader to tell of the rooms, the furniture, the pictures, the dungeons, the chapel, the watch towers :—suffice it to say, that all were in unison ; that every part of the building has a story, and that a walk through the castle gives us a better insight into the life of a border chieftain of the reign of Elizabeth, than any volume that could be issued from the press. Of the power Lord William Howard, and such as he, then possessed, the following story is an illustration. Poring over his books one day, for there is yet an extensive library that attests the attachment of "Belted Willie" to literature, one of his retainers came to tell him, that an unfortunate moss-trooper had been caught, and asked what was to be done with him. His lordship, not relishing the interruption of his studies by the communication of such an every-day piece of information, exclaiming, "Oh ! hang him ;" told them not to trouble him then. Having finished his reading in a few hours, Lord William ordered the poor Scotchman to be brought in, when he was not a little amazed at hearing that, as usual, his orders had been literally fulfilled ; the man had been actually hanged in the park, without even the form of a trial.

Gratified beyond the power of conveying an impression to our readers, we left the castle, after a cursory examination of all its main features, for Lanercost Priory, which we reached after a pleasant walk of from one to two miles by the banks of the Irthing, not far from which are the remains of this once important monastic establishment. Seated in a beautiful valley, such as most of these sacred buildings are located in, the remains are well worthy of a visit. To the lover of the picturesque, not less than to the historical enquirer and the antiquary, they have their attractions, and though the remains cannot vie in extent or grandeur with those of Furness or Fountains, a larger portion has escaped the ravages of time than is the case with many conventual buildings, and the annals of Lanercost are not the least interesting of their class. It shared the fate of secular buildings in border warfare ; while the monumental remains which yet impart a dignity to its ruins, tell of its connection with the noblest families of the district.* While, as is too commonly the case, some portion of the conventual structure has been perverted to the meanest uses, the nave of the priory church serves for the parish church of Lanercost, and although it may want the effect of the "long drawn aisle and fretted vault" which the building would have when in its entirety, and when the praise of the Deity was sung with all the accessories of a gorgeous

* The limit of a Magazine article forbids any detailed account of either Lanercost or Naworth. Those who are anxious for further particulars must refer to "Scott's Border Antiquities," or "Hutchinson's History of Cumberland."

ritual and a train of celebrant priests, there are not wanting aids to reflection in the broken columns and time-worn mouldings, which tell more eloquently than words of the changes effected since the piety of a past age reared so splendid a fane.

Having spent some time in examining the remains, we retraced our steps, passed again by the towers of Naworth, and arrived at the station in time for a train to Newcastle, happy in having had the opportunity of inspecting two such interesting monuments of the past as Naworth Castle and Lanercost Priory.

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## The Seasons.

TRANSLATED FOR THE ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE, FROM THE FRENCH OF  
ARMAND BARTHET.

BY J. A. DENHAM.

### WINTER.

How flies the sledge, drawn by the rapid wolves! They are goaded by the whistling north-east wind; the snow flakes flog them on. They shoot out their long red tongues, and hunger sharpens their teeth.

It is Winter—Winter in his wolf-drawn sledge.

His beard is long and white with rime, his head is crowned with ivy leaves, his body is wrapped in a mantle of fur; and he bears aloft a leafless branch—his sceptre.

It is Winter—Winter in his wolf-drawn sledge.

He crosses the forest, and his breath cracks the trees to their roots; he scours the precipice, and the snow is heaped up 'neath his feet.

It is Winter—Winter in his wolf-drawn sledge.

He skims the rivers, and lo! they are imprisoned by a thick and transparent crust; he glides along the plain, and the snow, ever the snow, enshrouds the verdant sward.

It is Winter—Winter in his wolf-drawn sledge.

Silence, lugubrious silence! No song of shepherd, no cowherd's whistle, no chorus of birds! See, where the black smoke cleaves the clear air, the herdsman stirs the fire on the hearth; and the bird, with hunger shrieking, shrinks 'neath the cottage eaves.

It is Winter—Winter in his wolf-drawn sledge.

But behold ! he checks his course, and in anger strikes his sledge with his leafless branch. 'Tis that the golden primrose has met him on his path, and with a smile regarded

Winter—Winter in his wolf-drawn sledge.

Furious he returns, the terrible old man, on the way he came thus far. Swallows hover o'er the traces of his sledge, and the already budding hazels mock the flight of

Winter—Winter in his wolf-drawn sledge.

Raging he regains his realms eternal—regions of snows and freezing winds, and ever-bristling glaciers.

Winter—Winter in his wolf-drawn sledge.

#### SPRING.

The happy violets blow in the thick fresh grass ;—'mid the darkling forest firs stands freshly forth the ash, in the foliage it put on but yesterday.

It is Spring—gentle Spring, breathing perfumes, bringing sunshine.

He has placed his foot upon the mountain, and behold ! the sad cold snow has given way to the large-leaved fern and flowret gay.

He has breathed upon the ice-imprisoned brook, and the water has resumed its transparence and its murmur ; the peasant girls now romp amongst the reeds ; and the saphire-winged kingfisher shaves the water, which reflects his silent flight.

It is Spring—gentle Spring, breathing perfumes, bringing sunshine.

He has descended to the plain, and, ovation to his advent, cherry trees are clad in white, peach trees in purple blossom ; so, adding to his crown newest leaves and newest flowers, all Nature is like an altar on Corpus Christi day.

He has traversed the woods and awakened Nature's choir ; they pour out their welcome in enthusiastic song.

It is Spring—gentle Spring, breathing perfumes, bringing sunshine.

He has knocked at the door of the villager's cot ; it creaks upon its hinges, shutters open to the sun, children clap their hands and laugh as they think of the beautiful butterfly.

He reposes in the by-path. On his head he wears the hawthorn, and the lilac shakes its clusters of perfumes. Love's electricity now permeates the air, and the path of the lover is a carpet of moss.

It is Spring—gentle Spring, breathing perfumes, bringing sunshine.

But what glitters in the leaves there like a coral ? A cherry, a cherry, ripe already ! Save thee, O save thee, my beautiful Spring ! Summer comes fast, and a sun-stroke is caught very soon. Ah ! he was already far away.

Spring—gentle Spring, breathing perfumes, bringing sunshine.

## SUMMER.

Jeanne, look at the bright-beaming sun ! Lean thy hand upon my arm ; together we will go to the fields, where the quail's note mingles with our converse, and I will show thee Summer, with his girdle of flowers and his crown of ripe corn.

Inhale thou the odour of newly-mown clover ; listen to the grasshopper's song ; and see how the passing breeze with light and shade clouds the green foliage and yellow rye.

Summer, season of love !

Now we approach the cascade. Below is the pool in a framework of moss ; brilliant rainbows in the silvery foam interweave their joyous curves. 'Tis Summer who dips his resplendent feet in the crystal wave as he passes above—Summer, brilliant Summer, with his girdle of flowers and his crown of ripe corn.

The sun is burning hot. On the green sward let us seek the grateful shade of the spreading walnut tree. Not a sound !—but the casual tinkle of the ram's little bell, or the plaintive refrain of the shepherd's song.

Summer, season of love !

Now turn we aside from the path to make way for the laden wain. Mounted on ladders high, how the harvesters heap up the grain ! Note the beautiful landscape and rutted road ; the sheaf-laden waggon and escort of rustics and reapers.

'Tis evening. The sun is descending behind the blue hills, inflaming half heaven with his lingering rays. King of heaven, he puts off his long royal robe, whose crimson folds and fringe of gold envelope the whole horizon !

'Tis now to the pool's warm sands that naked feet do hasten ; in the clear and rippling waters women bathe their graceful forms. You should see the rustic damsels how they risk the fearful toe ; you should hear their musical babble, their little screams of fright, their bursts of ringing laughter.

Summer, season of love !

And the night. Come nearer, Jeanne, to me. Lean more upon my arm, and place thy hand in mine. Fair stars, who make the dewdrop glisten beneath the feet of Jeanne, ye streams of love who float through space, and bend as the grass the ingratitude of man—I thank you, you, and the Summer who has brought you again ;—Summer, brilliant Summer, with his girdle of flowers and his crown of ripe corn.

Jeanne, let us ever love and thank the great God !—God, who has given us souls to know him, who has given us hearts to love.

Summer, season of love !

## AUTUMN.

Quick, quick, now breaks the day ! Open the doors of the storehouses wide. See Autumn now scattering his plenty around ; step by step we

attend him with eager eye—attend him with body bowed, with sweat on the brow and joy in the heart, to gather the bounty he sheds.

Autumn, prodigal Autumn, who pays the debts of Spring.

Fie on the rose and the corn flower ! Fie on the poets who chaunted their praise ! The vine leaf is yellow, and purple the grape ; the apple tree bends 'neath its burden of fruit, and the maize has emerged from its leafy enclosure. Lo ! these are worth more than the roses.

To labour ! ye peasants, to labour ! You take the spade and the sickle ; you take the resonant flexible flail ; and you, ye must sharpen the scythe. There remains yet the green moth to mow ; the orchards are laden with bright shining apples, and nuts of gold in their cases of green ; in the fields is the esculent bread of the poor, brought by

Autumn, prodigal Autumn, who pays the debts of Spring.

Through a thousand holes of the straining press the frothy liquor flows. The saccharine cider is sparkling, and the babbling old women are glad. The old men look on and smile ; recognising the friend who unties their tongue, the pleasure that whiles heavy hours away, the philter that brings back the days of their youth.

But the waggons are yoked, and empty casks gape, and eager children wave in the air their impatient pruning knives. To the vineyard ! the vineyard !—and the vine-branch is ruthlessly stripped. O gay vintagers, O pretty vintagers, sing us a merry song—a gay and a joyous song, that will cause the girls to dream, the hearts of the youths to beat—luscious as is the grape, passionate as love itself ! a song to inspire us with love, with couplets full of kisses, and a bumper at each refrain.

'Tis Autumn, prodigal Autumn, who pays the debts of Spring.

O the thrushes, see the thrushes, how they fly. The shameless thieves have drunk enough. Scared away, they save themselves, and warble as they waver in their flight,—like myself, my darling thrushes, like myself, after supping with my neighbour, and I wish to go to bed.

From the grape comes wine, from wine comes inspiration, from inspiration comes the genius of mankind. 'Tis wine that gives us courage, 'tis wine intoxicates—intoxicates ! a word that young love has stolen from wine. Joy ! joy ! the sun makes us athirst. To Autumn now a bumper we drink.

Autumn, prodigal Autumn, who pays the debts of Spring.

Now—the falling yellow leaves are disappearing with the wind ! Already 'neath the rime each morn the herbage shivers ;—now, the greensward is hidden by the snow ! What matter ! the Virgin's Son has promised a happy seedtime ; and if 'tis cold without we have wherewithal to warm us—the sparkling fire upon the hearth, the generous nectar that departing Autumn left.

Autumn, prodigal Autumn, who pays the debts of Spring.

*Preston, Dec., 1856.*

## Odd Lines for "Odd-Fellows."

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS,  
MANCHESTER UNITY.

BY ELIZA COOK.

THEY tell us a story—perhaps you all know it—  
 Of a father, three sons, and a bundle of sticks ;  
 But it carries a moral of use to the poet,  
 And still of more use to Toms, Harrys, and Dicks.

With your leave I'll relate it—and thus I may state it :—  
 An old man was dying who wished to bequeath  
 His most precious advice to the boys who stood round him  
 To hear what a father's last whisper would breathe.

"See that fagot of sticks," said the sire, "in yon corner,  
 With a withe twined about it to keep it together :  
 Now, each of you take it, and see who can broak it,  
 But mind that not one of you take off the tether."

The boys, in their turn, tried their hardest and strongest,  
 But no, not a twig of the fagot would crack ;  
 And at last, when the stoutest had bent it the longest,  
 They gave up the trial, and carried it back.

"Stay, stay," cried the father, "now take off the binding,  
 And see if your might be expended in vain :"  
 They tried, and the father spoke louder on finding  
 That the sticks, one by one, were all broken in twain.

"Now remember, my boys, be this lesson implanted  
 In each of your hearts when I've passed from your sight,  
 'Tis firm Moral Unity only is wanted  
 To maintain Human Peace and preserve Human Right."

Now methinks this old story has Gospel-like meaning,  
 That we in "Odd-Fellowship" honestly speak,  
 For with Unity's band we may laugh at the hand  
 That would break us in bits as the single and weak.

'Tis a great, 'tis a good, 'tis a glorious thing,  
 When sweet Charity, Heaven's prime minister, comes,  
 And with eloquent voice and soft cherishing wing,  
 Takes that beldam Old Poverty, out of our homes.



But a greater and better is proud Independence,  
That asks not for bread with the chance of a stone,  
That can laugh at the hag, and defy her to lag  
Near the door that it locks with a key of its own.

Self-Help is the secret that makes man and woman  
Most worthy of Heaven, most noble on earth ;  
And would that this truest of pride were more common,  
And that rank were bestowed by our *life*, not our *birth*.

But remember self-helping is not the best done  
By consulting the promptings of selfish desire ;  
The will and the wishes of dear "Number One"  
Often reign in our breast with Vesuvian fire.

For the man and the woman who reason aright,  
Who as children of God would be sister and brother,  
Must be willing to widen Humanity's light,  
And while helping themselves learn to help one another.

'Tis atoms that build up the granite-piled mountain,  
The wide and dense forest is fashioned of leaves ;  
'Tis drops, only drops, form Niagara's fountain,  
'Tis barleycorns fill up the world-feeding sheaves.

And the links of "Odd-Fellowship," forged of pure metal,  
Are able to stretch out a chain of rare power,  
For "Odd-Fellowship" roots up Necessity's nettle,  
And plants in its place Comfort's odorous flower.

With your hearts, with your brains, then, up, up and be stirring!  
For remember each sister, remember each brother,  
That Odd-Fellowship's motto—the blest and unerring—  
Is "We help ourselves most when we help one another."

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### Odd-Fellowship in Ireland.

We are most happy to hear from our brethren in Dublin, that they are keeping alive the flame of our institution. We insert in our first number, at the request of our friend Mr. Quigley, the C.S. of the Dublin District, an account of their gathering, held in the celebrated Rotunda, where our A.M.C. was held. We wish our Irish brethren all that success their energy and a good cause deserve.—E.O.F.M.

DUBLIN DISTRICT GRAND BALL.—The District Ball, in aid of the Widows' and Orphans' Institution, took place on Monday, the 12th January, in the Rotunda, Dublin and was as successful as it deserved to be from the

benevolent object for which it was held. The entire suite of rooms, which were thrown open, were brilliantly lighted and tastefully decorated with evergreens for the occasion. The splendid band of the 3rd dragoons, with a string band, were in the Round Room; and a string band, accompanied by the Hibernian Bell-Ringers, (members of the City of Dublin Lodge), officiated in the Pillar Room. The number of persons who assembled amounted to upwards of 1,000; the officers and brethren appearing in full regalia. Dancing was kept up to a late hour, under the superintendence of D.G.M. Gray, and P.P.G.M. Patrick Wm. Quigley, and the company separated evidently well pleased with the evening's amusement. The excellent arrangements of the district officers and committee were most effectively carried out, and the ball may be said to have gone off admirably in all respects.

### Presentations.

**EAST NORTON DISTRICT.**—The Officers and Brothers of the Loyal Lord Berner's Lodge, No. 4443, have presented P.G. Jonathan Corbitt, by whose exertions the lodge was opened, and who has since filled the office of Per. Sec. gratuitously, with a Silver Hunting Watch, as a small token of their appreciation of his services.

**SHAW DISTRICT.**—A handsome Patent Lever Watch was presented to P. Prov. C.S. Joshua Winterbottom, of the Welcome Visit Lodge, by the members of the Shaw District, September 27th, 1856, for services rendered to that district.

### Death.

**DEATH OF THE OLDEST ODD-FELLOW, P. PROV. G.M. GEORGE BRADGATE, OF THE LIVERPOOL DISTRICT.**—This veteran in the cause of Odd-Fellowship died at Club Moor, on the 16th October last, after forty-six years of untiring service in forwarding the interests of our institution. He was initiated in the Shakspeare Lodge, Bristol District, but subsequently removed to Liverpool, and threw in his clearance there in the Philanthropic Lodge. To enumerate the whole of the services of this departed brother would take up more room than we can afford. Suffice it to say that he has gone through the whole offices of lodge and district repeatedly, besides being auditor of the accounts of the Order. His services were highly appreciated both by individual lodges in Liverpool and also by the whole district, as he has had no less than twelve different presentations for his fidelity and unwearied services; and amongst the number a purse, containing £140, subscribed principally out of the private purses of the members of the Liverpool District. Mr. Bradgate, when alive, was no "fair weather" Odd-Fellow; but in the days of Castlereagh, when our society was looked upon as "treasonable and seditious," he kept on the even tenor of his way, and lived to reap the gratitude of those who knew him, to see our Order recognised by law, and its principles spread over the four quarters of the globe.





James Charles Cox  
J.C.

THE  
ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.  
NEW SERIES

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No. XX.]

APRIL, 1857.

[Vol. I.]

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**Memoir of G.M. James Charles Cox,  
OF SOUTHAMPTON.**

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THE gentleman whose portrait is laid before our readers has long been one of our most energetic members, and holds the highest office amongst us, viz., that of Grand Master of the Manchester Unity. He was born on the 30th of August, 1818, at Titchfield, near Southampton, and is the eldest of four children.

When he was eight years of age his family left his birthplace to reside in the rapidly-rising and enterprising town of Southampton. Scarcely two years had glided away when his father was called to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns," leaving his mother to struggle with the cares of the world and a young family.

Although woman is called the "weaker vessel," who does not know that in the dark hour of adversity she rises superior to the so-called "lords of the creation," and battles with the difficulties of life with a strength surpassing those who assume so much more than gentle woman? So it was with the mother of Mr. Cox. She not only succeeded in giving her children a good education, but brought three of her sons up to the printing business.

Our present G.M. passed through the various grades connected with a large newspaper office, and subsequently, by his industry and good conduct, became the overseer of the establishment, which responsible situation he held for some time.

In 1842, Mr. Cox entered into the responsibilities of married life, the first-born of which, a daughter, died young, and the only family he now has is an only son, the comfort and solace of the best of mothers and one of the fondest of fathers.

In the year 1843 he became a member of our institution, joining the Prosperity Lodge, in Southampton, which at that time formed a component part of the Devizes District. He immediately took office in the lodge; passed through the chairs, and became an active and useful member of the institution. He has never ceased to hold office in his own lodge, independent of his other duties amongst us.

The Southampton District becoming sufficiently large, application was made to the Newcastle A.M.C. to form a district of itself; that body gave its consent, and in 1846 Mr. Cox was elected the District Corresponding Secretary, which office he has held ever since.

In the same year he commenced business as a bookseller, stationer, &c., which he has conducted up to the present time; and during the last three years he has established a local newspaper, called the "Southampton Examiner," which he personally edits.

His first appearance at an annual meeting was at Bristol, when the largest number of representatives appeared that have ever since been gathered together. At that meeting it was a question of "*Unity or no Unity.*" The scales of payment passed at Glasgow the year before, had given almost universal dissatisfaction in the north and south of England. The minds of our members were not sufficiently prepared to receive such sweeping alterations; the consequence of which was that upwards of 30,000 members left our institution,—another strong proof to those who are called on to legislate for mankind that they must neither be too much in advance nor anything behind those they are to legislate for. Mr. Cox threw his voice and vote into the scale of those who proposed the abrogation of those scales of payment, and thus assisted in preserving our Unity till a more fitting opportunity offered itself, and proper

information had been disseminated amongst our members on so vital and important a question.

He has attended every annual meeting since, always taking an active part in those important questions that have so materially altered and improved the institution. When those differences took place between the then C.S., the Officers of the Order, and Directory, and a special meeting was called at the Corn Exchange, Manchester, in reference to those differences, Mr. Cox was appointed one of the secretaries of the meeting,—at times perhaps one of the stormiest and most exciting meetings we ever had.

Were the history of those times written, in all of which our present G.M. took a part, the whole Magazine would be far too small—suffice it to say that he and his compeers weathered the storm, and kept intact the Manchester Unity.

In 1848, the subject of our memoir was elected one of the Directory, and held that office till the Durham Annual Meeting, 1855, when he was elected the D.G.M. of the Order; and at the Lincoln A.M.C., the year after, he was unanimously elected to the highest office in the gift of Odd-Fellows. Apart from our institution, he has been three times elected a Guardian of the Poor for the parish in which he resides, and twice to the Town Council of Southampton, both of which offices he at present occupies.

It will be seen from this brief sketch that Mr. Cox is one of those men of energy for which our country is so famous.

At our annual meetings he invariably takes a part in our important debates, and always enforces his ideas in a style peculiarly his own.

In private life no man is more qualified “to set the table in a roar”—and, in public life, energetic, consistent, and untiring—he is, as one of the reporters once said of him after the banquet at Lincoln,—“Our witty and facetious friend, Mr. Cox.”

Such is the man at the head of our institution at the present time; and the hope of every honest Odd-Fellow must be that our councils may long be presided over by men such as he is, whose aspirations are for the happiness, well-being, and prosperity of all classes of our common country.

## Fact versus Thunder.

BY CHARLES HARDWICK, D.G.M.

" Could great men thunder  
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,  
For every pelting petty officer  
Would use his heaven for thunder; *nothing but thunder.*"  
—Measure for Measure.

EVERY trade or profession deals with technicalities which confuse, more or less, the uninitiated, and defy all ordinary attempts at truthful comprehension. Honest Jack Tar sometimes seriously threatens to "cut his painter;" although no knight of the "maulstick" nor man of ordinary pigment and varnish may have been guilty of the provocation which led to so desperate a resolve. Certain very amiable church dignitaries hide their humility and "good will to man" beneath the rather warlike title of "canon." Nay, bishops occasionally "charge" with as much courage, and to as little purpose, as the gallant light cavalry brigade at Balaklava. Lawyers, innkeepers, and other tradesmen and professional people (not even excepting actuaries), are sometimes suspected of performing similar feats, but with infinitely more satisfactory results, so far as their pecuniary interests are concerned. If a full blown Cockney exquisite, or even a "highly educated" professor from Oxford, should be induced to visit a Lancashire cotton mill, he might feel somewhat incredulous as to the propriety of the appellation of "horse power" to the efforts of a monster animal whose bones and sinews are fashioned from insensible cast-iron, whose blood is boiling water, and whose breath is fire! He might be equally puzzled to understand why some lesser, inanimate, but by no means dumb toilers in the endless whirl of mechanical organization, should be classified by such zoological titles as "throstles" and "mulcs!" His moral sense might likewise receive a serious shock, when first informed that the growling, savage beast, which tears up the raw cotton with remorseless iron teeth, is no less a personage than the "devil" himself! Hundreds of other equally apposite illustrations might be given; but I will content myself with one or two others; and, in the spirit of fair play, I will come nearer home. That semi-mythical being,—the reputed wag and oft-times the scapegoat of the "chapel,"—the printer's youngest apprentice, is, with daring profanity, like the iron fiend of the cotton factory, christened after the Prince of Pandemonium! This imp is supposed to entertain a profound abhorrence of "pye" and badly written manuscript. But the all-powerful fourth estate has not been content with the privilege of ransacking the "earth beneath" for elegant technical phraseology; the magazine of Olympus has been rifled for the purpose of furnishing that mysterious potentate, the Hydra-headed, Argus-eyed, and many-handed editor of the "leading journal," with an unlimited supply of literary ammunition in the form of "THUNDER!"

Thomas Carlyle informs us, in his interesting memoir of the younger Sterling, that the father of his hero was the first "thunderer" in the *Times*. There exists a somewhat similar article, known by the name of "theatrical thunder," the chief element in the composition of which is a piece of rusty sheet iron. Mr. Dennis, once rather uproariously, before a public audience, claimed the consideration due to the latter invention. Messrs. Sterling and Dennis are quite welcome to their sprigs of laurel. May the representatives of the duo wear their transmitted honours well and wisely. A



peep behind the scenes of the theatre is, however, fearfully destructive of the gorgeous impression made upon the eye and the imagination, by paint, gauze, and tinsel, suffused in the glare of the footlights. So it is with a large quantity of that which terrified literary children regard with so much awe, the "thunder" of the *Times*. When closely examined, and boldly grappled with, it is often found to consist of little else than vulgar self-esteem and very ordinary "blackguardism," well polished and rounded into sonorous periods. Every class of society has its peculiar slang and vocabulary of vulgar abuse, the use of which is equally reprehensible in a drunken Billingsgate fishwoman and an aristocratic spendthrift, vitiated by frequent communion with the denizens of "west-end hells." Literary "thunder" often occupies a similar position in the arena of legitimate eloquence. This is generally resorted to to conceal ignorance of the question under consideration, or when legitimate argument and sober fact are not sufficiently powerful for the purpose in hand. Literary thunder is, however, a species of rhetoric very much in vogue amongst politicians and critics of the present day; and is productive sometimes of considerable effect, when knowledge of the truth and inflexible honesty of purpose control its reverberations. Hence the many powerful denunciations of public abuses in the columns of the *Times*, which have roused up a corresponding echo from the public voice. But it is a practice liable to serious abuse, and especially so when undertaken by imbecile satellites or unscrupulous literary gladiators.

We are credibly informed by Homer that Jupiter himself occasionally nods. It is not improbable, on such occasions, that Juno, like many another foolishly fond mother, may, with a view to the preservation of a little domestic quietude in the Olympian nursery, purloin the martial weapon of her spouse, and fling it as a plaything to one of her obstreperous children,—the ugly Vulcan, to wit. The mishaps incident to the household of the "father of gods and men," may be supposed, with all due reverence, to be not altogether unknown in the sacred precincts of Printing-house-square. Hence, probably, the occasional "thundering" to no purpose, the windy bluster, and Pistol-like swagger, which sometimes disturb the literary as well as the political atmosphere in that quarter.

The chief "thunderer," or one of his subordinates, has latterly thought it not unbecoming his *dignity* to launch a bolt or two at the Manchester Unity. It is a pity he did not think it equally becoming his *duty* to learn something about the humble working men's honest self efforts at social elevation in this direction, before he made such a ridiculous exhibition of pompous impotency.

" Merciful heaven !  
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt  
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak  
Than the soft myrtle. O, but man, proud man,  
Drest in a little brief authority ;  
(Most ignorant of what he's most assured,  
His glassy essence), like an angry ape,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven  
As make the angels weep."

For so humble an institution, "with its tens of thousands of dupes," to receive notice at all at the hands of the great monetary organ is, as the world goes, unquestionably a very high compliment. But it is infinitely more to its honour that it has accomplished so much without either the patronage, or, it appears, even the cognizance of the *Times*. Self effort alone can legitimately elevate the masses. Patronage may furnish ornament for the decoration of the capital, but can never either hew the column from the quarry or place it erect on its base. It is perfectly true that great ignorance yet prevails

amongst the masses of the people, and that sound principles respecting life and health assurance are by no means so generally understood amongst them as is desirable; but it is a most flagrant error to suppose that ignorance in this respect is confined to the members of friendly societies. Many but partially-lettered operatives know sufficient, from practical experience, to smile at the blundering attempts at instruction essayed by parties who are not only incapacitated for the task from sheer want of knowledge of the subject, and of the temper and condition of the people, but who are sometimes so ill-bred as to leave their manners at home, and adopt a supercilious and impertinent tone when they condescend to address the people. The plain English of the matter is, that the middle and upper classes, as a body, are themselves unacquainted with many of the conditions necessary to the security of friendly societies. Nay, with regard to all matters relating to their present constitution—to the practical details of management and the difficulties to be encountered in the march of improvement—they are infinitely more in the dark than the humblest active officer whose self-denial they sneer at, and whose efforts they affect to despise. Such exhibitions engender amongst the lesser educated a distrust of all calculation with reference to the question; hence more of evil than good results from their pretended teaching, even in an educational sense; and hence the increased difficulties of those amongst the members themselves who are tolling for further progress.

In the species of ignorance referred to, the leading journal and its *protégé*, Lord Albemarle, stand conspicuous. The want of knowledge exhibited may be forgiven, but the consummate impertinence of the tone assumed deserves exposure and chastisement. It would be a difficult task to find, in so small a space as his lordship's lectures and the *Times's* articles, so much arrogant assumption combined with so very small a modicum of knowledge. Like Falstaff's tavern bill—there is "an intolerable quantity of sack," to but "one half-pennyworth of bread." It must be that some of Lord Albemarle's "crammers," during one of the thunderer's nods, have induced a "prentice hand" of the establishment, without any preparation, to seize the opportunity and essay a little in imitation of his betters. Two or three specimens of the quality of this thunder will both amuse and instruct.

The mighty potentate (or his substitute) gravely informs his readers that ONE LODGE, *eleven years since*, would have required three millions sterling to have placed it in a solvent condition! It is rather remarkable that the acute intellect of the writer did not discover the locality of such a monstrosity, and despatch a special commissioner immediately to report thereon. The great sea serpent, and the horrors of Georgian railway travelling, would soon "pale their ineffectual fires" before such a ponderous and brilliant nugget from the mine where newsmongering novelties are manufactured. The simple fact is,—no such monster ever cumbered the earth. The whole is merely a blundering translation of the blundering resuscitation by Lord Albemarle of a fragment of a defunct prophecy, founded upon very imperfect and to some extent inapplicable data, and without the slightest allowance for the possibility of future action on the part of the members referred to. But "the greatest is behind." Instead of *one*, the prophet spoke of more than *FOUR THOUSAND LODGES!*

The *Times* endorses, with a sneer, the libel propagated by the Earl of Albemarle, that the working-men's provident institutions are merely, or chiefly, drinking clubs. It flippantly describes them as societies for "jolly improvident good-fellowship," and insinuates that the poor wife is plundered of the very money, or a large portion of it, insured on the death of her husband, and that it is spent in a "*gathering and a feast!*" But the thunderer is relatively mild and somewhat good humoured on this question when compared with the daring recklessness of his retainer. What will the more provident of the working classes think of the *friend* who describes their habitual conduct in the following terms? :—

"They" (the club meetings) "are usually held on a Saturday night, and those who live in the vicinity of the public-house club well know in what discreditable manner the Sabbath is ushered in, to the scandal and disgust of the religiously disposed, and often to the terror of the wife, whom the drunken husband has sworn to love and cherish, but of whom he is too frequently the ruin. These are the outward marks of the system; but you must look to the workhouse, the lunatic asylum, the room of the coroner's inquest, and, lastly, to the judges of the land and the chaplains of the gaoles, to see the evil in all its extent."

Well may the provident working man spurn with disdain instruction (!) from a tongue polluted by the utterance of so foul a libel. The animus which dictated the publication of such a tissue of "Billingsgate" and falsehood is so transparent, that its contradiction is almost unnecessary. It is enough to reprint it, for the perusal of the men so slandered, to cover both it and its originators with ignominy. But there exists a large number of influential and upright men who have little or no practical knowledge of the question at issue. A few words for their instruction are therefore necessary. The ignorance which pervades the upper and middle classes respecting the true condition and habits of the industrial population is here exhibited in one of its strongest phases. The whole mass of the people *poorer* than themselves are treated as the "working classes," or rather as the "lower orders," forgetful that amongst the millions of British subjects so classed there exists as great a diversity both as regards habits and education as there are languages amongst the nations of the earth. For aught I know, there may exist, in the neighbourhood of his lordship's residence, clubs (most probably certified and patronised by the neighbouring gentry), where such scenes as he has described may sometimes occur. But I indignantly deny that such in any way characterises the meetings of lodges in connection with the Manchester Unity; and it must not be forgotten that the hottest stream of his lordship's wrath is directed against that institution. The members of the Manchester Unity, as a whole, I fearlessly assert, may challenge comparison as good and orderly citizens with any other class, not even excepting that to which my Lord Albemarle belongs. There may be amongst them, as elsewhere, occasional irregularities; but these are in direct violation of the laws of the Order, in the wake of which punishment, and even expulsion, speedily follows. To take exception on such ground would be equally ridiculous with a denunciation of the aristocracy of England as gamblers and midnight brawlers, because some erratic and weak-headed member of that respectable body occasionally compounds for his misdemeanours at the police office. I accept the challenge of my Lord Albemarle, and fearlessly appeal to the *workhouse, the lunatic asylum, the room of the coroner's inquest, to the judges of the land, and to the chaplains of the gaoles*, in support of my position. The Manchester Unity publishes the name of each member convicted by either magistrate or judge, and the culprit, by the simple record, is expelled, and all his interest in the society is forfeited. Does a law like this propagate or encourage crime? No portion of the contributions can legally be spent in liquor. Intoxication is oftentimes severely punished, and its habitual practice subjects the offender to expulsion. One of the best portions of the "secret" advice given to members is that which enjoins the avoidance of all intemperance and excess. From sixteen years' experience I can honestly state my conviction that the cause of *temperance* has been more advanced by the operations of this society than by those of any other, excepting, of course, the one especially established for the furtherance of that particular object. The cant about meeting at public houses is insufferably nauseous. The people have ever done, and will continue to frequent such places as they themselves prefer;

all the sermonising in the world notwithstanding. Friendly societies did not establish public houses; they flourished; to a much greater extent than at present, before friendly societies were known. The Manchester Unity does not patronise public houses, as such. The will of a majority of the members of any one lodge is sufficient to remove its meetings to a private room or to a Temperance Hotel. Many of the branches, indeed, assemble in such places. It is an incontrovertible fact, that a large number of the lodges in connection with the Manchester Unity are compelled to pay a yearly rent for the use of the room in which they meet, simply because, in the language of the hosts, the profit on the liquor consumed by the attending members "will not pay for fire and gas." To my own knowledge, notice to quit for a similar reason is a very common occurrence. It is a mere waste of breath to rail about public houses in reference to this question. It is much better that the frequenters of these places should learn provident habits than that even *they* should remain improvident. Some such places will continue to be patronised so long as man retains his social characteristics. A temperance hotel is a public house, and not always the most cleanly either. The true direction of philanthropic labour in this respect is towards the elevation of the standard of taste, and the introduction into fashionable use of beverages of a less objectionable character, both for public and private assemblies. A large amount of frothy eloquence is occasionally spouted forth respecting the drinking habits of the *working* classes; and we are sometimes gravely told that the wicked sinners actually "moisten their clay" with more than one-half (in value) of the quantity of intoxicating liquor consumed by the entire population. What Solon compiled the statistics referred to I cannot tell! But according to the income-tax returns, the number of persons in England and Wales whose pecuniary means exceed one hundred pounds per annum is less than half a million. I will give, however, the whole half million to the middle and upper classes. Still it appears that we have about thirty-three times as many throats on the working men's side of this "guzzling" question, to swallow the somewhat larger half of the liquid abominations referred to. But—

"Through tattered clothes small vices do appear;  
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all."

The fact is, the *working* man, as a rule, is not the habitual drunkard. Drinking heavily and working are incompatible for any lengthened period. Time and money are required for the indulgence. The *working* man who gives the time cannot earn the necessary funds. Every class, in fact, furnishes its share of drunkards, as well as charlatans and swindlers. Nay, it would appear that the middle and upper classes have done a trifle more than their just proportion lately, in one or two departments, at least.

So far as regards the workhouse test, Lord Albemarle stands condemned out of his own mouth. He stated at Harling, in November last,* on the authority of Mr. Tidd Pratt, that "these clubs saved the ratepayers two millions a year!" How this is compatible with the filling of the workhouses with paupers, I leave to the singularly accomplished collectors of statistics to whom his lordship has previously been so much indebted.

So far as regards the testimony of the judges of the land, I will simply refer his lordship and his abettors to the evidence tendered by Mr. Rushton, of Liverpool, and Baron Martin, before a committee of the House of Commons,

* See the pamphlet containing Lord Albemarle's speeches, the actuaries' letters, and Mr. Daynes's spirited rejoinder. Its price and publisher may be known by reference to the advertisement on the cover of the Odd-Fellows' Magazine.

a short time ago. He will find there something very different to what he appears to anticipate. It may help to point out the direction in which, to use his lordship's somewhat inelegant but expressive phrase, the true "humbug" lies. For his further edification I will give him an extract from the work of one whose authority he will scarcely call in question. Mr. Neison, in his "Contributions to Vital Statistics," having shown that the duration of life amongst the members of friendly societies exceeded that of the general population, says:—

"The blessing thus bestowed on the frugal and industrious workmen of the country composing friendly societies, in having granted them, as appears by the present inquiry, a prolonged duration of life, must therefore be regarded as a really true and distinctive feature of that class of persons, and is no doubt the result of their simple and uniform habits of life, and the more regular and natural physical exercises to which they are habituated."

This is extracted from the same book from which many of his lordship's figures were drawn. It is rather singular that neither he nor any of his parasites thought it worthy of notice.

The statement in the *Times*, that the funeral of a member is made the excuse for a "gathering and a feast," at which five pounds of the poor widow's money is consumed, is a simple falsehood, and unworthy of further notice.

The writer in the *Times* exposes his utter ignorance of one of the ordinary features in connection with the subject on which he comments, in the following absurd manner:—"We never heard of a member in any of these benefit clubs providing for his widow. This may be done sometimes, FOR AUGHT WE KNOW; but we do not know an instance. * * * They choose that which is more comforting, more cheerful, more social, more for the present time, and reject the cold security which embraces old age and widowhood."

* When I read this passage lately before a large meeting of odd-fellows and others, I was somewhat surprised that it did not excite their just indignation! On the contrary, it was received with a sonorous peal of hearty, good-tempered laughter. There is certainly something extremely rich in the self-complaisance with which "Sir Oracle" announces his ignorance, and nails his own ears to the pillory of popular contempt! Of course it is a point of honour (!) with the "leading journal" not to acknowledge its blunderings, or it might be worth while to enlighten it a little on the subject. No one ever accused the *Times* of knowing *very much* about working men's efforts at self-advancement; but it is rather too bad and too impertinent to set up its own ignorance as a proof of sin on the part of the provident portion of the operative population. The *Times*, however, ought to have known something of the practice of the Manchester Unity, in this respect at least. In its own columns was advertised the acknowledgment of a sum exceeding two thousand four hundred pounds, subscribed by the members towards the National Patriotic Fund, which most people believe was intended for, and is actually enjoyed by, the widows and orphans of the brave men who perished in the service of their country. Nay more, the executive committee of the Unity, appreciating the noble effort made by the *Times* itself to furnish immediate relief to the poor fellows at Scutari, forwarded one hundred pounds to the office of that paper for the use of its own commissioner in the East!

There can be nothing surprising in the fact that the members of friendly societies refuse to listen to "instructions" emanating from sources so incompetent. Really, the sooner such teachers lay down the ferule, and take their proper places in the class of instruction, the better for all parties concerned.

The worst feature in the *Times's* management is, however, its want of true

English "pluck." Like the blustering Parolles, it is essentially craven at heart. The cool effrontery with which it pertinaciously refused the insertion of any contradiction in its columns, after publishing its own and Lord Albemarle's crudities and slanders, need but be made known to ensure the emphatic condemnation of every lover of truth and fair play. Its egotism becomes, occasionally, equally ridiculous. After publishing a letter, animadverting upon the conduct of a party of odd-fellows and others at the Crystal Palace, during a fête got up for the benefit of the *widows' and orphans' fund* of the North London district, and refusing for a long time all opportunity of reply, it very modestly intimated that its correspondent, "Eye Witness," was not an anonymous opponent, because, forsooth, the mighty "we" were acquainted with his name! After this, the "three tailors of Tooley-street" may retire from the public stage. The style "We, the people of England," is henceforth the exclusive property of the mysterious potentate of Printing House Square. Really there is much of "Tom Drum" about this modern Jupiter.

## Incidents of Travel. — No. I.

BY GEORGE FALKNER.

WE were standing alone on the platform of London-Bridge Station, scrutinising every traveller as he passed to the carriages of the South-Eastern line, wondering if by any chance we should be so fortunate as to encounter some friendly acquaintance from our good county of Lancaster who might become a companion for us in our intended visit to France. Such a possibility was not very remote, as on the day in question Her Most Gracious Majesty was expected to leave the Isle of Wight, *en route* for Boulogne and Paris, and from every quarter of the kingdom loyal subjects had been pouring into the metropolis, and starting off for the French capital, by all the rival routes by which railway and steam-packet companies had for weeks previously been puzzling the public in their impressive advertisements. We had secured our ticket in seasonable time, and booked our luggage *through* direct — by which all custom-house curiosity, we knew, would be forestalled, and the insufferable annoyances of examination precluded. We had mentally selected the particular second-class carriage we would occupy, and the individual seat we would monopolize; every detailed arrangement affecting little personal comforts by the way, both in rail and steamer, had been duly and deliberately adjusted — that morning's *Times* in our pocket, and our Continental "Bradshaw" under our arm; — all that was wanting was some friendly companion who would help to lighten the journey and cheer the way; but not one token of success rewarded our long and patient stock-taking of faces; and, time being up, we were despondingly marching off to the solitary confinement of our spacious second-class cell, determined to make the most of the three hours before us, when a friendly tap on the shoulder arrested attention, and our old friend Johnson, of Liverpool, with the heartiest shake of the hand, demanded, in hurried accents, whether, if we were Dover-bound, we

would share his company and his carriage, as he was utterly destitute of acquaintance or companion. No second invitation, rest assured, was needed to bring about a transference of bag and baggage, and away we rolled past Croydon and Tunbridge Wells.

"And what," inquired Johnson, "has brought *you* all the way from Manchester to Dover? Like most of us, I suppose you resolved to see how politely the *Parlez vous* would receive our sovereign lady, at Boulogne, —eh!"

"Oh! no," was our response—we had scarcely thought of such an event occurring on the precise day on which we had taken the road for France to visit an invalid relative who had essayed to escape the severity of our northern winter in the suburbs of warm and genial Paris;—we had booked through to Paris—that was definite,—and at Boulogne we would have time only to refresh and invigorate the inner man, and perhaps to change the outer, if the Channel were unsteady to-day, and there were fewer horses on deck than on the last occasion of our crossing.

"But, my dear fellow," said Johnson, "you would never surely dream of running off from Boulogne just as Her Majesty may be heaving in sight in that right royal yacht of hers, the 'Victoria and Albert,' and our glorious specimens of the 'wooden walls of old England' are pouring out their broadsides, and all the troops are down on the quay, with the Emperor at their head, and all that sort of thing. Nonsense! You will lose the grandest sight you ever imagined, good friend,—a sight that has brought me here from the Mersey."

But we had advised our departure the day previous—our relatives would be at the station in Paris that night, awaiting our arrival—our luggage was booked *through*—there was not a shadow of a possibility of laying hands upon it before it reached Paris—there was no chance of a night-shirt, even, if we tarried at Boulogne.

"Well, well," said Johnson, "all this may be very serious, but we'll get over it somehow or other;—it must be done, and with me you'll put up at Boulogne."

That we would get over the Channel there was no fear; but how to get over the disappointment and possible alarm which our non-arrival at the appointed hour in Paris would occasion,—that was the difficulty. If Johnson the ingenious could solve that problem, and with satisfaction to its propounder, we were content, and at Boulogne should remain.

We had reached Dover, watched the debarkation of pile upon pile of luggage, had fairly steamed out of harbour, and, midway in the Channel, desecrated neither French nor English coast, before Johnson the ingenious had solved the problem, and got over our scruples.

"Why," said he, after a lengthened and silent cogitation, "when we get on shore we'll at once *telegraph* to Paris—your friends will receive your message some hours before they will think of starting to meet you—and we'll put up together at Boulogne, witness the grand ceremonies in the morning, and get off by the afternoon train to Paris;—after all you'll only lose a day and gain a sight."

There was no appeal against the practicability of Johnson's proposition; and as the triple ticket issued at London Bridge admitted of a fourteen days' delay at any point of the journey, we at length became an assenting party to the arrangement. In due time Boulogne harbour was sighted, and we passed the 120-gun ships, which had moored that day in the roads, in anticipation of to-morrow's arrival; vast floating structures, truly—portentous, not less in the very space they blotted out in the horizon as we neared them, than in the open-mouthed cannon with which their broadsides were bristling. Then came all the *désagrémens* of landing,—

the cordon of soldiers, who welcome the stranger by drawing themselves into a kind of circular barricade around him; the crush and crowd at the petty Custom-house or Douane; the examination of passports by demure officials; the surrender of keys and the opening of portmanteaus; the sun-tanned fishwomen who do battle for your luggage, and consign it into baskets which, slung over their heads, you have ignominiously to follow as they precede you to your hotel; the officious impertinence of the commissionaires, and the crowd of lazy touters and hangers-on who infest the Custom-house like drones at the entrance of a bee-hive! and the criticising inspection of natives, and especially of resident visitors, English and German, who, having themselves passed through a similar ordeal when they first entered an appearance at Boulogne, pay off all new comers in a similar coin, and thus become even with their fellows. All this, and much more which is forgotten—and the sooner it is forgotten the better for future equanimity of temper and spirits—every one of us has to pay the penalty of encountering, in exchange for the novel and exciting impressions of putting foot on French soil.

But we were only on the threshold of our difficulties; our friend Johnson had bargained for our detention at Boulogne—true; but no bed was included in the paction; and where, in the name of domestic security, we were to be “stowed away” that night, became at length a matter of alarming consideration, for no hotel at which we had hitherto preferred the modest request of a single *chambre-au-lit* would entertain the proposition at any price; and our fishy friend with the basket behind her gave token of a decided strike. Would any café or restaurant be more propitious, since the hotels were so inhospitable!—We could but try; and we were resolving, as a *dernier expédient*, on making the attempt—which of course would have been a dead failure—when Johnson the ingenious recalled the whereabouts of a humble hostellerie at which, upon a previous visit, he had sojourned so long as to have scraped a negotiable acquaintance with the *maitress*, who, he felt assured, upon recognition, would not deny us shelter for the night. Thither we were escorted, and after some preliminary explanations and disclosures, which Johnson had all to himself, with the smart little dame who did the honours of the house, we were accorded one of the best sleeping apartments which the establishment could boast of.

“And now,” said our friend, after a refreshing ablution and congratulations upon the good fortune which had rewarded perseverance, “we’ll go down to the table d’hôte, and afterwards look out for the telegraph. Make yourself easy, at least upon that point, for there’s abundance of time before us, and in the evening we’ll stroll round and see what preparations are afoot for to-morrow.”

“And at what hour,” we inquired, “are all these grand ceremonials to come off?”

“We will learn at the table, rest assured; there will be no other subject tolerated to-day, you will find, but Victoria’s arrival to-morrow.”

And Johnson was once more in the right, for there, in the intervals of the endless removes which make up a French dinner, we learnt that the Emperor would reach Boulogne at six that evening, and repose at the hotel on the beach; that *la Reine* was expected at two o’clock on the day following—not later! for Her Majesty was the very pink of punctuality—and who was unacquainted with that characteristic of English Victoria? that 40,000 troops—not more—were encamped on the other side of the hills encircling Boulogne, and that these would line the heights and welcome the joyous arrival. These and other “sounds of preparation” reconciled us to the change of route, and helped off the formalities of the table d’hôte etiquette. Then, at length we sallied forth to discover the



Bureau of the Telegraph; and, crossing the wooden bridge by which all travellers reach the Paris Railway terminus—the *Chemin de fer du Nord*—encountered a blaze of gilded triumphal archway, facade, and corridor, festooned with floral decoration, and draped in cloth of moroon relieved by dazzling border. Busy artisans—carpenters, painters, and gilders—held possession of the open area around the station, and mingled with the green-liveried *facteurs* and officials; there was no time to be squandered; much remained to be completed; *l'Empereur* was on his way, and every workman seemed to know what *his* scrutinising glance could embrace. To dream of entering the precincts thus possessed, or to speculate upon being permitted to transact a matter of business involving a walk round to the bureau of the telegraph, seemed an invasion of the rights of royalty itself; and we had almost abandoned the hope of accomplishing our object amid the bustling earnestness upon which we were intruding, when the kindly intervention of the *chef de gare*—who ranks with our station master at home—gained us immediate access; and, passing through a lofty hall, then being garnished as a regal reception-room, we were ushered into the small apartment where the secrets of the telegraph were worked by a little close-cropped gentleman, who at all events made no secret of the apparatus by which his winged messages were transmitted through the length and breadth of France; for before him lay bare the entire apparatus—battery, wires, jars, and all—not concealed, as with us, from vulgar gaze, in some remote and inaccessible chamber; and here the aforesaid diminutive official was, for all we knew, advising the progress of arrangements at his end, or instructing the transmission by next train of some indispensable article of decoration required before the morning.

“Did Messieurs desire to telegraph?” was his first inquiry. We did,—and at what cost could we be permitted to send some twenty words down the wires! Four francs would suffice. The message was duly transcribed, and pruned to two-score parts of speech; but when the address was read,—“Rue d’Orleans, Avenue de Neuilly”—we watched a cloud of doubt gather round the forehead and descend to the lips of our new acquaintance. “Avenue de Neuilly,” he muttered; “Rue d’Orleans, Avenue de Neuilly; were Messieurs assured of this address!” Oh yes; there could be no doubt of its correctness. A long pause, and a vigorous plying of the instrument; and a ceaseless tick-tack of electric communication. What could this portend? “Messieurs would please to understand that Avenue de Neuilly was so far away from the centre of Paris that it was necessary for him to make inquiry at the other end whether a message involving such a distance could be undertaken. If Messieurs would have the kindness to rest but a minute or more, they could learn whether or not they could be assured of its delivery.” A pause, longer and more portentous than before; reiterated inquiry and response, indicated by tick-tack to and fro; a kind of wind-up sepulchral knock-down tick-tack, and the official rose. It could not be done upon any terms,—Neuilly was too far distant—the telegraph was required for the purposes of the Emperor—and Messieurs, unhappily, could not avail themselves of its use. Here was a fix! luggageless, disappointed, and disappointing; with a bed under obligation, and no remedy within reach. We raised our hats to the official, and took our leave of the bureau, followed by the *chef de gare*, who had obligingly tendered his aid during this fruitless negotiation.—What was to be done?—Johnson, the ingenious, sank to “zero,” but the *chef de gare* happily once more came to our aid. “Pardon, Messieurs, there is another telegraph, in the town” said he, as he watched us despondingly threading our way across the open area around the station, “and Messieurs will find no difficulty in making use of it—the *Télégraphe Prioré*.”

This was re-assuring, and Johnson straightway rose to "temperate."—Where was the telegraph *Priré*? he demanded, and duly instructed as to route, we at once set off in quest of the bureau. Here we found two officials ready to undertake any amount of private business for a "consideration," and with many assurances, pantomimically enforced, of our message reaching l'Avenue de Neuilly long before six o'clock that evening, we threw ourselves upon the chapter of accidents, secure in the conviction that our relative at the other end would quite applaud our decision to witness an event so historical, as the reception of England's Queen by the Emperor of the French.

That the Emperor had already arrived, we soon learned on returning to our hotel, and the remainder of the day was devoted to an inspection of the various preparations on foot for the eventful visit,—the landing stage gilded and decorated,—the town illuminations, and the triumphal archway at the station, still unfinished, and which busy workmen were yet striving to complete by torch-light.

The penalty of disregarding the fundamental law of travel—never under any circumstances to part with your luggage—having been duly undergone, we sallied out next morning, at an early hour, and made for the hotel on the beach, where we were fortunate in obtaining the first sight of the extraordinary man who wields the destinies of France. In stature less than we had prefigured, in aspect resolute and self-possessed, in bearing easy and graceful—in contour of face differing from his uncle's rounded form; he stepped out upon the balcony attached to his salon, attired as a *bourgeois*, and with a cigarette and opera-glass, leisurely surveyed Boulogne roads, and took his bearings as to weather, then hazy and unpromising. A handful of stragglers, like ourselves, in front of the hotel, and a couple of soldiers who guarded the entrance, touched their hats, and ejaculated "*Vive l'Empereur*" in the feeblest of tones, for the French do not affect the hearty enthusiasm with which the English greet royalty. Such, however, was the reception awarded to the hero of Ham, and the instigator of the *coup d'état* that morning. In a few minutes the Emperor descended, and departed in an open chariot for the camp beyond Boulogne. Before noon the town and harbour presented a bustling and exciting scene. Over the ridge of the hills, in slow and measured march, descended an endless line of troops from the neighbouring encampment—horse and foot—who defiled on the esplanade, and gradually took up their positions along the harbour and quays, defining their outlines in double parallels of armed and accoutred men, and stretching into the town as far as the station of the railway. On every accessible plateau round the amphitheatre of hills which form the background of Boulogne, numberless companies of troops were planted, who, at regulated intervals, discharged in volleys, and answered to each other, along a circuit of five miles in circumference. Close at hand the heavy artillery rent the air with their deafening thunder, and far out in the roads the English men of war took up the note of joy as the royal squadron at length hove in sight, and the fairy yacht of Her Majesty "walked the waters like a thing of life." Then came the ceremonials of landing and reception; and in less time than our description has occupied, the Queen had passed along the streets, under the guardianship of the Emperor himself, now attired as a general, and mounted on a charger magnificently caparisoned, and entered the station, from which a shrill whistle speedily announced her departure for Paris.

"Worth all the inconveniences" cried Johnson, "of your night at Boulogne."

We assented, but had yet to learn what other results followed our detention; and bidding our friend a hearty *adieu*, with the assurance of

meeting within a few days to carry into effect a joint resolution of passing a fortnight in Switzerland, we ourselves took the rails to Paris, which we reached a little on the right side of midnight.

Here unlooked for calamities awaited us; the station we found a helpless entanglement of luggage, passengers, and porters, which it seemed for ever hopeless to adjust; and a very babel of tongues lent a discord of words to the confusion of things. Our first difficulty was to get possession of the veritable portmanteau booked through on the day previous at London Bridge, which involved a visit to a distant kind of dead-letter office of luggage, where a comparison of numbers on the *billet* had to be instituted, and a special *facteur* secured for its removal outside. Our second difficulty was to get the said luggage safely back to its former resting place, for out of the endless enfilade of cabs and carriages which passed the station, not one Jehu could be induced, by entreaty or by bribe, to entertain the proposals of the friendly *facteur* on our behalf. Every available form of horse-flesh had that day been called into requisition by the countless thousands who had suddenly taken possession of Paris, and, footsore and exhausted, the jaded animals were crawling to welcome quarters, and both driver and beast were beyond the power of temptation. As we returned to the station the turmoil within had not a whit lessened during our absence; and, congratulating ourselves on the independence of finding our way on foot, we re-registered our baggage and started out for the Boulevards.

It was one o'clock, and at least five miles were before us. But how shall we convey a faint impression of the scene disclosed at that hour in the noble thoroughfares along which Queen Victoria had that night been conducted. A perspective miles in length opens up to the view, rendered light as day by the millions of illuminated devices revealing the architecture that define its width; floating at every height, and pendent from every balcony, are flags and banners and streamers; across the pathways stretch endless floral wreaths, drooping in galaxies towards their centres; triumphal archways and armorial groups, and Corinthian columns and plastic figures, divide and vary the long outlines of the Boulevards; and the Church of the Madeleine, at the end, closes in the gorgeous vista. Not a shop is open, and not more than a dozen pedestrians are encountered; the vacant windows, the tenantless balconies and unoccupied scaffoldings, the silent carriageway and deserted footpath, lend an impressiveness to the *coup d'œil*, and render it perhaps more memorable than if the whole had been peopled with the gay and glittering throng who had just departed. It was as if a vast regal feast had been held; the guests had retired, the music had ceased, and the lights and the festal decorations alone remained to attest its magnitude and grandeur. Round by the Place de la Concorde, and up the Champs Elysée, the flickering lights, hung on trees and attached to scaffoldings, tell of elaborate preparations; and the Arc de l'Etoile, leading at length to Neuilly and the Rue d'Orleans, has gone to bed in illuminations.

Notre Dame spoke thrice ere we found repose, and learnt the woeful treachery of the telegraph *Privé*, for, with dismay, we were told that the message forwarded from Boulogne on the previous evening had reached our friends only *twenty* hours after its despatch, and on the following morning, as we assembled at breakfast, a *duplicate* was formally delivered by a telegraph office official, the occasion or necessity of which has to this day remained an impenetrable mystery.

## Let us Try.

BY J. C. HENLEY, N.G.

My brothers, 'tis a holy work,  
To aid the poor and weak ;  
And in the lowly walks of life,  
The wretched ones to seek.  
'Tis sweet to cheer the aching heart,  
The mourner's tears to dry ;  
We may not compass all we wish,  
Yet brothers let us try !

'Twas trying raised such deathless fame,  
For mighty men of old ;  
'Twas trying kept the fire of love  
On earth from growing cold.  
'Twas trying gave to human rights  
Their now resistless sway ;  
Then wait not more convenient times,  
But let us try to-day.

To do our duty hour by hour,  
Though mean that duty be ;  
And trust in God's good providence,  
A better time to see.  
To aid the helpless and the wronged,  
And struggle for the truth ;  
And forward all the rights of man,  
Oh, let us try in youth !

Our days on earth may be but few,  
Yet still we have to gain  
A battle against earthly wrongs,  
Nor shall we fight in vain.  
An earnest worker must succeed,  
No power his course can stay ;  
Oh, waste not then the precious hours,  
But let us try to-day !

Our memories may pass away,  
No stones our names may tell ;  
No monument bear witness to  
"The good fight foughten well."  
But we may scatter wide the seed  
That other men may reap ;  
And cast the priceless bread of life  
On waters dark and deep !

Then let us try, my brethren,  
And think not of delay ;  
If we would do our work on earth,  
We must begin to-day !

## Mary Hartley, or the Odd-Fellow's Wife;

A TALE OF A WORKING MAN'S FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

BY CHARLES HARDWICK.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

NEARLY two years passed away, during the progress of which no incident in connection with our story transpired of sufficient importance to require particular comment.

It was very late on a raw, gusty night in March, that Harry Hartley and Mr. Charles Allen were returning homeward, across the desolate fell that lay between Lingfield and a neighbouring village called Green Hollow. It was near midnight. The surgeon pushed forward his jaded horse over the rugged mountain road with a speed that sometimes seriously threatened the overthrow of the vehicle in which they were seated.

"I am afraid," said Harry, "my wife will be suspecting that some club business has caused my frequent journeys with you to Green Hollow."

"I should think you are sufficiently acquainted with the advantages to be derived from these societies to convince her that the step you took was a judicious one," replied Mr. Allen. "Besides, when she reflects that your habits and conduct have improved instead of being deteriorated since the commencement of your membership, the only tangible objection she ever had must give way."

"Yes," said Harry, thoughtfully, "I *must* tell her; for my only painful reflection is caused by the knowledge that I am deceiving her, though for a good purpose. I begin to feel the man must be a coward who dares not say openly that which he honestly believes to be right."

"Yes," responded the surgeon, with rather more than his usual enthusiasm; "depend upon it, the highest nobility alone resides in the heart of him who always speaks the truth. But, Harry, never forget, likewise, that the life of the man who *can* do this must have ever had a truthful direction."

Harry keenly felt the truth of the surgeon's remark. "It can't, however, be denied, doctor," at length, he said, glad to change the subject, "that this afflicting case of poor widow Dean is a strong instance of the benefit of friendly societies to working men."

"That is very true," replied the surgeon. "Their great social value is not now disputed by those who have dispassionately watched their operations. Yet they are by no means perfect. I am of opinion the provident societies of working men are yet but in their infancy. I entertain a strong conviction they will prove to be but the germ of still more comprehensive institutions for the advancement of the masses. Their present financial constitutions are unquestionably defective in many essential respects, though these imperfections are but the natural results of the circumstances under which they originated, and the conditions of their development. I begin, however, to be very anxious, Harry, that some practical effort should be made for the reformation of these errors, in order that the past good, to which we can testify, may truly be the type of the future."

"Why, doctor, you surely can have no serious doubt as to the ability of our Order to fulfil all its engagements! Will Dean, himself, told me that the other club to which he belonged charged less, and took in members at a

greater age than we do, and yet they pay the same amount of sick and funeral money!"

"You ought to say, they *profess* to do so, Harry. I am the medical officer of the society to which you allude, and consequently I am well acquainted with its affairs. During the last six months the sick pay has become reduced to one half, because they are short of money. So, the man who *insured* for ten shillings per week, is compelled to accept of five shillings. This is what I call a case of bankruptcy, with a dividend of ten shillings in the pound. You perceive the folly of considering only one side of this question. The money paid into the society is the only security for, and the only source from which the benefits can be paid. Many of the members appear to treat the question as if some great capitalist, or the government, had entered into a bond to guarantee certain allowances, and that *their* only business, or interest, is to drive as *cheap* a bargain as they can."

"But, doctor, we have £500 in our lodge."

"It is not many years ago, Harry, since the club we are speaking about possessed a reserve fund quite as large in proportion to the number of its members. It is only a short time since the fees for initiation were reduced, with the view, I suppose, of introducing into the society younger men, to assist the old members in the liquidation of debts which they had previously contracted in ignorance, and to the due fulfilment of which their own contributions had proved inadequate."

"Well, doctor, but I do not see that our members have any great occasion to fear."

"Certainly, our lodge is in a much better position, for several important improvements have latterly been effected in our financial laws. We may continue to meet our liabilities for some time to come. Yet, Harry, a tradesman with £36,000 of capital, and £60,000 of debts, might pay his creditors in full for a short period; but the last claimants to the amount of £24,000, would be robbed of every farthing. Precisely as in the case of the tradesman, on our present system, we may continue to meet, in full, all the demands upon us for a certain time; yet we must, eventually, fall into a similar predicament. It is now an easy thing enough to adjust the rates of payment for the future; but the redemption of past errors will, I fear, prove a serious difficulty."

"Why, doctor, I am surprised the many intelligent men in our Unity have not rectified this long since."

"I am not so much surprised myself," responded the surgeon. "No class of men ever exhibit the same assiduity in the reformation of their own errors as they do in the purification of their neighbours'. Indeed, this great question has but very lately assumed a definitely practical shape, even amongst the better educated classes. What I am most desirous about just now, is, that steady, intelligent working men, like yourself, should investigate this question with earnest hearts, and communicate all the information they can to their more humbly educated fellows. We must work, Harry, and not despair. When the members are once convinced of the existence of grave errors in their financial arrangements, they will, of course, consult as to the means of their eradication."*

* Since this was written a most important financial improvement has been effected in the Manchester Unity by the introduction of a graduated rate of payment, according to the age of the members, on entrance, founded on the results of their own past experience. Another important affiliated society adopted a somewhat similar law shortly afterwards. It is, however, much to be regretted that this commendable act of legislation was not sufficiently appreciated by the great body of the members of the latter society to ensure its retention. At the last annual meeting the advocates of the old school triumphed, and the law was repealed. It is, however, pretty certain that the success of the Manchester Unity since the adoption of this important principle, and the general favour with which it has been received by the members of that body, will eventually induce many other affiliated orders, and ordinary sick clubs, to adopt similar principles of financial legislation.

They had now arrived at the end of the lane which led to Hartley's home.

They separated, and Harry entered his dwelling. It was nearly one o'clock in the morning; Mary was in tears!

"Oh, Harry, wherever have you been? I was afraid something serious had happened to you." This was said in the poor woman's usually affectionate manner, for she little suspected Harry's journeys to Green Hollow were in the capacity of sick-visitor to the lodge.

"I have just got a letter from Manchester, from my sister Jane," she continued. "She says Thomas is sadly scalded about the face and arms through the boiler explosion at the works. She is afraid he will never recover the use of his right hand, or be able to work in the factory again. Jane says that they will not absolutely want, however, because——"

Mrs. Hartley here suddenly stopped, and appeared not inclined to any further communication. Harry, however, after a slight resistance, succeeded in obtaining possession of the letter. He smiled when he saw the paragraph which had caused his wife's hesitation. He read it aloud, as follows:—"But, thank God! we shall not starve, for Thomas belonged to the Odd-Fellows' club, and I am entitled to receive ten shillings a week till he is able to work again. Do get your Harry to join a club for your own sake, and for your poor little children! Think how you would be if anything of the kind was to happen to him!"

"Ay, but that's an accident!" exclaimed Mary; "everybody is not so unlucky as that."

"True," said Harry; "yet no one can tell whose turn it may be next. Look at poor Will Dean! Mary, I have been with the doctor to see him. He died to-night while we were there, or I should have been at home sooner."

Mary Hartley had a kind and tender heart. "Poor Ellen Dean! what ever will become of her and her children?" she exclaimed. "Her husband has not worked much for the last twelve months!"

"They would have had to go to the workhouse, Mary; but Will Dean was both an Odd-Fellow and a member of the sick club. When he had paid into our society for ten years he had never stood in need of benefits; and he once told me he had thought of leaving us because the charges were higher than those of the old sick club."

Harry here became suddenly convinced, from his wife's manner, that he had communicated rather more than he intended. For a moment a little clever generalship was displayed on both sides: at length Mary's rising anger forced her to speak.

"What do you mean by our society? Have you been all this time deceiving me? I wish Dr. Allen and all those scamps of Odd-Fellows——"

"Stop, stop, Mary!" interposed the husband. "Don't make use of such expressions towards people you know nothing about."

Mary was gathering her whole force for a still more energetic response, when the loud clanging of a factory bell startled them both.

"What's the matter? There must be something wrong," exclaimed the husband; and seizing his hat, he rushed into the lane.

Mary's affection got the better of both her fear and passion. She ran after him, and loudly called out, "Oh, Harry, do take care of yourself. You may join the Odd-Fellows if you like; only, do take care of yourself."

Several other factory bells commenced ringing violently; and a cry of "Fire! fire!" now arose from different quarters, in the shrill tones of terror.

A dull, red glare that suddenly shot up, high into the purple heaven, from behind the rocky moor, quickly dispelled the mystery.

"It's Arrowsmith's mill!" cried a hundred voices, simultaneously.

On gaining the summit of a rocky precipice that overlooked the narrow glen, a scene of wild and unearthly grandeur met the gaze of the panic-

stricken multitude. In the immediate foreground, the glittering streamlet violently forced its way through a dark and narrow gorge. The rocks rose nearly fifty feet in perpendicular height, while the width of the chasm was barely sufficient to admit of the passage of the water, and a narrow road that skirted its confined bed. About three hundred yards beyond, the valley widened into the form of an oblong amphitheatre, on a small portion of level ground at the further end of which stood Mr. Arrowsmith's cotton mill. Immediately in the rear, where the valley again closed, the silver stream of a small cascade leapt upon a water-wheel. On either side, and in the distant background, rugged hills, expanding into mountains, were faintly discernible in the semi-transparent darkness. The wind blew with more irregular and angry violence than in the earlier part of the evening. The rain had, however, ceased; but huge masses of heavily rolling clouds, piled disorderly upon each other, scudded rapidly across the heavens. Suddenly the pale cold light of the full-orbed moon burst upon the scene, "filling the air around with beauty," and well-nigh extinguishing the ghastly hues that a moment before enveloped the landscape with an infernal sublimity.

How widely dissimilar were the feelings and excitements which this sublimely beautiful, yet sad scene, quickened into active vitality in the breasts of the various spectators. Some gazed with gaping wonder, as upon a theatrical spectacle. The capitalists were insured; and this fact, to them, robbed the dark picture of nine-tenths of its horror. But the poor workmen! They knew, too well, the demand for their labour was most certainly stopped for weeks, if not for months, to come. To them, terrible visions of empty cupboards, and emptier human stomachs, threw a still deeper shadow over the scene. It was they who laboured, and exposed themselves to imminent danger, in unavailing attempts to check the fury of the destructive element.

In less than two hours the whole of the combustible portion of the mill and its contents were destroyed. Blackened and tottering walls, charred timbers, broken machinery, and smoke and ashes, alone remained.

Soon after the fire had become perceptibly on the wane, a cry arose that Mr. John Arrowsmith, or "the young master," as the workpeople called him, was in great danger in one of the lower rooms of the mill. It was to the benevolent heart and active exertions of this young gentleman, that the operatives were indebted for many of the conveniences and comforts latterly enjoyed by them, both at their homes and in the factory. Several grateful hearts rushed eagerly to the rescue, and amongst the foremost of these was Harry Hartley. They had scarcely entered the building when the flooring above suddenly gave way. The greater part of them were instantly buried beneath the rubbish. Mr. John Arrowsmith, however, by a daring leap through one of the dilapidated windows, effected his escape, at the expense of a very slight contusion. When the fire had been got sufficiently under control, scores of volunteers industriously laboured to clear away the ruins that covered their unfortunate companions.

* * *

Between three and four o'clock in the morning, Mary Hartley returned home, after a fruitless search for her husband. His fellow-workmen, in pure charity of heart, had concealed from her their fears as to his probable fate. They rather encouraged the presumption that he had aided in the removal home of some of the sufferers, and that he was still occupied in rendering further assistance. How far her expressions of reproof might have urged him to acts of foolish daring, caused her some anxiety while she listened intently for the well-known sound of his footstep. She became seriously alarmed as the tramp of an approaching multitude at length reached her strained ear. She rushed wildly to the door. Four men, fol-



lowed by a crowd of people, carried, upon a partially-burned shutter, the disfigured and mangled body of her husband !

She uttered a faint shriek, and sank upon the floor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Our Home at Eve.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

When toiling through the busy day,  
With naught to cheer us on our way,  
Mingling with men who know us not,  
And deem us of the sordid lot,  
Who only labour to obtain  
Amid the throng their share of gain,  
What comfort do our minds receive  
When thinking of our home at eve !

When hopes are foil'd and wishes crost,  
And all our thoughts are tempest-tost,  
And on we struggle through the day,  
With none our troubles to allay ;  
No friend to counsel, or to guide  
Our progress through the adverse tide,  
Nought can the wearied frame relieve  
Like resting in our home at eve.

The outstretch'd hand, the ready smile,  
At times our spirits may beguile ;  
But, oh, how often do we find  
That selfish motives lurk behind,  
And those who our regards would win,  
Are smiles without and craft within :  
Far different welcomes we receive  
When greeted in our home at eve.

The gay saloon, the festal hour,  
May o'er our hearts exert their power ;  
But all their spells prove weak and vain ;  
They cannot long the spirit chain,—  
It yearns to share the quiet joy  
Where love exists without alloy ;  
And smiles are seen that ne'er deceive—  
The smiles that light our home at eve.

*Manchester.*

## Review.

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We have lying before us John Critchley Prince's volume of "Autumn Leaves;" this being the fourth volume he has submitted to the reading world.

The title is a very appropriate one for a poet who is now fairly in the autumn of his days; and the poems in this volume, coming from his pen, may fairly be likened to that season of the year when nature puts on the garb of decay.

The whole of the poems breathe the same kindly spirit that ever characterised the muse of Prince. The numbers flow as smoothly as ever; the same high moral tone prevails throughout; and although he has suffered much in the struggles of life, there is not a word of bitterness, but, on the contrary, a wish that all may grow wiser and better as the streams of life obb towards eternity's dark and lengthened shore.

We introduce the reader to one of the "Autumn Leaves," entitled "The Drummer's Death Roll," and woven into song from the following anecdote to be found in the "Pilgrim in the Jungfrau":—

"In the passage of Macdonald through the frightful region of the Splugen, one of the drummers having been shot in a snow-bank from the avalanche into a frightful gulf, and having struggled forth alive, but out of sight and reach of his comrades, was heard beating his drum for several hours in the abyss, vainly expecting rescue. There was no reaching him, and death, with icy fingers, stilled the roll of the drum, and beat out the last pulsations of hope and life in his bosom:"—

### "The Drummer's Death-Roll.

"To a region of song and of sunnier day,  
The battle-host wended its wearisome way,  
Through the terrible Splugen's tenebrious gloom,  
That seemed to lead on to the portals of doom.  
But the Alp-spirit struggled to break and to bar  
The resolute march of those minions of war;  
For the savage winds howled through the gorges of stone,  
And the pine forest muttered a menace and moan;  
And the rush of the hurricane caused them to reel;  
And the frost-breezes smote them like sabres of steel;  
And the torrents incessantly thundered and hissed;  
And the scream of the eagle came harsh through the mist;  
And the avalanche stirred with a deep muffled roar,  
Like the boom of the sea on a desolate shore,  
Till it leapt from its throne with a flash, and a speed  
That hurled to destruction both rider and steed;  
And love could not hope, by the strongest endeavour,  
To weep on the spot where they slumber for ever!

"A drummer went down with the burden of snow,  
But struggled, and lived, 'mid the buried below,  
Survived for a brief, but how awful a space!  
In the granite-bound depth of that horrible place.

He looked from the jaws of that rock-riven grave,  
 And called on the Mother of Jesus to save,  
 But heaven seemed deaf to his piteous wail,  
 And men could not hear his sad voice on the gale ;  
 And, alas ! human help could not come to him there,  
 Nor the breezes waft home the farewell of his prayer.  
 But still he clung closely to hope and to life,  
 And waged with disaster a desperate strife,—  
 A conflict which midnight might solemnly close,  
 And leave him the peace of a lasting repose.

“A sudden thought thrilled through his wandering brain,  
 His drum lay beside him, he smote it again,  
 And brought from its hollow a vigorous sound,  
 That wakened the wild mountain echoes around,  
 And startled the vulture, that circled away,  
 But returned to his vigil, impatient for prey.  
 Roll, roll went the drum till the sunset was past,  
 And scattered its tones on the hurrying blast,  
 While his friends, far away on their Alpine career,  
 Caught the dolorous sound with a sorrowful ear ;  
 For they knew that a comrade was hopelessly lost,  
 Left alone to the torture of hunger and frost ;  
 Cut off from the reach of humanity there,  
 And beating his drum with the strength of despair !

“But who can imagine his quick-coming fears,  
 His visions, his agonies, yearnings, and tears,  
 When, paralysed, spent, and benumbed to the bone,  
 He sank on his snow-bed to perish alone ?  
 What fancy can bring back the pictures that passed  
 O'er the brain of the desolate lost one at last,  
 'Ere death came to still the last pulse in his breast,  
 And stretch out his limbs in a petrified rest ?

“Perchance his bright childhood came back to his thought,  
 And his youth, when his heart in love's meshes was caught,  
 And his village, embowered in a vine-covered vale,  
 With peace in its aspect, and health in its gale ;  
 The blithe peasant maiden he learned to adore,  
 And his home which his shadow would darken no more,  
 That home where his parents and kindred were gay,  
 In the hope of his coming at no distant day,  
 That meeting which never would gladden their eyes,  
 Save in the blest climate of holier skies.

“Whate'er his last hope, aspiration, and prayer,  
 Untended, he died in his loneliness there,  
 In a place of sublimities, horrors, and storms,  
 Surrounded by nature's most terrible forms ;  
 Where the voices of avalanche, wild wind and wave,  
 Sang a varying dirge o'er his rock-riven grave.  
 Let us hope that his soul, in the hour of its gloom,  
 By its faith cast aside all the terrors of doom,  
 Left the desolate dust to commix with the clod,  
 And awakened with joy in the regions of God !”

We did not wish to curtail any portion of the poem, but have given it entire, as the hopes, fears, emotions, and the terrific place where the drummer beat his last "roll" are so vividly portrayed that we thought it best for the reader to have it as written, in full.

The "Arab's Song" expresses a touching sentiment, and presents that pure poetic diction which, in the possession, marks the true poet:—

"The Arab's Song.

"In Caypha's hallowed garden-grounds,  
All shadowy, green, and cool,  
Where leaps the living fountain-jet,  
Where sleeps the glassy pool,  
Swathed in an atmosphere of joy,  
There dwells a virgin flower,  
Whose breath and beauty seem to fill  
Its consecrated bower.

"The bulbul seems to love it, too,  
And pours its pensive tune  
Through the soft lapse and slumbrous light  
Of the admiring moon.  
And when the morning kindleth up,  
The sun's enamoured beams  
Look in to bless with fostering glow  
This flower of all my dreams.

"The acacia drops its silver dew,  
The palm its tender gloom,  
To cherish this 'consummate flower,'  
And share its full perfume ;  
And Syria's ardent skies look down  
On its expanding form,  
But seldom there hangs lowering cloud,  
Or wakes the voice of storm.

"Its eyes (oh, wild, yet winning eyes !)  
Which shame the proud gazelle,  
Shine like twin trembling gems that lie  
In ocean's rosy shell.  
Now they repose in quiet trance  
Beneath thought's holy sway ;  
Anon, they burn with haughty fire,  
To scare my hopes away.

"So sweet its fragrance, and so far  
It floats on breeze and blast,  
The pilgrim halts within its reach,  
And deems the desert passed.  
The chief who flies on foaming steed  
Before unequal foes,  
Checks for a space his fearful flight  
To breathe it as he goes.

"The simoon's fleet and fiery wing  
 Abhors all grateful smells,  
 And enters with its baneful power  
 Where aught of freshness dwells ;  
 But this one odour, closely sealed  
 Within thy faithful heart,  
 Outlives the weary, wasting wind,  
 And will not thence depart.

"In the soft air of pastoral life,  
 Away from griefs and glooms,  
 Untouched by sorrow, sin, or strife,  
 This garden glory blooms.  
 Maiden, that blush of modest thought  
 Reveals some hidden power ;  
 Think of thy own dear, gentle name,  
 And thou wilt know the flower.

"Oh ! 'twere a blessing lent of Heaven  
 Through long enraptured years,  
 To watch, and shed around thee, too,  
 Pure love's extatic tears !  
 My desert home, my tribe, my steed,  
 My sword, my roving will,  
 I'd yield them all, with thee, sweet flower,  
 To dwell on Carmel's hill !"

There are many other very beautiful poems in the work, but our space will not allow of further quotations than two verses from

*"A Book for the Home Fireside.*

"When the night cometh round, and our duties are done,  
 And a calm stealth over the breast,  
 When the bread that is needful is honestly won,  
 And our worldly thoughts nestle to rest,—  
 How sweet at that hour is the truth-written page,  
 With fancy and fiction allied !  
 The magic of childhood, the solace of age,  
 Is a book for the Home Fireside.

* * * * *

"Dear child ! let thy leisure be linked with the page,  
 But one nor too light nor austere ;  
 May its precepts improve thee, its spirit engage,  
 And its sentiments soften and cheer ;  
 May it keep thy affections in freshness and bloom ;  
 Console thee, exalt thee, and guide ;  
 Be a flower in the sunshine, a star in the gloom,  
 A Book for the Home Fireside !"

We may revert to these "Leaves" again ; and in the meantime recommend them to the perusal of our readers. The author, in the autumn of his days, is struggling hard with the troubles of life ; and the lovers of poesy may enjoy themselves, and help him, when they purchase his work. The book may be had from the Author 133, Charles-street, Ashton-under-Lyne.

## An Essay

ON THE DIFFUSION OF SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE, AS TENDING TO THE PHYSICAL,  
INTELLECTUAL, AND SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT OF THE PEOPLE.

BY THOMAS STEPHENS,

*Author of the "History of the Literature of the Kymri," &c., &c.*

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas."—*Virgil*.

SCIENCE is the English equivalent of the Latin word *scientia*, and is synonymous with the Saxon word *knowledge*, when that word is used in its strict signification. There is a movement now on foot to substitute words of Saxon origin for those which the pedantry of the past has imported from other languages, when true patriotism would have dictated the preferable alternative of developing new words from native roots. The Cambrian tenants of these time-honoured hills have long boasted that their home-grown language speaks more forcibly to their heads and hearts than the English language does to the Saxon people. But few people will deny that the word *star-knowledge* worms its way to our affections more readily than that stranger—*astronomy*; and no reflecting man, who has read the eloquent words in which Humboldt describes the effective assistance rendered by words of native growth—the roots of which are planted in the memories and mental associations of the people—in the diffusion of scientific intelligence, will wonder at the movement to which we have alluded, or at the preference here given to the use of the word *knowledge* instead of *science*. There is, however, a lax sense in which the former is used, which must be avoided. One man may possess a large collection of facts, unclassified and disarranged, of which he is unable to make any use; and another man, in possession of the same facts, shall have the whole in perfect order and combination, and applicable at a moment's notice to any required purpose. The latter only can be said to be in the possession of knowledge; the former simply has information. Information is a collection of undigested facts; knowledge is information methodised or put in order, with a clear reference to the law of causation. In this sense knowledge and science are identical; they both mean the same thing, and are intended to convey the same idea.

The acquisition of knowledge is one of the passions of the human soul; and well and truly has it been observed, by one who possessed more wisdom than ordinarily falls to the lot of humanity, that "the spirit of man is as the lamp of God, wherewith he searches the inwardness of all secrets." Man pants to know. Deep down among the springs of human action it has pleased his Creator to plant this instinctive desire for truth, to gratify which no perils are too great, no obstacles too momentous, no trials too severe. Man will have knowledge; with facilities, if attainable, but against obstructions if they lie in the way. The ardour with which men have sought knowledge, under and against opposing difficulties, is proverbial; and Mr. Charles Knight has given us the pleasant record of the struggles of the past, to cheer us on along the toilsome ascent of the future. But, in truth, in this age we have scarce any reason to complain; the battle has been for the most part already fought; the rich harvest of past labour lies

wide open before us; and our duty is less to augment the already large fund of knowledge, than to invite others to partake of the feast, and make known to the many who are groping in the dark, the riches which lie open to their view. Many there are who already drink of the living fountains of knowledge; and, thanks to the extension of Mechanics' Institutes, the number is each day and year rapidly increasing: but, alas! others there are also who remain content in heathen darkness, and neither know the value of knowledge nor seek to obtain it. The "godlike reason" is drowned in the fumes of intoxication; and many a man, endowed with talents to distinguish himself and adorn society, is learned only in praise of the strength of whisky, or eloquent only in commendation of sparkling ale!—

How many a rustic Milton  
Stifles the speechless longings of his heart  
In unremitting drudgery and care!  
How many a vulgar Cato has compelled  
His energies, no longer tameless then,  
To mould a pin, or fabricate a nail!  
How many a Newton, to whose passive ken  
Those mighty spheres that gem infinity  
Were only specks of tinsel, fix'd in heaven  
To light the midnights of his native town.

It is to such men that we address this invitation; and it is to the ignorant of all grades—to the noisy brawlers of the tavern, as well as to all who mispend their energies—that we propose to unfold the advantages, physically, intellectually, and socially, of the acquisition of knowledge, or scientific intelligence.

The advantages resulting from the diffusion of science are of two kinds—General, and Special. We shall treat of the general advantages first.

Fortunately for the diffusion of knowledge and the progress of society, science, like virtue, is "its own exceeding great reward." The simplest form of the general kind is in the gratification of mere curiosity. "Every man," says Lord Brougham, "is by nature endowed with the power of gaining knowledge; and the taste for it, the capacity to be pleased with it, forms equally a part of the constitution of his mind. It is his own fault, or the fault of his education, if he derives no gratification from it. There is a satisfaction in knowing what others know, in not being more ignorant than those we live with: there is a satisfaction in knowing what others do not know, in being more informed than they are. But this is quite independent of the pure pleasure of knowledge—of gratifying a curiosity implanted in us by Providence, to lead us towards the better understanding of the universe in which our lot is cast, and the nature wherewithal we are clothed." This passion for novelty is exhibited in a variety of ways. Witness the eager delight with which one man devours his daily newspaper, the rage for the last new novel, or the eager attention given to some tale of horror; and then witness the ardent use of eyes and ears at a lecture on natural philosophy, illustrated by experiments. Of all the triumphs of science, this is what delights me most,—old men with one foot in the grave and the other fast following, have I seen listening with all the eagerness of children to the explanation of these natural phenomena,—the explosion of gas, the formation of water, and, most wonderful of all, the electric shock. How superior is such entertainment to the ghost story, the tale of murder, the political debate, or the sentimental loves of Tancred, Prince of Moonshine, and Lady Lavinia, of Castle Nubibes. How beautiful is the exhibition of such eagerness for the acquisition of knowledge; how complete and satisfying is the gratification afforded; and how changed become all things around us when viewed through the magic eye of science! How various

the beauty ; how intricate, yet distinct and delicate, the connections ; how endless the combinations ; and how numerous "the gradations" just and nice dependencies !"

Next, in ascending order, to the gratification thus afforded, is the new beauty evoked from the visible creation when viewed in connection with the determinations of science, and elucidated by reference to natural laws. All that were formerly contemplated as isolated phenomena are now found to be a combined and harmonious whole ; and much that had previously become contemptible from familiarity is found to possess properties unthought of and relations hitherto unseen. The ignorant man perceives nothing in the earth, the air, or the heavens, worthy of investigation ; while the philosopher, on the contrary, finds them peopled with wonders. For the untaught and unreflective mind the landscape glows in vain with beauty, and nature teems with unheeded life ; old ocean may roll his billows at his feet without awakening an original reflection ; the twinkling stars evoke no sense of beauty, and the pealing thunder of heaven's artillery serves only to excite his foolish wonder. "The ignorant man," says Dick, "has no idea of the manner in which the understanding may be enlightened and expanded ; he has no relish for intellectual pursuits, and no conception of the pleasures they afford ; and he sets no value on knowledge, but in so far as it may tend to increase his riches and his sensual gratification. How differently situated is the thoughtful man ! To him all nature is replete with order, grace, and beauty. The air, the earth, and the waters offer to him numberless subjects for investigation, and a noble and exalted pleasure is derived from the exercise of the faculties in such inquiries. Surrounded by a universe of things adapted to inspire him with awe, and to raise in his mind conceptions of the beautiful and magnificent, he evinces by almost all his actions his instinctive desire for information. The various continents, islands, oceans, and rivers of the globe attract his attention ; and the manners, laws, and customs of different races furnish food for his meditations. The revelations of the telescope above, and of the microscope below, excite his astonishment and stimulate his inquiries ; and every object on the wide face of creation is to him, in some shape or other, replete with interest and instruction. In short, to use the language of Sir John Herschel, "a mind which has once imbibed a taste for scientific inquiry, and has learned the habit of applying its principles readily to the cases which occur, has within itself an inexhaustible source of pure and exciting contemplations. One would think that Shakspeare had such a mind in view when he describes a contemplative man as finding—

Tongues in trees, books in running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Accustomed to trace the operation of general causes, and the exemplification of general laws, in circumstances where the uninformed and uninquiring eye perceives neither novelty nor beauty, he walks in the midst of wonders ; every object which falls in his way elucidates some principle, affords some instruction, and impresses him with a sense of harmony and order. Nor is it a mere passive pleasure which is thus communicated. A thousand questions are continually arising in his mind, a thousand subjects of inquiry presenting themselves, which keep his faculties in constant exercise, and his thoughts perpetually on the wing, so that lassitude is excluded from his life, and that craving after artificial excitement and dissipation of mind, which leads so many into frivolous, unworthy, and destructive pursuits, is altogether eradicated from his bosom.* It is an erroneous

* Herschel on the "Study of Natural Philosophy," p. 15.



notion that science is opposed to poetry, for Mr. Robert Hunt has recently shown that the poetry of science is in reality of the first order. This supposed antagonism has been strongly put by Campbell, in his "Lines to the Rainbow" :—

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky  
When storms begin to part,  
I ask not proud philosophy  
To tell me what thou art.

Still seen as to my children's sight  
A midway station given,  
For happy spirits to alight,  
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach unfold  
Thy form to please me so,  
As when I dreamt of gems and gold  
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When science from creation's face  
Enchantment's veil withdraws,  
What lovely visions yield their place  
To cold material laws!

Yet, forcibly as the case is here put, it may, I think, be fairly doubted whether the scientific explanation of this phenomenon is not more pregnant with true poetry than the lines of the Bard of Hope. It was a grand aspiration in Archimedes, to sigh for a fulcrum wherewith to poise the world; but Ferguson's demonstration of the impossibility of his doing so, even upon his own conditions, rises in grandeur infinitely beyond it.

Curiosity of a much higher and more learned kind is gratified in tracing similitude and connection where differences and divergences had previously been supposed to exist; and thus, by ascending from this apparent multiplicity to the unity which pervades the whole, we afford such an enlargement to the mind and expansion to the view as is inconceivable to the vulgar thinker, and utterly inconsistent with continuance in unworthy companionship or vile pursuits. Mathematical truth, it has been observed, affords this pleasure in a high degree. How great is the gratification of the juvenile geometrician, when for the first time he learns the properties of geometrical figures, and knows the trite formula, "that the three angles of a triangle, whatever be its size, howsoever its sides may be inclined to each other, are always, of necessity, when taken together, the same in amount; that any regular kind of figure whatever, upon the one side of a right-angled triangle, is equal to the two figures of the same kind upon the other two sides, whatever be the size of the triangle; and that the properties of an oval curve are extremely similar to those of a curve which appears the least like it of any, consisting of two branches of infinite extent, with their backs turned to each other."* How gratified are we to learn, from the researches of geology, the harmony and uniformity of natural phenomena; and how pleasing it is to find that the Salurian strata, which has occupied the learned pen of Sir Roderick Murchison, after disappearing from Western Europe, reappear again among the great Ural Mountains of Eastern Russia. How wonderful have been the revelations of the monster telescope of Lord Rosse; and how surprising as well as gratifying it is to learn that what appears to us a star in the constellation of Orion, is simply the focus of the convergent rays of countless stars, infinitely beyond it. Nor are the pleasures afforded in this way by the science of chemistry less valuable and instructive. This teaches us that the universe, with all its variety, is com-

* Lord Brougham on "The Objects, Pleasures, and Advantages of Science."

pounded of elements few in number and easily discerned; and shows us, by the most satisfactory of all proof—that of actual experiment—that bodies which seem most dissimilar are frequently made up of, as nearly as possible, the same elements. How few men suspect that the flint with which they light their tinder or fire their guns is the same element which forms the chief part of the earth's primary strata, and is a necessary constituent in the stiffness of the wheat stalk; and how few reflect that the lime with which they manure the field is the same element as that on which the rigidity of human bone is dependent. Still less is the unscientific reader prepared to believe that the elementary constitution of bodies so apparently dissimilar as starch, sugar, oil, wax, &c., is nearly identical; and yet this appears to be the fact revealed to us by chemical analysis, as may be seen in the following table:—

	Carbon.	Oxygen.	Hydrogen.
Sugar is composed of	6 parts	5 parts	5 parts
Starch	7	6	13
Oil	10	1	11
Wax	13	1	11
Citric Acid	4	4	4

And yet, surprising as is this result to the inexperienced inquirer, there are many more wonderful revelations within the ample folds of science.

We may next contemplate the influence of scientific intelligence upon a man's daily labour, and we shall soon discover that men never work so effectually as when head and hand go together. An interesting anecdote is told by Dr. Birkbeck, and which, while admirably calculated to illustrate the point under consideration, is as beautiful as it is striking. In the early part of this century, Dr. Birkbeck had occasion to lecture before a learned society, and to that end required some apparatus in hot haste. One of the men engaged in getting ready the required instruments desired the learned Doctor to explain the purpose which the instruments were intended to serve, and expressed a belief that the men would then be better able to do the work well. His fellow-workmen seconded the request; and the Doctor, seeing this avidity to acquire knowledge, then and there delivered a lecture of an hour and a half in length, to the most attentive auditory he ever had in his life. The men, gratified beyond expression, worked all night to finish their job; and Dr. Birkbeck, thus made acquainted with the immense amount of undeveloped talent which exists in society, became thenceforward the founder of Mechanics' Institutes, and the promoter of all societies having for their object the diffusion of useful knowledge. And not only to him, but to us also, this anecdote is replete with instruction; the head and the hand must go together; and the difference between a good and an indifferent workman is chiefly this, that the one works with a clear perception of the object of his work, and that the other works unthinkingly; the one brings his scientific knowledge to bear upon his daily labour, but the faculties of the other remain dormant and uncultivated. The more knowledge a man acquires the greater the progress he makes in the acquisition of scientific intelligence, the more will he value the personal independence which is the bright reward of industry, and the more will he prize the habits of regular and thoughtful labour, by which he is enabled to secure so prime a blessing. The progress which a man makes in knowledge aids him in prosecuting the main business of every artisan's life, and assists him in his daily labour; and there is hardly any trade or occupation in which useful lessons may not be learned by studying one science or another. Not only is it necessary for a man to know the science which specially relates to his own business, it is also of much service to be acquainted with other branches of knowledge. To how many kinds of

workmen must a knowledge of mechanics and chemistry be useful ; and how serviceable must the first be to engineers, watchmakers, instrument makers, carpenters, and masons ; or the last to bleachers, dyers, and farmers. Artizans of every class are likely to be more skilful in their trades for knowing the nature of the subjects with which they work ; and the farm servant or day labourer must be both a better servant, and a more thrifty and therefore comfortable cottager, for knowing something of the nature of soils and manures, which chemistry teaches, and something of the habits of animals, and the qualities and growth of plants, which he learns from natural history and chemistry together. "In truth," to quote the words of the noble author to whom I am already much indebted, "though a man be neither mechanic nor peasant, but only one having a pot to boil, he is sure to learn from science lessons which will enable him to cook his morsel better, save his fuel, and both vary his dish and improve it. The art of good and cheap cookery is intimately connected with the principles of chemical philosophy, and has received much, and will yet receive more, improvement from their application. Nor is it enough to say that philosophers may discover all that is wanted, and may invent practical methods which it is sufficient for the working man to learn by rote, without knowing the principles. He never will work so well if he is ignorant of the principles, and for a plain reason,—if he only learn his lesson by rote, the least change of circumstances puts him out. Be the method ever so general, cases will always arise in which it must be varied in order to apply ; and if the workman only knows the rule without knowing the reason, he must be at fault the moment he is required to make any new application of it. A knowledge of the principles of science, therefore, makes men more skilful, expert, and useful in the particular kinds of work by which they are to earn their bread ; and, when earned, makes it taste well and go far.*" But these are not the only advantages. There springs from this source another practical benefit, of a nature to counteract the disadvantages which frequently arise from the commercial fluctuations to which this and all manufacturing countries are unfortunately so liable. Our legislators have cast away our protective duties, and have thrown open our ports to the industry and productiveness of other countries ; and as a necessary result of this competition of England against the world, our industrial resources must henceforth be applied to those things, and those things only, in which it is manifest that we are sure to excel. In consequence, many branches of unremunerative labour must be abandoned, and our skill diverted to other channels. We do not deplore these changes ; on the contrary, they have our warm approval ; but while we believe them to have been necessary and greatly advantageous, we must not blind ourselves to their real disadvantages also, or neglect to point out the most effectual remedy for this and many of the other evils incidental to a trading empire. The only means to prevent the evils which afflict the labour market from the failure of certain trades, is scientific culture. If men made it their business to understand the science of their operations, their capacities would apply to more trades than one, and the transfer of labour from one industrial branch to another would be rendered easy and free from danger. "The freest circulation of labour," says one of the best friends of the working classes, "is the common right and the common interest of the industrial class. It is one of the best physical benefits of education which enables a man more readily to qualify himself for passing, when necessary, from one occupation to another. It is the corrective and equalizer of a redundant supply of labour for some trades, and a deficient

* Lord Brougham on "The Objects, Pleasures, and Advantages of Science."

supply for others ; and it is the surest safeguard against those vicissitudes in trade and commerce which so destructively affect large masses of the labouring population, and plunge them into prolonged and bitter suffering. Let every man be free to earn his living as best he can.* And the eloquent member for Oldham might have added,—let him, by the cultivation of his mind, fit himself for earning his bread in more ways than one.

More than this, also, science not only tends to make a man's condition comfortable, but, in addition, it holds out a promise to raise him from the condition of manual labour, and elevate him, through all the intermediate gradations, to the higher circles of the social scale. Science raised the son of the Cornish wood carver to be the great Sir Humphrey Davy ; the Stones and Simsons, who have been the movers and improvers of mathematical science, sprang from the lower ranks ; the Arkwrights and Watts, and our other men of mechanical genius, were not men bred in the lap of ease and indolence, but earned their subsistence in early life by following humble occupations ; and in our own day such instances of the elevating power of science are by no means rare. A few years since there was, in one of the bye streets of London, a small shop in which a plain and unassuming man lived by selling scientific instruments,—he is now Sir William Snow Harris, the inventor of the electric conductors, and one of the ornaments of science ; and, not many years since, a bookbinder's boy bought an electric machine with the savings of many months of hard toil ; that humble boy is now the pride of England, the admiration of Europe—Michael Faraday, the professor of chemistry ! Thus might I proceed, until the available space of the Magazine would be exhausted, and yet leave the list unfinished ; but these instances of the living and the dead will now suffice, and we must pause in order to indicate a few necessary details. Science gives men a chance, not only of doing their work well, but also of effecting improvements in the several branches in which they may be engaged, and still more of becoming discoverers in kindred sciences also. Men so situated daily employ the instruments and materials with which new experiments are to be made, and witness the operations of nature, both in the motions and pressure of bodies and in their chemical actions upon each other ; but all opportunities which men may have for instituting experiments will glide away unimproved, while the significance of all new and strange phenomena will remain either unseen or unappreciated, unless the mind be stored with the principles of science. With these much may be done that is otherwise impossible, for most discoveries have been made by persons already acquainted with scientific principles. Watt's improvement of the steam engine resulted from the most learned investigation of mathematical, mechanical, and chemical truths ; Arkwright, the inventor of spinning jennies, was perfectly conversant with everything that relates to the construction of machinery ; that beautiful invention, the safety lamp, was the grand reward of a long series of philosophical experiments ; and the new process of refining sugar, by which "more money has been made in a shorter time, and with less risk and trouble, than was ever perhaps gained from any invention," was the discovery of an accomplished chemist, and the fruit of a long course of experiments, in the progress of which known philosophical principles were constantly applied, while one or two new principles were in that way ascertained. In this respect practical appliers of scientific principles are situated very favourably ; they are much more likely than other persons to elicit something new, that may be useful in art, and possibly may be curious and interesting, if not illustrious, in science. They are more likely than other people to arrive at

* Fox's Lectures to the Working Classes, Vol. IV., p. 18.

new ideas ; they are always in the way of perceiving what is wanting, or what is amiss, in the old methods ; and they have a better chance of making improvements. "In a word," says a writer from whom I have derived several of the preceding facts, "they are in the way of good luck, and if they possess the requisite information, they can take advantage of it when it comes to them." It is therefore another great use of learning the sciences, that men are enabled thereby to make improvements in the arts, and discoveries in philosophy, which may directly benefit themselves, and with them the whole human race.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Good Deeds Never Die.

### I.

Good deeds never die,—they live on to the last,  
To brighten the future's dark hour ;  
The smallest of seeds in the furrow we cast,  
Some day will come back in a flower.  
The oak was an acorn, and, like it, will grow,  
What is planted in kindness and love ;  
And all who spread branches for shelter below,  
Grow fruits that will ripen above !

### II.

There's a charm in good deeds, for no hand ever lent  
To the hand that required it, its aid,  
But the venture came back more enriched than it went,—  
A debt that is doubly repaid.  
'Tis a boast of the Briton the sun never sets  
On the bounds of the British domain ;  
But nobler the boast if he never forgets  
That through him should no shadow remain.

### III.

Upraising the downcast, assisting the weak,  
Wherever misfortune may fall,  
The soft voice of pity has only to speak,  
And his hand is extended to all.  
The city that once gave its law to the world,  
In ruins may hopelessly lie,  
But a kind word once spoken,—hope's banner unfurled—  
Is immortal !—*Good deeds never die !*

E. L. B.

## Schemes of Education.

ALL classes in this empire are at last aroused to the important question at the head of this paper, and perhaps there is no subject that has been discussed amongst us of late years that is surrounded with more difficulties, or on which there is a greater variety of opinion.

The various systems as now propounded by what are called *influential and leading men* may be divided into three, viz.: The voluntary system; the present system, as propounded by the Lords of Her Majesty's Privy Council on Education, supported by parliamentary grants and local contributions; and the local rate system, as propounded by the Lancashire School Association. As no class of men in this country are more deeply interested in this important question than the members of the Manchester Unity (numbering nearly three hundred thousand men above eighteen years of age), it cannot be considered out of place if we also express an opinion or opinions thereon.

Mr. Baines, of Leeds, is the great authority on the voluntary principle, and maintains that education gained greater ground before any grants were made from the state; and this he endeavours to prove by statistical information: If this be true a good case is made out for voluntarism, independent of any other arguments. Again, if there should be no compulsion in religion why in education? This latter is a question for the Dissenters to solve, seeing that the money granted from the state at present, three-fourths of it goes to one religious denomination, as stated by a cabinet minister in the House of Commons.

It is not, perhaps, too much to say, that if the voluntary principle was allowed fair play, and an understanding existed between all employers in the country that no child should commence work before it could read and write, more would be done for the cause of education than by all your state grants and eleemosynary aids.

Why? It cannot be denied that in all large or small towns there are good schools where the elements of a good English education are taught at a very small figure. Neither can it be denied that there are hundreds of thousands in this country who foolishly squander away *more* than would educate their children, the latter of which are kept running about the streets till able to work, and form a very large proportion of those ragged troops which may be seen in every large town, and in almost every street of Great Britain.

Apply the educational test to those having fathers and mothers. Let it be fully known, and as fully acted upon, and the very selfishness of the natures of those who can educate their children, but won't, will make them give their children at least the rudiments of an education.

No allusion is here meant for those numerous orphan children found in all large towns. For those state aid is really necessary, both to educate and learn some useful calling, whereby the poor friendless children may be enabled to earn an honest living, and thus become good and efficient members of society, instead of swelling criminal statistics as at present. All aid the state can give in this direction will meet with little opposition from any quarter, and may it meet with a speedy support from the House of Commons.

No doubt a yell of indignation would be raised by the dissipated against what may be termed the "educational test" for children who have fathers and mothers able to educate their children, but would rather spend it in a much worse cause. But let it be tried, and it cannot fail to improve the educational status of the neglected children of this country.

Doubtless there are children who cannot learn to read or write at an early age; but these are the exceptions, not the rule; and in all wise legislation laws should be made for the "greatest happiness to the greatest number."

Let us now glance at the present system as carried out by the Lords Commissioners of Education of Her Majesty's Privy Council, apply a little of the touchstone of reason to it, and see how far this modern scheme of education is based upon equity and a judicious regard to the rights of all concerned.

According to the minutes of council any school—the supporters whereof can raise a certain sum of money—may make application to the Commissioners of Education in London, and a certain sum is then granted by them from the consolidated fund "in aid" of the school or parties applying. The grant for educational purposes from the consolidated fund has risen within the last seventeen years from twenty thousand pounds to nearly half a million of money. And let us now see whether the distribution of this money is fair or not. It is quite evident that no school can get any share of the money voted by parliament except connected with some religious denomination, or else supported by some wealthy gentlemen in the vicinity where such school may be that makes application for assistance in London. Does it not seem reasonable—nay, is it not equitable, and demanded by all the rules of justice,—that the money voted by parliament for educational purposes should be equally divided amongst *all properly conducted schools*, in proportion to the number of children attending?

Let us see how the present system acts on a numerous and most useful class—the independent educators—who have neither local nor national aid, except such as their own talent and perseverance can bring to aid them in the pursuit of their calling.

The educators receiving local and national aid can afford to teach for *one-half* the price of those not so situated, and it needs no stretch of ingenuity to see how injuriously and how unjustly this must act on the independent educator. This is neither free nor fair trade in education, and its very injustice demands an immediate remedy. For the sake of illustration we will suppose a case. In all large towns, aye, and small ones too, there is a vast mass of ignorance which it were well to remove. Let us suppose some *philanthropist* rising in the House of Commons and proposing that printers and paper should be found out of the consolidated fund, for the purpose of selling the cheapest periodicals to the poorest of the poor, and at a rate cheaper than their scanty means will now allow them. No doubt this would be considered "a step in the right direction," and thought a great boon to the people, and many of those papers who are, and have been, supporting education would think him a "heaven-born minister" for his proposition?

Although "comparisons are odious," there remains another, aye scores, if need be, on the plea of fair competition. While there are thousands in all our towns and villages who are ignorant of "interpreting by the letter," there are also quite as great a number ragged and destitute of clothing to cover them from the biting blasts of winter.

Suppose another gentleman rising in the Commons, and proposing that a sum of money should be voted to pay for cotton to be used in our towns and villages, to make cheap calicoes and Bolton sheets, to clothe the shivering wretches by day and keep them warm at night, to the injury of the fair trader, what would be said about it? Were it not for swelling this paper to too great a length it would be easy to write what could and would be said.

We now come to the latest scheme of education—that which has already been before parliament, and has been discussed at some length, viz., the *local rate system*.

Seeing from past experience that our present legislators would not pass a bill making it *compulsory* on towns and villages to pass a local rate for educational purposes, they have now come to the sage conclusion to leave

it *voluntary* with cities and corporate towns whether or not they will levy a local rate. Is this local rate to be levied on householders, or on property? Already local rates are sufficiently heavy either for householders or the owners of property, and much more rating will lead to nearly a confiscation of property. In order to put this question fairly we must suppose another case to illustrate the argument. A man has been very industrious and careful all his life; as an operative, clerk, small tradesman, or any other calling, has raised and educated his family, and built a property that brings him in two hundred a year. His neighbour has two, it may be three or more hundreds a year, coming in from his profession or calling, whatever it may be, but has no "visible property." Is the former, after educating his children, to pay for the education of the latter? Let it be borne in mind that if the rate be levied on property there will be thousands of parallel cases to the two here quoted; and if this be "just, wise, and beneficial legislation," we, with our present organs of vision, are unable to see it. This question of voting money from the national funds, or of local rating, is closely connected with every class, and demands its earnest study and attention. Looking at the various schemes of education as here but very briefly sketched, none can deny but they are surrounded with difficulties; but the present system seems to us the worst of all, and has the smallest amount of real argument in its favour. Nothing has been said about the "secular" or "religious" difficulty; nor about the educator being alike teacher and theologian, although these seem enough to prevent any rational scheme of education being successfully carried.

There is another subject in connection with the "local rating" not unworthy the attention of its supporters. Who are now the great supporters of our nick-named Mechanics' Institutions and Sunday Schools? We say nick-named, because there is no doubt but they have been perverted from their original intention of educating mechanics, whose education had been neglected in early life, into elementary places of education for children and youths.

Who are the supporters of these institutions and Sunday schools? Why the wealthy and benevolent in the districts where such places of instruction exist; and if a rate be levied on them of say sixpence in the pound on the rateable value of their property, is it not probable that the drain may be too great, upon the principle that "it is the last hair that breaks the camel's back." They may thus cease to subscribe to other educational establishments.

The systems in existence at the present time on education have been briefly sketched, fault found with the three, and an educational test recommended for children before they commence labour, as tending to make those who would rather squander their earnings than educate their children more attentive to, at least the first rudiments of learning. This has never been tried, and like many others might fail to bring the future generations of Britain to that standard of mental excellence desired of the working classes.

However this may be, there never was an age in the world's history where the working classes had such an opportunity for education as the present. A cheap literature, a free press, free and circulating libraries in all towns, Sunday schools, free night schools under many of the religious denominations, mechanics' institutions (so called) nearly free,—and with advantages such as these, few need go without learning if they are so disposed. As for those who will not seize these advantages, all the state grants in the world, and all the local rating that can be levied and collected, will never lift them from that ignorance to be deplored to that mental light and intelligence which should be at once the pride of every man and woman that lives within the seas of Britain.

W. A.



## Love, Friendship, and Truth.

BY J. C. PRINCE.

ONCE upon a time, Love took it into his head to travel ; not so much in search of knowledge, as for new means of enjoyment—new modes of diffusing over the world his own glowing, though sometimes erratic soul. When he set out it was a bright, genial, blushing, odorous May morning, which grew lovelier every moment as he passed on his lonely way. No, not lonely, for music, fragrance, and beauty, charmed his senses at every step ; welkin and woodland rang with the joyous melody of birds ; brooks laughed and sang as they ran their devious race ; trees seemed to shiver with ecstasy ; flowers and blossoms glowed with a thousand mingled hues ; and every breath of wind delighted the scent with exquisite perfumes. The spirit of love was abroad ; and well might nature feel and respond to the joyous influence of the divine traveller.

Love pursued his journey, sometimes dreaming, sometimes observing, and often turning aside in search of sweet retreats, where, perchance, new pleasures awaited him. The day wore on, and as yet Love had found no travelling companion ; but as the sun was preparing to enter his gorgeous canopy in the west, our "passionate pilgrim" encountered a youth of fair presence, who sat musing on the brink of a clear and bubbling fountain. They courteously accosted each other, and soon entered into agreeable and unrestrained conversation. The name of the youth was Friendship. His face had a frank, cordial, and trustful expression. His speech was prompt and unreserved ; and the tones of his voice were pleasant to the ear, and carried satisfaction to the mind. Both being at liberty to follow their inclinations, they agreed to travel together. In their after intercourse it was strange how they influenced each other. Love seemed to restrain his hot and exuberant soul, and partake of a portion of the serene nature of Friendship. Friendship, in his turn, received something of the warmth and enthusiasm of Love. They made a compact of companionship ; and having rested for the night, they with the morrow's sun started on their journey anew.

They jogged on merrily together, and ere the meridian of the day they overtook a third traveller. They joined him and exchanged courtesies, and were struck by his noble appearance. He had a firm step and a commanding aspect ; and his keen unflinching eyes seemed to search into men's souls, and into the bosom of futurity. His words were quick and to the point, and without the slightest touch of prevarication. Well might they hope to fraternise with this clear-minded and dignified personage, for his name was Truth.

He proposed to join them in their travels, but as he had set out with a great and special object in view, he earnestly besought them to co-operate with him in carrying out his mission. That mission was to visit all peopled places ; to bring men more closely together by wise and charitable principles ; to ease the bed of sickness ; to soothe the aching heart ; to prepare against the pains and casualties incident to human life. Love and Friendship listened to him with admiration and reverence, and promised to act with him with all their souls. They now became sworn brothers, and having a noble object of travel and toil, they went on their way rejoicing, and hoping for the successful accomplishment of their lofty purpose.

And, oh ! how earnestly and enthusiastically they discussed their plans ; acknowledging the existence of unforeseen difficulties, but confident in the ultimate triumph of the cause they had undertaken. Their hearts were in the good work, and they approached it without a touch of fear or the shadow of a doubt. They proposed to call the principle of their united efforts and feelings, Benevolence ; and this was to be their watchword and guide in their mission of humanity.

They beguiled the road by pleasant and profitable conversation ; and after having travelled many days came within sight of a populous city. They beheld its towers overtopped by a dense canopy of smoke and vapour ; and yearning to begin their task, they girded up their souls with stronger zeal and resolution. Ere they reached the city they fell in with three other wayfarers, all in company. They were in close conversation, and often called each other by their names, which were Distrust, Ignorance, and Indifference. Distrust had a forbidding countenance, a sneer on his lips, and a furtive and sinister glance of eye. Ignorance had much of the animal in him ; possessed a broad coarse face, and a loud and vulgar power of speech ; while Indifference had a sleek easy look, and a constant simper playing about the mouth, which said as plainly as could be that its owner was indifferent to everything in the world but himself. Our three brother reformers saluted them, and gradually joined in their converse till it became general. Our missionaries, if we may so call them, introduced their plans and purpose, and solicited the countenance and support of the strangers. Distrust flung a sardonic sneer at the project ; Ignorance laughed like a horse, and confessed that he could not understand it ; while Indifference said, with a sickly smile, that he saw no use in meddling with other people ; that he never did, for he had enough to do to take care of himself. The whole three evidently thought our heroes fools or busybodies for their pains.

The trio were not disheartened by this rebuff ; but, entering the city arm in arm, they proceeded to deliberate, and then set strenuously to their task. And what a severe task it was,—what prejudices they had to encounter, what hearts to penetrate, what minds to enlighten, what means to accumulate—they can now well attest. But they overleapt all obstacles, overcame countless difficulties, and made numberless foes their friends—coming out of the ordeal with a glorious triumph. At first they began to explain in clear, gentle, yet forcible language. Gradually they gathered a few around them who felt the necessity of their teachings and practise. Their proselytes increased slowly but surely ; they began to organise themselves into a body, subject to well-digested laws ; they kept in view the chief principle, Benevolence—a mutual and self-supporting power—to guard them against many dangers, and to alleviate many ills of life. The thing took tenacious root, and flourished. The association swelled till its numbers grew “thick as the leaves in Valambrossa.” They swarmed in cities, they gathered in remote villages, they clung together in lonely vales and on the mountain sides, they linked themselves with lands beyond the seas, they grew and strengthened everywhere. In spite of Distrust, Ignorance, and Indifference, they have become a great and still advancing institution. The name of that institution is Odd-fellowship, and the great good it has accomplished, its truthful annals, and the voices of thousands of its grateful members are ready to make known to the opposing and unbelieving few.

Love, Friendship, and Truth, were mates, companions, brothers—in short, they were fellows ; but being odd in number, of course they were odd-fellows. Hence, let us believe, or feign to believe, that from our glorious indissoluble trio arose the singular but worthy name of ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

## The Peasant Girl of St. Mandé.

(ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.)

### CHAPTER I.

At the little village of St. Mandé, which is situated on the skirts of the Wood of Vincennes, about half a league outside the walls of Paris, there lived, in the year 1643, a poor woman named Marie Simon. She occupied a cottage of the meanest kind, and all her worldly goods consisted of a cow and some poultry, which supplied her with the milk and eggs she used to carry every morning at daybreak, for sale at the Porte St. Antoine. During the day she worked hard out of doors to earn what was necessary to support her family,—for she was married and had one child—and in the evening she sat at her needlework often till a very late hour. By dint of courage and industry she might, perhaps, have managed to make both ends meet, if her husband had been as thrifty and industrious as herself; but, unfortunately, Pierre Simon was an incurable drunkard. His calling was that of a basket-maker, but what he gained by his labour he always spent as soon as he received, and he only came home, with empty pockets and a reeling brain, to quarrel with his wife. This conduct made Marie Simon very wretched; and but for one thing she would have been utterly miserable. She had, however, the consolation of her child,—a charming little girl, as pretty in person as her disposition was good and her mind precocious. For the sake of her child, Marie toiled by day and watched by night; her sole thought being how to bring up Claudine, who, in the midst of privations of every kind, prospered somehow, and by the time she was twelve years old, before anyone thought about it, became the prettiest girl in the village.

The curate of St. Mandé, who taught Claudine her catechism, soon perceived that she had intelligence and instincts far beyond her age: embarrassing him often by her questions, and astonishing him by her replies. She appeared to know what she ought to learn, and reflected so sensibly on the lessons she was taught, that her mother was fully consoled for her domestic troubles by the praises which the curate bestowed on her child. Claudine, also, showed her mother more respect and love than peasants' children, in whom affection is often stifled by the cares of labour, are in the habit of expressing; and, on the other hand, unlike the generality of her class, Marie was careful not to overtask Claudine, and seldom suffered her to be out of her sight. The childhood of the girl thus escaped those two rocks on which body and mind are often wrecked—excess of fatigue, and the want of a mother's eye.

One cold winter's day in the year already named, Claudine, who on account of the severity of the weather, had been left in the cottage, was disturbed from her occupation, whatever it might have been, by hearing the sound of numerous horses' feet. She ran to the window to see what was passing, and there she beheld a gentleman, young, slight, and small of stature, followed by about thirty more who seemed to be his dependants, as they rode behind him at some distance. The whole party were richly dressed, with broad-leaved hats and waving plumes, and advanced at a hand gallop. Suddenly the saddle girth of one of the horsemen broke, the saddle turned round, and the rider was thrown into the mud. Every body immediately stopped, and all except the leader of the band dismounted to assist

their companion, who affected to laugh at his accident, though it was evident by his pale face and trembling hands that he was a good deal shaken by his fall. He was about to put his foot in the stirrup again, when, to his surprise, he saw before him a pretty little peasant girl, who with one hand held out to him a glass of water, and with the other a napkin to wipe off the dirt with which he was covered. "I don't want those things," said the gentleman; "I must not make his highness stop for such a trifle." "There is no hurry," said the nobleman who was called "highness," "we have no enemy to surprise. Drink the water, M. de Buc, and take a little time to recover from the shock. You have hurt yourself."

While M. de Buc hastily wiped the dirt off his dress, the last speaker rode close up to Claudine, and inquired her name, her age, if her parents were living, what was their occupation, the price of a pint of milk, of a dozen of eggs, and other things, as if he were really interested in the reply. The little girl, indeed, answered with much earnestness and simplicity, and the prince, touched by her manner, said to her, with an air in which kindness was mingled with a certain abruptness, "I shall be glad to do something for you. What do you want? Speak quickly. No unnecessary talk." "Oh, indeed," replied Claudine, "what I want is easily told. I have no difficulty about finding that out. I want four crowns, not for myself, but for my father." "And why this exact sum?" he asked. "Because the tax collector is coming to-morrow, and we have no money to give him." The prince took a louis out of his pocket, and put it into the hand of Claudine, saying in a severe tone, "This piece of gold is double what you want. To-morrow, when I return to Paris, you will give me back twelve livres." "I will not fail to do so, Monseigneur," replied the little girl.

Without waiting for her answer the prince had put spurs to his horse and set off at full gallop, followed by all his train. Claudine remained for some time lost in admiration at the brightness of the coin: to calm her emotion she made the sign of the cross, and then, pensively, went into the cottage. Her mother, when she returned from the fields, was greatly surprised at the adventure, and made Claudine tell her the story over and over; she showered countless benedictions on the head of their unknown benefactor, and was lost in conjectures respecting him. But, whether royal or not, she resolved that the twelve livres should be returned to the stranger after paying the tax collector, and more than that, it was agreed between her and Claudine that Pierre Simon should be told nothing about the matter. Unfortunately, however, some children who had been playing by the road side had witnessed the whole transaction, and meeting Pierre as he staggered tipsily home, went, open-mouthed, and described all that had taken place, and the first thing he did on arriving at the cottage was to ask for the louis and compel his wife to give it up to him. She feared, rightly enough, that, once in his hands, it would find its way to the *cabaret*, and besought him, at all events, if he valued such goods and chattels as they possessed, to give back four crowns of the money, to prevent them from being seized by the collector. This argument had some weight with Pierre, and he consented to change the gold piece, but he vowed and swore he would spend the remainder. At these words little Claudine burst into tears, throw herself on her knees before him, and entreated him, in the name of the Virgin, to give her back the money. "It does not belong to us," she cried; "I faithfully promised to give it back to the gentleman. To keep it would be a robbery and a sin. Would you dishonour your daughter and yourself?" "You are a fool," replied Pierre, "Do you think the prince, if he be one, expects his twelve livres again? He was joking when he said you must return them, and you would only be laughed at for your pains if you did so. Say no more about it; I shall keep the twelve

livres : it's an affair that concerns my conscience only, and need not trouble yours."

Claudine continued to urge the subject, but her father angrily ordered her to be silent, and sent her crying to bed. It was too late for him to go to the *cabaret* that night, so he deferred his intention of spending the money till the next day, went to bed himself on his wretched pallet, and was soon sound asleep. As for Claudine she never closed her eyes for thinking of the shame of breaking her word, and as soon as daylight came she stole gently out of the cottage and ran to the curate, to consult him about what ought to be done. He treated the matter at first very lightly, not appearing to understand her scruples, which he thought were overstrained. A prince, he said, would not make a bargain in giving alms, but Claudine hastily answered that it was not for any of them to judge whether he had been in earnest or not,—that he had only given her the half of the *louis d'or*, that she had promised to return the other half, and that she was determined to keep her promise. When the curate heard her say this he became confused, and laying his hand on Claudine's fair tresses, he murmured, "Oh, my God, for thirty years I have studied Thy law, and yet I find it more deeply graven in the heart of this child than in mine!" The good man then took his hat and staff, and went back with Claudine to the cottage. Marie was at work in the stable, but the drunkard was still sleeping off the fumes of his debauch. At the noise which the curate made he opened his eyes, and stupidly asked what he wanted? "I am come," returned the old man, "to prevent you from committing a sinful act." It was not without difficulty that Simon could be brought to recollect the events of the previous evening; but when he did so he was too much embarrassed to reply to the arguments of the curate, and partly from surprise, partly out of respect, gave back the twelve livres, scarcely knowing what he was doing. The curate took the money, and placing it in Claudine's hands, said to her, "Fulfil your engagement; these four crowns will not be forgotten on high." He had, however, scarcely gone twenty paces from the cottage when Pierre, sitting up in his bed, began to recover his senses, and with them his rage broke forth at being cheated, as he called it, out of his rights. He got up in a fury and threatened to beat Claudine to death if she did not return the money; but while he was dressing himself she escaped from the room and once more took refuge at the curate's, where she hid herself in a loft, from whence she could overlook the high road that led from Vincennes to Paris. Here she laid in wait for several hours, and, at last, towards the afternoon, perceived a troop of horsemen approaching. As soon as she recognised the party she ran to the curate, and, clapping her hands, exclaimed, "Here they are, M. le Curé, here's the prince come back at the head of his army on purpose to receive the four crowns I owe him. Oh, how happy I am!"

Having uttered these words she rushed out and planted herself in the middle of the road just as the prince came up. He stopped his horse and ordered his train to halt. "Is it you, Claudine?" he said; "you have come to inquire after the gentleman who was hurt? He is much better, my dear; I thank you for your civility." "Monseigneur," replied the little girl, "I was not thinking, I am sorry to say, about the poor gentleman, but about the four crowns I owe you. They have caused me a good deal of trouble." "How did that happen?" asked the prince. "My father wanted to keep them," said Claudine; "he said your highness was only in fun when you told me to return half the *louis d'or*. If the curate had not helped me I should have broken my promise; but luckily I got them back again. Pray take them, Monseigneur, and then I shall sleep in peace." The prince cast a searching glance into the young girl's clear blue eyes, as

if he sought to penetrate the very depths of her soul. He then put his hand into his pocket and slowly drew forth a heavy purse, but—on second thoughts—he put it back again. “You did quite right,” he said, “to return my money faithfully. We ought always to pay our debts and keep our promises. Preserve your honesty and good repute above all things, and if ever any one seeks to deprive you of either, or if you are tempted by poverty to lose them, come to me. I will be your defender and friend. I am the Duke d’Enghien. Remember my name. Adieu, Claudine.”

After the prince had taken his departure, the young girl sat down by the road side and reflected on the words she had just heard. Her adventure appeared to her like one of the fairy tales of which she had heard, and she could hardly help thinking it could not be real. She repeated to herself several times the name of the prince, and then went into the cottage to ask her mother who he was. Pierre met her at the door still resolved to give her a good beating, but first of all asked her what she had done with the money. When he heard all she had to say he put down his stick, for the Duke d’Enghien—better known afterwards as the Grand Condé—was one whose recent victory over the Spaniards at Rocroy was the talk in all the cabarets of Paris,—and dismissing Claudine, he began in his muddled brain to consider in what way he could profit by what had befallen his daughter. Marie, too, on her side built more than one castle in the air, while Claudine inwardly vowed at the bottom of her heart never to appeal to the duke but in the very utmost distress, as he had recommended her to do. From that day forward Pierre treated his daughter with more gentleness than had been his custom, but in other respects he only changed so far as to boast, when he was in his cups, of the excessive kindness which had been shown to him personally by the first prince of the blood.

## CHAPTER II.

AFFAIRS were at this point when one morning a fine coach drew up before the cottage of Marie Simon, and a lady, whom she took for a princess at the least, stepped out and entered. The poor peasant woman’s demonstrations of respect were so excessive, and the answers she made to the questions put to her by the stranger so confused, that the latter could not prevent herself from bursting out laughing. When she had in some degree recovered, she said, “My good woman, don’t be quite so much disconcerted, or make me quite so many curtsies. I am the waiting-maid of Madame de Boutteville, who has sent me here. You have a pretty little girl whom his Highness the Duke d’Enghien has spoken of to her; my mistress and her children are dying to see Claudine, and I have come to beg you to confide her to me for a day. I will take her away in this coach and bring her back in it this evening, when the ladies have satisfied their curiosity. She will amuse herself with other children, and no doubt will return with some money or nice clothes. Put on her Sunday frock, and wash her hands and face. I will help you; we can get her ready in a moment.” Marie was afraid to offer any opposition to this proposal, besides the appearance of the stranger, the name of the protector of her daughter, and the fine coach and liveried servants, outweighed all scruples, and she straightway set to work to make her child presentable. Indeed when the waiting-maid saw how pretty Claudine looked in her dress of brown woollen, and little, stuff, curtained bonnet, and had added a rose

herself, which she placed in her hair, she promised her a shower of cakes and kisses, and bore her away quite triumphantly, the four horses setting off at full trot for the hotel of Madame de Boutteville, and leaving Marie Simon gazing after the coach as long as it remained in sight, and scarcely knowing whether to rejoice or be sad at the abduction of her child.

At the commencement of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, the period I am speaking of, the same of the Hotel Rambouillet, and of the "*précieuses*" who met there to indulge in a world and a language of their own, were at their height, nor did they decline indeed for some years, till the absurdity was knocked on the head by the ridicule of Molière.

One evening the party assembled at the Hotel Rambouillet was less numerous than usual ; the most intimate friends of the Marchioness being met for a quiet conversation, as they called it, on the sublime attributes of clemency. There were present on the occasion the Princess de Condé—a *précieuse* of the first water—the Viscountess d'Auchy, who pretended to know latin, and on the strength of her assumed knowledge had written a commentary on the Fathers of the Church ; the poet Voiture ; the philosophical Marquis de Montausier ; and a few more of the select friends of Madame de Rambouillet ;—and they said so much in praise of the virtue which was their theme, that if the heroes whom they praised for specially exercising it had been present, assuredly they would, in utter disgust, have foresworn the practice altogether. The Princess de Condé was in the very act of belabouring the Emperor Titus with her commendations, when her son, the Duke d'Enghien, was announced. The victor of Rocroy, only two-and-twenty years of age, restless and active in mind as in body, and his whole soul absorbed by thoughts of war, had little taste for the dissertations of the *précieuses* ; and his presence at the Hotel Rambouillet arose simply from the fact that he wanted to speak to his mother, who was always to be found there. However, when he had communicated to her what he wished to say, he politely joined in the conversation, to which the Marchioness gave a turn more suitable to the age and occupations of the young hero, and, dropping the subject of clemency, launched forth in praise of courage and magnanimity. The discussion of acts of generosity of all kinds followed, and, amongst others, Madame de Rambouillet related a story of some nobleman's valet who had just set off for Morocco in order to release his master from captivity by placing himself in the hands of a prince who had made him prisoner. This story, far more touching than true, was highly applauded ; and Voiture, seeking an occasion of praising the Marchioness, affected to criticise the details, affirming that no such self-devotion was to be found in any valet in the kingdom, and that the rich imagination of the narrator, who alone was capable of so much virtue, must have created the anecdote. Madame de Rambouillet feebly defended herself against the friendly accusation, and while the playful skirmish was going on, the Duke d'Enghien interposed. "The instance cited by the Marchioness," he said, "is superb. In my opinion only one or two things are wanting to make it the finest in the world, and they are, the names of all the persons mentioned in the story, the date of its occurrence, and the precise circumstances that establish its truth. But as I find you in the humour to discuss subjects of this description, I will tell you of an act of virtue which is no fable, for I witnessed it myself. The heroine is a little girl of twelve years old, named Claudine, and she lives in the village of St. Mandé."

The Duke then related the history of the *louis d'or* ; and when he arrived at the part where Claudine came to return him the money, he asked the ladies what they supposed he had done, or rather, what would they have done in his place ? The Princess de Condé did not hesitate to say that she

would immediately have given the little girl ten more gold pieces ; Madame de Rambouillet would at once have taken her away from her parents and brought her to be educated in Paris. Madame d'Auchy was much of the same way of thinking, stipulating, however, for teaching Claudine latin ; and Voiture the poet would have written an ode on rectitude of conduct, and presented it to the little girl that she might learn it by heart. "Well," said the Prince, smiling, "I thought differently, and did none of those things. My first idea was to throw the child a purse full of gold, but I instantly reflected that a recompense would at once have shown Claudine the rare merit of her act. The innocence and simplicity of her soul would have been destroyed by making her perceive that the world is so corrupt and bad that a simple act of probity passes for a wonder. I could not fail to have reproached myself for thus enlightening her. It is true that a time will come bringing the experience I speak of, but the later it comes the better ; and if this natural honesty of Claudine's becomes a fixed principle in her mind, I shall have done her more good by not appearing surprised at her virtue than if I had given her all the riches of Peru. I therefore put my purse in my pocket again ; and what was more, I was cruel enough to take back the twelve livres which she said she owed me."

The fair ladies of the Hotel Rambouillet were dreadfully shocked at the Prince's cruelty ; but by dint of discussing so fine a subject as honesty, they arrived at the conclusion that the Duke d'Enghien was right. The Marchioness and her friends tortured their minds, after the Prince had taken leave, to discover some mysterious mode of rewarding Claudine without her knowing who was her benefactor, and several ingenious expedients were devised, which might perhaps have been carried out if they had not been engaged next day in preparing for a special discussion on vengeance or jealousy, or some other subject susceptible of aesthetical treatment, which, having no relation to Claudine, caused her affair to be entirely forgotten.

She lived, however, in the memory of the Duke d'Enghien. About two years before, he had married Mademoiselle de Brézé, the niece of the late cardinal minister, Richelieu, and youthful as the prince was, his bride was so much younger that she still played with her doll amongst her cousins, Mademoiselle de Boutteville being one. It happened that the duke coming home one morning found a party of those children, headed by his young wife, engaged in their innocent games. He joined the party, and being very much amused, told them laughingly that the wits at the Hotel Rambouillet had not entertained him half so much as they with their "Hunt the Slipper" and "Blind Man's Buff." He then went on to speak of what took place on the evening in question, and related the story of Claudine. Mademoiselle de Boutteville, who was very warm-hearted, expressed her strong admiration of Claudine's conduct, and, unlike the *précieuses*, did not confine herself to wishes and useless suppositions, but immediately begged her mother to send for the little heroine that she might see her. It was in this way that Claudine made her first appearance in the great world.

The waiting-maid's promises to Marie Simon were speedily fulfilled. Claudine was received with caresses on all sides : they admired her innocent manner, her good looks, her intelligent eyes, and, above all, the little stuff curtained bonnet that became her so well. Mademoiselle de Boutteville would not rest till she had worn it ; then she put on the woollen frock, the scarlet tucker, the blue stockings, and finally equipped herself in Claudine's laced-up shoes. "But," said the young Duchess d'Enghien, "we must see how she looks drest like us." And straightway a wardrobe was ransacked, and a rich silk dress of the last year's fashion found, which,



as Claudine was very tall of her age, fitted her perfectly. They dressed her hair in the prevailing mode, ornamented her costume with ribbons, lent her a pair of satin shoes, and when, with arms bared to the elbow, a pair of perfumed gloves, and a large fan in one hand, her dress was complete, one and all declared that her beauty was unrivalled. "I will wager anything," said Madame de Boutteville to her daughter, "that you dare not wear that peasant costume by her side in public. Claudine would entirely eclipse you. Indeed I think the lesson might be profitable to you to see the little peasant gazed at by every one, while nobody took any notice of you." "Let us go at once," replied the young lady, eagerly. "You are quite wrong in thinking that I should be mortified by Claudine's triumph: on the contrary, it would give me the greatest pleasure; nothing could amuse me more than seeing my acquaintance turn away their eyes without recognising me. Let us go to the Place Royale; it is just the hour of the promenade there. My brother will give his arm to Claudine, and I shall follow with my governess."

Little Boutteville, a year younger than his sister, who was only sixteen, joyfully accepted the proposition, and the whole party were enraptured at the idea. The governess received her lesson, and they set out for the Place Royale, a strange, out of the way place at the present day, but then the very centre of fashion, where the musicians of the royal household played at a fixed hour, and the beauties of the court, reposing on seats beneath the spreading limes, received the homage of the noblesse, young and old, who made love, made epigrams, and talked of the war and the ministers, much as we do—that is to say, found plenty of fault with both. It was a dazzling scene for Claudine, and again she fancied, but more vividly than before, that she was playing a part in a fairy tale. The party had not proceeded far before Madame de Boutteville and the Duke d'Enghien met with some acquaintance, and taking seats, desired the children to continue their promenade. Young Boutteville was a plain, rickety little fellow, and looked like a dwarf beside his fair companion, but he had plenty of spirit and character, and conversed as gravely and ceremoniously as if he had been a full-grown man. Claudine, holding herself perfectly upright, walked with an easy air, was not too much embarrassed by her long dress, and when she smiled showed two rows of pearls, whose lustre was heightened by the hue of her cheeks, which were soft and rich as ripe peaches. Mademoiselle de Boutteville followed her brother and Claudine very demurely, taking infinite care, however, to conceal her face beneath a coloured handkerchief whenever she saw any one whom she knew, and the three children, in short, played their respective parts so well that all who met them made room for the false young lady, and scarcely cast their eyes on the little peasant.

They had not completed the round of the Place Royale when Mademoiselle de Boutteville heard four gentlemen, one of whom was Monsieur de Candale, inquiring what pretty face it was that young Boutteville was escorting. Three of them confessed they had never seen her before, but Monsieur de Candale, who would have thought himself dishonoured if he had not been able to name every person of quality, declared that he recognised her perfectly, and was amused at the ignorance of his friends. When pressed on the subject, however, he cursed his treacherous memory, and promised to tell them before the promenade was over. The Duke d'Enghien, who overheard him, defied him to do so, and the various attempts of M. de Candale to find out who the beautiful young lady was by asking all he met, caused plenty of mirth to the prince and his party. While this was going on little Boutteville and Claudine stopped before a heap of sand on which some children were playing. Close to them was a

tall, stout military man, wearing the uniform of the Royal Italian Regiment, who, perceiving young Boutteville, whom he recognised, saluted him in a most obsequious manner. He then called out to a boy who was half-buried in the sand, "Thomas, my son," he said, "are you not ashamed to be playing there with such children. Come here, and present your respects to Monsieur de Montmorency Boutteville and to this beautiful young lady." Thomas, all red in the face with exercise, came forward when he was called and performed his father's bidding with all the awkward frankness of a schoolboy who does not *quite* know who he has got amongst. "You will not often," pursued the major, "be in such good company as the present, for you have to follow a camp life like me, and live upon soldiers' fare. Profit by this opportunity, and pay your court to this amiable young lady. Be gallant, son Thomas. At your age I never closed my eyes without dreaming of some pretty girl. Not that I would presume to authorise you to raise your pretensions so high as to sigh for any one of the rank of Mademoiselle, but let her see that you are in the habit of mixing with persons of gentility, otherwise she will hardly suppose that you are a gentleman." Then, lowering his stentorian voice, the major said, addressing Claudine, "Permit me, Mademoiselle, to solicit for my son Thomas the advantage of declaring himself your servant. His name is Des Riviez. I am Jacques des Riviez, major in the new regiment of Mazarin, just arrived at the expense of the great minister who now governs France."

Claudine was on the point of explaining that she was not a young lady, but only a poor peasant of St. Mandé, when little Boutteville pressed her arm, and made her signs to play out her part. "Upon my word," said the major's son Thomas, "I scarcely know what it is to be your servant, mademoiselle, but if you will bestow the title on me I shall think myself very highly honoured." "Since your father desires it," replied Claudine, "I accept you willingly for my servant on condition that it is only in jest." "Monsieur Thomas des Riviez," said Boutteville, "you are hunting my game, for I was first in the field; but it is no matter; I consent that you pay your court to mademoiselle, in order that she may reckon upon having two servants instead of one." "Good," exclaimed the major, "that is a gallant way of admitting a rival. My son Thomas may then hope to enjoy your friendship, Monsieur de Boutteville." "Certainly," was the reply. "He will long remember this fortunate day. It will be spoken of at my Chateau de Riviez, for I shall relate the whole history of this meeting in a letter to my wife to-day. I shall be able to tell my colonel, the Marquis d'Anizy, that my son Thomas and I are friends of Monsieur de Boutteville." That was indeed the secret wish of the gallant major; but like a good courtier he added, "and both of us the servants of Mademoiselle de ——" "Claudine Simon," said Boutteville. The major bowed with a thoroughly gratified air, persuaded that he had heard an illustrious name. "Son Thomas," he resumed, "ask permission to kiss the young lady's hand." Thomas saluted the perfumed glove of Claudine with a regular schoolboy's kiss. "He is now engaged to you, mademoiselle," said the major; "I hope you will not deny him." "Don't be afraid," returned Claudine, laughing, "until he denies me." "I swear by my boots," exclaimed the major, "I would cut off his ears rather than suffer such base conduct."

Mademoiselle de Boutteville, who had been quietly listening to this conversation, stole away and related it all to the Duke d'Enghien and her mother. The prince thought he would join in the mystification, and advancing toward the major, affected to recognise him. "Ah," said he, "is not this Monsieur des Riviez? I salute you, major; you belong, I think, to the Royal Italian regiment, and this fine boy, if I mistake not, is your son Thomas, whom you intend for the profession of arms." "What!" returned the major, "your

highness knows us?" "I know all brave military men and their families. Your son Thomas is a gallant young fellow. Did I not see him kiss the hand of Mademoiselle Claudine? He is right to begin betimes, for one of the Imperial bullets may soon cut the thread of his love." "The condescension of your highness confounds me," said des Riviez. "Mademoiselle has in fact accepted my son Thomas for her servant, but without interfering with the rights of Monsieur de Boutteville, which are of older date." "Very good," replied the prince; Boutteville's name was down first. Well, since the young lady has two gallants, your son Thomas ought to have two mistresses. I will give him one with my own hand." "He will take her at your word, monseigneur, with his eyes blindfolded." "Come here, Angelica," said the Duke d'Enghien, "I have found a lover for you in the Mazarin regiment. Monsieur des Riviez here is the second mistress of your son Thomas. She is only a simple peasant, but under her coarse frock are all kinds of virtues, and she is as witty as wise. The friendship of a great lady will be very useful to your son Thomas; it is just, in return, that he should bestow his protection on a poor girl. As a father, Monsieur des Riviez, you will take care of my protégée?" "Monseigneur," stammered the major, "the honour which your highness deigns to confer on me—doubtless, I should be most happy—but, monseigneur,—we are not rich." "Not rich," interrupted the duke, "but ambitious, and tolerably well disposed to be courtiers. Fie! Des Riviez; for a soldier that is hardly a generous sentiment. Do you imagine, by chance, that we have a design on your purse, or that we are asking alms of you? Since I protect this little peasant, she stands in no need of your assistance. I was in jest, sir, and I put your nobility of soul to the proof." Then turning to Mademoiselle Boutteville, the prince added: "I see that this gallant knight accepts you for his lady because he dare not refuse me, my poor Angelica." "Do not insist upon it, sir," returned the false peasant; "the jest mortifies me sufficiently. I shall remember this affront, Monsieur Thomas." "Don't cry," said the Duke d'Enghien, "I will find you another beau." "Alas!" exclaimed Angelica, pretending to shed tears, "he is the very person I wanted." "This becomes serious," said the prince. "Monsieur des Riviez, let us come to an understanding. Will you affiancè your son? I will take care of him." The major made a grimace like one possessed.

"Monseigneur," said he, "this is pushing a joke a little too far." "But," returned the duke, "consider a little. Of these two girls, one is of so high a rank that your son cannot presume to think of her; the other, indeed, is of a condition inferior to your own; but in marrying one raises one's wife to one's own position. If Messire Thomas derogates from the high lineage of the Des Riviez I will recompense him some day. Let him choose then between the two. If he decides upon one of them it can be only treated as a joke; if he takes the other, it will be all right, and I will manage the affair." "Let us remain where we are, Monseigneur—and let the joke be a joke." "That is your final decision then?" "It is, Monseigneur, certainly." "Just as you please. I will unriddle the mystery then. This young girl, dressed like a peasant, whom you despise, is my cousin, Angelica de Montmorency Boutteville. The other, in the costume of a person of quality, is a peasant belonging to the village of St. Mandé; her mother sells milk at the Porte St. Antoine. My wife, who still plays with her doll, amused herself this morning by inventing those disguises. Your son has, therefore, declared himself the servant of a real peasant; but you have wished it all to be a joke, and I cannot compliment you on the way you have paid your court to me. Adieu, major."

Des Riviez, with staring eyes and open mouth, remained in a state of stupefaction. "In trying," he muttered, "to *finesse*, I have made a cursed mistake. The prince is offended with me, and I shall lose the protection I hoped to have secured."

The duke was vastly entertained with the success of the mystification, and spoke of it to every one ; he had the laugh also against Monsieur de Candale,—and in a few minutes nothing was talked of but the two girls and their disguise. Some declared that they had never seen so pretty a peasant as Mademoiselle de Boutteville, while others paid all sorts of compliments to Claudine. For a moment she was the object of attention for all the fine lords and ladies there, but the excitement over they took no further notice of her. Thomas Des Riviez, however, who had been watching her, now came up.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "it would be doing me a great injustice if you supposed that I sought you on account of your fine clothes. I could love you as much if you were a peasant as if you were a great lady. You accepted me for your servant, with the approbation of my father and with that of his highness the duke. I am so seriously. I engage myself anew, and I ask for a little friendship in exchange for my devotion and respect." "You know who I am," said Claudine. "Perfectly," replied Thomas, "and I shall not change my sentiments with your change of dress. You are the prettiest and most amiable girl I ever saw. I will be your betrothed, if it is possible, and marry you when you are older and I have gained my spurs in the army. If this proposal be agreeable to you, give me your hand in token of good faith." "With all my heart," returned Claudine, "receive my pledged word ; we will be man and wife ; and in the mean time I will pray to God to protect you in the war." Thomas des Riviez pressed the young girl's hand with earnestness, and then hastily walked away.

Seated a few paces off, and witnessing the whole of this scene, was a lady of incomparable beauty. She was dressed very magnificently, being covered with lace and pearls. She made a sign to Claudine to approach her, and in a sweet and timid voice she said, "My dear child, these people will make you the most unhappy creature in the world. They are treating you like a mere plaything. They will regale you on fruit and cream when you go back with them, and forget only one thing,—to give you what is necessary to make your return home less painful. To-morrow the duke goes to the camp, Madame de Boutteville to her *château*, her children to other arrangements, and you will fall back on your village, where your poverty will seem more bitter than before. I have not my purse about me, but take this bracelet. Tell your mother to go and sell it to Monseieur Cambrin, the jeweller on the Pont-au-Change. It is worth some money." "Madame," replied Claudine, "I had rather keep the bracelet in recollection of your friendship ; it will bring me good fortune." "No, child, sell it. It is virtue that brings good fortune, and God has bestowed that treasure on you. Continue to live virtuously." "At least, Madam," said Claudine, astonished at the singular tone of the lady's conversation, "be good enough to tell me who makes me this present." "Why should you want to know my name ? I would rather you remained ignorant of it. Only look at me well, and if you should ever happen to be in distress come and seek for me under these trees. If I do not die before that time you will find me here. Put the bracelet in your pocket, and speak of this to nobody."

The mysterious air, the beauty of the lady, and her magnificent attire, made a strong impression upon Claudine. She obeyed the commands of the unknown, made her a profound curtsy, and withdrew, firmly believing that she had had an interview with some princess.

In order appropriately to terminate the party of pleasure, Madame de Boutteville collected a large party of children to meet Claudine, to whom she gave a collation, called, in the language of the day, a *cadeau*, at which the hero

of Rocroy was present. When evening came the party dispersed; Claudine resumed her peasant costume, and as she changed her dress, she took care to convey the bracelet which the lady had given her into the pocket of her dress. She was laden with the remains of the banquet; and, seeing these things bestowed on her, the Duke d'Enghien observed to Madame de Bontteville: "You have spoilt her now, cousin. Henceforth this little girl will imagine that she deserves all sorts of rewards and honours because she was honest once in her life. The next good action she happens to perform, she will expect to be invited to court." Claudine heard what the prince said, and, blushing to the roots of her hair, exclaimed with vivacity, "You think me, then, ungrateful, Monseigneur! How have I been so unfortunate as to inspire you with such a bad opinion of me? I only did my duty, and I shall do it again without wishing for any other recompense than the recollection of your kindness towards me." "Upon my word I believe so," cried the prince. "This child knows her duty better than I can tell it her. Adieu, Claudine, I see my counsels are unnecessary. It is I who will ask advice of you if it should come to pass that my eyes fail clearly to distinguish the path of honour. Good bye, and never forget that you and I are firm friends." So saying, the Duke d'Enghien took Claudine in his arms, and pressed her against his bosom so eagerly that all her fruits and cakes were scattered on the ground. The coach then came with the attendants as before to take her home. It was quite dark when they drove up to the cottage, but by the light of a candle within Claudine saw her mother standing on the threshold; her hands caught hold of hers, and the next moment she was in Marie's arms.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A Gent's First Ride with Hounds.

BY SILVERMANE.

ONE cold clear afternoon in the month of March, I was returning from an unusually long run with the Rutley hounds, and discovered that my horse had thrown a shoe; I therefore walked him gently on the roadside turf until I reached the village of Skelton, where I knew there was a tolerably good smith. As I walked alongside the horse, watching the brilliant setting sun—by no means a common sight in that month—I heard a loud peal of laughter, apparently from the Eagle public-house at the entrance to the village. On approaching the yard I saw several rustics and children assembled, and they all appeared in full glee. A little apart from the company was the smith himself, who, with the village tailor, looked wondrous cunning as they were discussing the subject. I called one of the craftsmen, but both came; and having given the smith directions to look to my horse's foot, I inquired the cause of the merriment in the yard. "Oh!" said the tailor, "one of these hunting gents a little the worse for liquor. The aristocracy can do anything; but if that had been a poor man, he'd ha' been put in the lock-up before this." Curious to know which of my companions in the chase had so far trespassed the

bounds of temperance and propriety, I turned the corner, and passed into the yard. There was, certainly, a person in a scarlet coat, buckskins, and tops, all of which bore soil-marks not at all incidental to the run with the hounds that morning. On approaching I found him feebly attempting to discuss some subject with the publican, and I then recognised him as one of the numerous smart men in scarlet whom we had seen at the first drawing of the covert, and never saw afterwards at any part of the run. He was a well-got-up young fellow, with an unexceptionable moustache; and when he first came to the cover side I thought he had a most distinguished appearance altogether. He was well mounted, but I thought his seat in the saddle looked more like going into the park for a canter than going into the field for a burst across such a country as we were likely to be taken to that morning. Alas! how changed in a few hours. The "gent" was stupidly tipsy, or fuddled; and quite incapable of expressing himself in intelligible terms; and had evidently received more tumbles on the road and in the yard-gutter than in the field. I soon learned from the publican that the "Lunnon swell" had lost the hounds and had taken a glass at the village of Burley, which made him a little fresh, and that a single glass of brandy-and-water, at the Eagle, had topped him up. He furthermore told me that he had made out that the gent was staying at Ouseburn, the town where I was on a visit. I addressed the young man, and said that if he was riding to the town I should be happy to bear him company. He nodded assent, and an old screw of a horse was brought out, which he mounted, with some assistance, and we proceeded slowly along the road. I soon found that he had recovered his equilibrium better than his powers of speech, so I mended pace, ceased all attempts at converse, and in less than hour we reached the town. I questioned him as to his residence, and made out enough to know that he was staying at the Lion Hotel. Accordingly rode with him to that sporting house, and immediately on our entering the yard a groom and an ostler issued from the stables, and approached us. The former accosted my companion immediately, and with a strange expression of wonder on his countenance said, "Where's the 'oss, sir?" My companion said something about "Tally-ho, Bob," and ended with an assurance that he was "regardless of expense." Bob replied, "I'm blest if he aint made a pretty mess of it somehow, and got slewed into the bargain." I briefly explained to Bob how I came across his master, and suggested that he should look to him carefully and get him to bed, and I promised to look in upon him next morning.

On reaching my friend's house I found that he had arrived before me;—having broken a stirrup-leather, he left off before the fox was killed, and had trotted gently home. At dinner-time I related the adventure I had met with, and my friend Fortescue said he remembered having seen the young fellow at the early part of the run, and was under the impression that he was going pretty well across the flat, but saw no more of him after the first check. Our curiosity, therefore, was greatly excited by this hero whose career began so brightly but had so "lame and impotent a conclusion." Accordingly next morning I went to the Lion yard and found Bob, who conducted me to the hotel, where I found our hero of the hunt at a breakfast table, but evidently leaning more to soda-water than to a meal. He rose on our entrance, and his face flushed exceedingly as Bob thus introduced me:—"This here is the gent, sir, as was kind enough to come home with you yesterday when you was took so poorly, sir." "I thank you very much indeed, sir," said the young man to me, "for your kind attention. I was poorly, indeed. Leave the room, Bob." "Yes, sir," said the factotum, pulling his foretop; he then vanished. It is needless to repeat the conversation which ensued; the fact is, the stranger was greatly chagrined at

having made such an exhibition of himself on the previous day, and I discovered from his narrative that he had been what he termed "the creature of circumstances;" but I had better give it in his own way, stripping it, however, of a great deal of slangy idiom and cockney sporting phraseology.

"Now, sir, you have been very kind to me, and so I'll tell you just how it was. I have got into a mess, but I have the comfort of knowing that I can pay the bill, so I shall endeavour to rub all off, forget it if I can, and hope for better luck next time. The fact is, I have a sporting turn, and my governor, though he is very good in his way, don't like it; but I got his leave for a holiday, and as I had often read accounts in *Bell's Life* of the splendid runs with the Rutley hounds, I thought I'd have a turn with them. You'll understand, sir, I never rode after any hounds in my life till yesterday morning; so I hope that will be considered a sufficient excuse for a good deal that you saw amiss. I may as well say, for I can't have any pride before you, that I am in business in town; and I don't mind telling *you* that I assist my governor in the boot and shoe line."

At this avowal I could not help mentally contrasting the scarlet coat and well-trimmed moustache with the probable appearance of our hero at home. But I did not give utterance to my thoughts, for he was not the only snob in scarlet I had seen; and, what was greatly in his favour, he owned the soft impeachment, whilst they affect to be nob. I only interposed the common-place remark:—"A very respectable business, and profitable, too, if well conducted, as doubtless yours is." "No complaint on that score," said he; "but, somehow, when I get clean away from it I generally make a fool of myself, and get out of my depth." "Which goes to show," I rejoined, "that it is well for a man to do thoroughly what work he has to do, first, and then turn to relaxation and sporting."

"I believe you are right, sir. I am afraid my case argues too strongly in favour of your view. I won't bore you with the many scrapes and many mortifications I have got into, but I will just give you an outline of my last affair, which you partly witnessed. I was very anxious to try my luck with hounds, and as I frequently took horse exercise I thought I knew something about horses; so I made a bargain with Tom Smith, of the Tally-ho Tavern, in the Edgeware Road, for his tit and his man for a week's hunt in the Rutley country. I agreed to give him £5 for the use of them, and pay for their keep all the time. Well, I came to Ouseburn, and turned out yesterday morning, I flatter myself, about the right style of thing. I enjoyed the trot to the cover amazingly, and was very much interested in looking at the several arrivals at the cover side; but I was so delighted when the dogs went in that I could not contain myself. I shouted out to them 'Tally-ho, my little beauties,' and all at once they came towards me, became quite excited, and sidged about uncommonly; two or three persons rode up to me and said, 'Where, sir, where?' 'Where,' said I, wondering at the question, 'why there they are, jolly little pups.' The inquisitive persons instantly turned away; but one red-whiskered stout gentleman said, 'My 'pinion is you are a snob.' The expression went to my very heart; and I pulled up my horse directly, for I thought it was a most uncalled-for insult. I said, 'I protest against your personality, big as you are;' and I felt that my face was getting as red as my coat. A gentleman in a green coat, and riding on an old white horse, was close by, and he very quietly took up the matter, evidently for the purpose of preventing anything unpleasant. 'Gentlemen, gentlemen, spare your wind for a better purpose, for you will, I hope, want it soon; we shall have a clipper to-day, Johnson; the old fox with the white tip is in cover.' That was yourself, sir, who came up and spoke, and I respected you from that moment. You remember I said that I had no desire to

interrupt the harmony of the hunt, for I loved sport too well; but Mr. Johnson had purposely insulted me when I had not even spoken to him. 'Sorry for that,' said you, 'that's not like my friend Johnson.' 'Sir,' said Johnson, 'I did not personally insult him—I gave my 'pinion—and it is this, that every man who chaffs hounds is a snob.' But I did not chaff them, I only expressed my —, but before I could conclude my explanation the voice of the Master of the Hunt was heard, 'Hark to Benbow,' as one of the dogs began to bark."

"If you relate this adventure again it will be as well to say that one of the hounds in the cover gave tongue," said I, interruptingly.

"I believe you are right, sir; excuse such little slips: well, no sooner had the master said this than several of the hounds followed the example of Benbow, and immediately afterwards the whipper-in shouted, the huntsman blew his horn, and we saw the old fox creep out of the cover close by us and steal away over the open fields. My antagonist Johnson looked still more excited as he turned to me, shouting, 'There, now, damn you, tally-ho as long as you like, and use your wind up.' I could not help wondering how he had got hold of my occupation, for I thought his explanation was a mere put off; but there was no time for further reflection, for my nag wanted to go, and so did I. So away we went at a merry pace, as you well know, for I saw your green coat amongst the scarlets as they bounced up the rising grounds, and long after I was enabled to see whether the colour of the coat was green or black I could recognise your white tit by his splendid go."

"Yes, the old grey has fine action." "Aye, that's better said than I said it, but you know what I mean. I don't know what it was that made me so look for you all the time, unless it was the way in which you tried to set us right at the cover side; but certainly I made up my mind that that green coat had a better heart inside it than old Johnson's red one had. I said to myself That's the model for me to-day, I shall cut out my work by that pattern. So I kept you in view and galloped along over that lot of grass fields, and was pleased with my own riding. There's no great art in hunting, after all, thought I. You smile, sir. Well, my nag showed me that he really could go above a bit; and as for the fences, why they were flea-bites to what I expected; it was little more than going through gaps. I calculated that this was to last all through the hunt, but I found my mistake very soon. All at once I observed your front rank men pulling in, and I soon got up to the party with others who were going in about the same style with myself. I again encountered the savage old Johnson, but took care to turn my horse's head and ride another way. He was swearing tremendously, and telling some of his friends that another snob had headed the fox. 'What,' said I, to a gentleman close to me, did they really see him cut it off?' 'Cut what, sir?' 'The fox's head!' He made no reply, but my words were received with a shout of laughter from all around, and even old Johnson looked smiling as he went from one to another telling the joke. I did not then think the laugh was at my expense, but now I suppose it was."

"Not the least doubt of it; but you are not the first who has made a harmless mistake. However, the better plan is to say as little as possible in the hunting field, unless you well know your company."

"Perhaps you are right, sir. Well, some of the hounds gave tongue again, and came out of the little wood close by me, and I set off after them. Hang it, says I to myself, I am in luck's way to-day to be the first with the hounds; when suddenly they left me and turned back; and as I could not pull up my horse in time he went in amongst them, and one of them cried out, and limped along, holding one foot up. I had put my foot into it with a vengeance, or at least my nag had. The huntsman galloped



up to the hounds, and, standing up in his stirrups, shouted to them furiously, and smacked his whip in a frightful way, as if he would cut their skins off. When the hounds had turned he looked at me, and his eyes were starting from his head as he said, 'Now then, stoopid—the sooner you shut up the better I shall love you; and next time we draw Puntley Gorse do you stop at home and toast your toes on the fender!' And as he said this the man looked positively blood-thirsty. I was quite flushed, and felt that a dead set was being made against me, for I heard that old Johnson say to the huntsman, 'My 'pinion is, George, that this hunt is going to the devil as fast as it can; for we never have a near meet now without being smothered with tailors and shoemakers and shop chaps; and they are always getting in the way. I wish they were all swallowed up.' 'So do I, sir, the whole biling on 'em,' growled the horrible huntsman. In a few moments, however, as you are aware, the hounds went off again, and I observed your white tit in the front rank. The pace was very strong down the slope and across the flat, and I soon had the delightful satisfaction of knowing that there were more behind me than before me; but there was another discovery which did not give me the same amount of satisfaction. The fences were becoming difficult, and several times my heart came into my mouth as I approached them, but I shut my eyes, and the nag jumped them, I keeping my seat by holding fast to the back and front of the saddle. There was no mistake about the horse; Tom Smith had not over-rated him, but I was not so sure of myself. I soon found out that it was very easy to follow a large field of riders, but that it was another piece of business to follow you front rank men, for you left the hedges just as you found them. It was no longer going through gaps, and I felt it must soon come to a finish with me. Three times my nag had blundered at fences, but had got up again; the pace was rasping, and I could see that infernal old Johnson's broad brim rising up every now and then as he was going over the hedges like a brick. I quite envied the old savage."

"Well you might, for he is one of the straightest riders in the hunt; as a sportsman, baring shortness of temper, he is faultless."

"His temper is short enough, I know to my annoyance, and so is my hunt now. We came across a heavy bit of ploughed land, if you remember, and then, to my horror, came the most stunning fence I had ever seen."

"Aye, the bullfinch that runs down to the fir plantation; that generally makes the field select; none but tolerably good workmen get beyond that."

"That's what you call a bullfinch, is it, sir? Well, it was a chaff-finch to me, for every cursed bush seemed to jeer at me before I got to it; but I did go at it, and I did not dare to look where I was going. My anxiety increased, and I clung tight to the reins and the pommel; one moment I felt I was rising up, and the next moment I was down among the daisies, flat on my back, with all the wind knocked out of me."

"Had you let the horse have his head free he would have managed better for you, for although you piloted him to the fence, he knew you did not confidently mean taking it. Besides, no doubt you checked him at the critical moment, and, as a matter of course, he brought you to grief. The horse often knows his rider better than the rider knows himself. Well, how did you get on after that?"

"Why, I must have been stunned, and on the ground some time, for when I came to I could not hear anything of the hounds, and not a horseman was within sight. I felt very sick, and the trees and hedges appeared to go round and round. At last an old shepherd came to me and raised me up. He gave me great comfort, after lifting up my arms and legs, by saying,—'You han't broke no bones, however.' I wish he could have said as much of my nag. Poor fellow! there he was, just where he fell; his hind legs were in the ditch,

his fore legs stretched out on the bank ; his head moved from side to side, and he looked at us as if he was going to speak. Oh ! what would he have said if he could have spoken ? ”

“ Said ? why just what many a shareholder of a public company has said : ‘ It was through gross mismanagement that I have been brought to these distressing circumstances. ’ ”

“ Perhaps he would, sir, and very properly too. The old shepherd examined him, shook his head, and said, — ‘ He is hurt unkind bad sure-ly. ’ There was Tom Smith’s pet, the best hurdle-jumper in the Edgeware Road, brought out in fine fettle to die in a ditch. The shepherd said his back was broken, and no mortal man could save him. So there we left him, and went to the village, about a mile off. I asked the landlord of the Leather Bottle public-house to go and have a look at him. He did so, and soon returned, confirming what the shepherd had said, with the further information that he had cut his throat to put him out of his misery. A pretty day’s sport for me, thought I. ‘ But it might have been your own back, you know, ’ said the publican. Very true ; and therefore I ought to be satisfied that the case is no worse. Well, sir, to make a long story short, I tried to eat some dinner, but could not. The landlord recommended me to drink some brandy and water, telling me that it would cure the sickness wonderfully. I tried the experiment, and felt better ; I repeated the dose, and felt quite jolly. ”

“ A bad scheme : you should have had a good sponging with warm water, then supped up a basin of gruel and gone to bed. ”

“ Ah, I did not know ; but instead of that I had a little more grog, and then borrowed the landlord’s cob to ride back to Ouseburn, leaving a £10 note for security, as I was a stranger to him. ”

“ Not bad security for such an animal, — about £2 more than he was worth ”

“ Perhaps so ; but I was not in a condition to criticise the merits of the cob : so I set off along the road, and very stiff and queer I felt ; and no sooner had I turned into the turnpike road, than I began to have a curious singing in my ears, and felt very giddy ; but I trotted on as well as I could, hoping to get rid of these unpleasant sensations. At last I got to the village of Skelton, when a dreadful thirst came over me. I therefore turned into the Eagle public-house, and had some more brandy and cold water ; beyond that circumstance, I have no distinct recollection of anything until I found myself in bed this morning, at the Lion, at Ouseburn, very stiff, very sick, and very sorry. ”

“ Well, yours was dearly-bought experience for a first turn with hounds, to pay both with pocket and person so heavily. ”

“ It is, indeed ; why Tom Smith valued his horse at fifty guineas, and I reckon that £20 will only about cover my other expenses ; but I think, perhaps, it won’t be all thrown away, for I shall cut sporting altogether, and so it will be a saving in the end. ”

“ Not the least occasion for it, said I ; only all things ought to be done in season, and with discretion. As the mixture of business and sporting in your case is rather incompatible, it might be well to make a little alteration. Wait until you have made your fortune, then hunt merrily to your heart’s content, and I hope I may some day have the pleasure of seeing you go well with hounds, and making light of the old bu lynch. ”

“ I thank you very much for all your kindness to me, sir, especially being a complete stranger. It has made me open to you more than I would to any man living ; and I can only say, I shall be glad if you will allow me to present you with a small memorial of my gratitude. I hope you will not take it as an offence if I send you a little testimonial of my esteem on my return home. ”

I laughed heartily at the earnestness of his manner, as well as at the offer of a testimonial for a mere piece of civility ; but begged he would consider himself under no obligation whatever, except to do as much for me if ever he found me under similar circumstances. So saying, I shook

hands with the hero of the one day's hunt, wishing him well out of his trouble, and saw him no more.

It was about a month after this incident that I received a parcel, and on opening it I found that it contained a very respectful note from our hero, and the promised testimonial in the form of a pair of top-boots! The sincerity of the giver removed all false pride from my mind, and I honestly confess that I never had such a pair of boots before, and they do good service now. In the accompanying letter the writer said he should act on my advice, and try his luck again with the hounds some day.

"And very bad advice, too," said my friend Fortescue; "let the man keep where he is; the boots are first-rate, that is his fate, but across country he will never make a figure, except a figure of 9 with the tail cut off. No, no, I quite agree with that old proverb which the boys dig out of their early classics, '*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*.' " I was about to defend my position; but Fortescue cut me short with—"there, old fellow, it is not worth discussing any further, especially as the dinner is on the table and the soup is getting cold."

### Inauguration Hymn,

ON THE OPENING OF AN ODD FELLOWS' LITERARY INSTITUTION.

'Tis fabled in the scenes of Grecian song,

Once, when Apollo touch'd the magic lyre,

Answering the strain, a city fair and strong

To beauty sprang, woke by those notes of fire.

Though wild the legend, still a meaning dwells;

For give the minstrel but pure Friendship's name—

With hearts for chords—and, to its potent spells,

A temple rears a not ungraceful frame.

High swell the song—a glowing anthem strain:

While man helps man, he hath not liv'd in vain.

No sounds of war, or deeds of battle strife,

Beneath this roof shall tell their gloomy tale;

So peace on earth, the holiest creed of life,

O'er sin and sorrow may at length prevail.

As countless rills spring from one parent stream,

As many altars stand to One alone,

So, consecrate to love, we will not deem

Our brother's faith less fairer than our own.

High swell the song—a glowing anthem strain:

While man loves man, he hath not liv'd in vain.

Here, too, the mighty wonders of the time

Shall oft to listening crowds their powers rehearse:

The gift of song—the poet's lofty rhyme—

The artist's skill—the comic writer's verse—

Each charms may show; and see, trac'd by Truth's hand,

What marvels dwell on history's teeming page,

Of learning, science, art. Oh, may this land

Reach—best of all—the happy golden age.

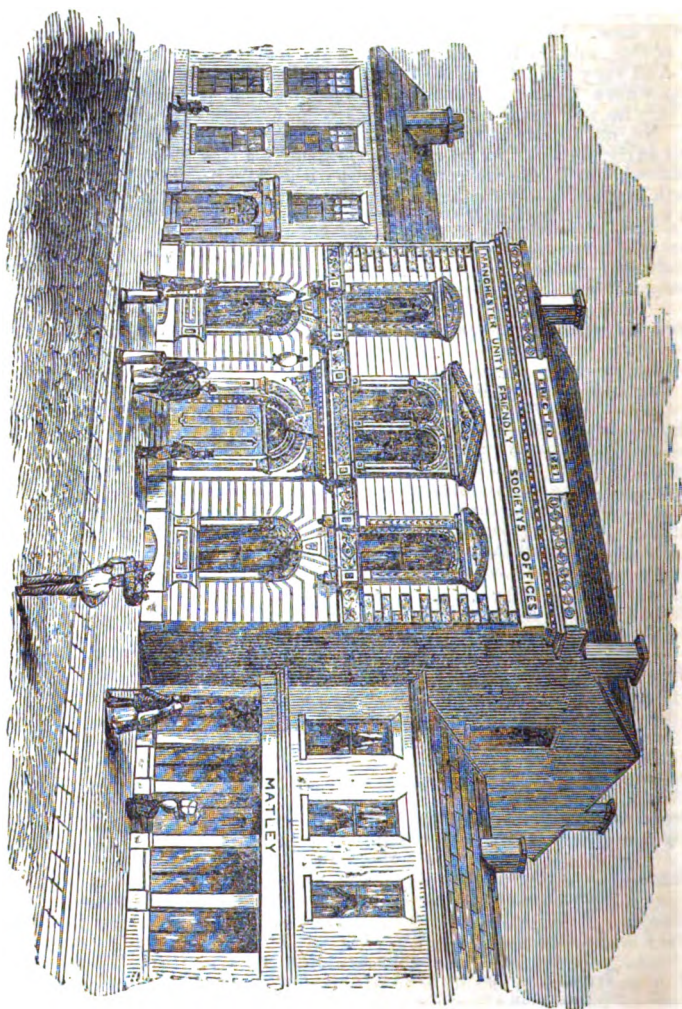
Truth, Friendship, Love—theme for an angel's strain:

While man trusts man, he hath not liv'd in vain.

G. F.

Provident Apollo Lodge, Birmingham.

## New Offices of the Unity in Manchester.



## Description of the Offices.

BELIEVING that our members in distant parts of the country, and our brethren in the colonies, would like to see the elevation and description of the new offices for the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows' Manchester Unity Friendly Society, the directors have, we think, wisely come to the conclusion to present to them, through the Magazine, a wood-cut and description of the building. During the last eight years we have been compelled to remove our offices twice at a considerable expense. Notice has been given again for us to remove, and under these circumstances the Lincoln A.M.C. passed a vote to build offices of our own. As there will be more readers of the Magazine than our Annual Reports, it is perhaps advisable to lay before them what the directors have done in reference to those offices. Advertisements were inserted in the Manchester papers for a suitable plot of land or buildings. Several gentlemen sent in plans of their plots, and the directors inspected them. After viewing them all they subsequently came to the conclusion to purchase the land and buildings in Grosvenor-street. These consists of two good houses, the rental of which is £50 a year; a coach-house and stable, £10 a year; together with spare ground, 13 yards of a frontage and 30 yards back of the other street. This they purchased for £1,100, subject to a chief rental of £16 a year. There is a lease on it for *nine hundred and ninety-nine years*, the end of which no living odd-fellow needs trouble himself about. The offices will be built on the spare land. The money was paid over by the trustees at the last board meeting in February, the proper conveyance of the property made out, and the deeds deposited in the safe of the Manchester Unity. It is a great pleasure to all those who have taken so active a part in the improvement of our institution, to see that those little jealousies or want of confidence in the stability of our society are now removed,—legal protection for our accumulated capital gained after a most severe struggle—our finances placed on something like a sure and equitable foundation—the law of clearance if not perfect at least greatly improved—our society annually improving the machinery whereby it is governed,—all these things have consolidated the Unity, and the members spread over these islands and in our colonies can see by wise counsel and forbearance amongst ourselves the perpetuation of this great Unity from age to age. We copy the following from a local paper, being a brief account of the proceedings of the afternoon when the foundation stone was laid :—

"INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD-FELLOWS' (M U.) NEW OFFICES AT MANCHESTER.—The foundation stone of the new permanent offices, to be erected in Grosvenor-street, Manchester, for the above institution (which now numbers nearly 260,000 male adult members), was laid on Thursday, the 19th of February, by J. C. Cox, Esq., of Southampton, the present G.M. There was a large gathering of the principal officers and leading members of the Order from the surrounding districts to witness the ceremony. Shortly after two o'clock Mr. Cox appeared on the ground, with a number of the Unity trustees and directors. Mr. Thomas Penk, the contractor for the building, presented to Mr. Cox a handsome silver trowel with which to perform the interesting ceremony. It bore an inscription as follows :—  
"The foundation stone of the new offices of the Independent Order of Odd-fellows' Manchester Unity Friendly Society, in Grosvenor-street, in the city of Manchester, was laid with this trowel, by James Charles Cox, Esq., of Southampton, on the 19th February, 1857." In the stone were deposited the following documents :—Copy of minute book, 1814; list of lodges, 1857; general laws, ditto; a bottle containing the names of the officers of

the Order, board of directors, and trustees; a number of coins of the present reign; Manchester and Liverpool newspapers of the day; copy of American covenant of odd-fellowship, 1838; and a list of the toasts to be given at the dinner in celebration of the event. Mr. Cox having received the trowel, made a few appropriate observations, and then went through the ceremony of the day, amidst the plaudits and well wishes of the numerous assemblage. At four o'clock, a large company, numbering nearly one hundred and fifty, marshalled under the direction of P.G.M. Meredith, of Manchester, assembled at the Apollo Lodge, where a dinner was served up by Mr. Ingham. P.P.G.M. Richmond occupied the chair. After the withdrawal of the cloth, the usual loyal toasts were given, followed by addresses having reference to the origin, progress, and present position of the Provident Friendly Society. It was stated that the Unity in 1856 had paid for sick claims and interments of members and their wives upwards of £200,000."

About two hundred of the brethren sat down to dinner, which reflected great credit on Mr. Ingham. Indeed a more happy evening could not have been desired.

The directors also advertised in the Manchester papers for architects to send in plans, furnishing those who made application with the kind of building we wanted. Twenty-eight architects sent in plans, and subsequently the choice fell on Mr. Joseph Lindley, of Ashton-under-Lyne. The same method was adopted in reference to contractors, and Mr. Penk, of Manchester, was the fortunate individual on whom has devolved the building of the offices.

The offices for the Manchester Unity Friendly Society are being erected on a plot of ground situate in Grosvenor-street, Chorlton. This street is 16 yards wide, and the street for access to the back part of the premises is eight yards wide. The building is betwixt and near to Oxford Road and Brook-street. Along both of these streets omnibuses ply during the whole of the day at short intervals, so that ready access is obtained from the centre of the town. The basement has a kitchen about 6 yards by 4 yards, a scullery 4 yards by 4½ yards, pantries, closets, &c., for the use of the secretary, all lofty and well ventilated. The remaining portion of the basement is set apart for warehouse or store cellar, about 72 superficial yards. The ground plan has an entrance in the centre 7 feet wide; the secretary's office is on one side, 6 yards by 4½ yards; a staircase, 7 feet wide, leading to directors' room, &c., also packing room, 5½ yards by 4½ yards. On the other side of the entrance is a sitting room 6 yards by 4 yards, and a staircase for access to the second story and attic; also a store room 4 yards by 4½ yards, and a passage to the yard 5 feet wide. The rooms on this story are nearly 4 yards high. There is also on the ground story a strong room for keeping the society's documents. The second story has next to Grosvenor-street a directors' room, 11 yards long, 6 yards wide, and upwards of 6 yards high; capacious landings, 7 feet wide; waiting room, 5½ yards by 4½ yards; lavatory, closet, &c.; retiring room, 4 yards by 4½ yards; also closets for the use of the house. These rooms are 3½ yards high. The attic contains three good bedrooms, lofty, and well ventilated. The front next Grosvenor-street is to be of the Composite order, with rusticated quoins and channelled courses. The entrance doorway, windows, balconies, strings, architraves, and cornices, are elaborately enriched, the whole to be worked in detail with Portland cement. The vestibule will have an enriched cornice, and the directors' room will have bold cornice and two plaster centre flowers. There will be no further enrichments in the interior, as it has been the aim to have a substantial building, instead of spending too much on ornament, which would not have utility for its recommendation.

This brief sketch we hope will give entire satisfaction to the Unity.

## Page for Boys and Girls.

IN our first number we promised to have a page regularly for those whose young minds have not yet begun to study cause and effect, and we will commence our opening series with

### Hydrostatics.

Nearly all the technical terms made use of in science are derived either from the Greek or Latin languages, and the word hydrostatics, of two Greek words, signify *water* and the science which considers the weight of bodies. But hydrostatics, as a branch of natural philosophy, treats of the nature, gravity, pressure, and motion of fluids in general, and of the method of weighing fluids in them. The whole (or nearly so) of the experiments for demonstrating this science are performed with glass apparatus. Some writers have divided this subject into two distinct parts, viz., hydrostatics and hydraulics. The latter relates particularly to the motion of water through pipes, conduits, &c.; but in these pages there will be no regard paid to this distinction, and under the general title of hydrostatics the properties of fluids will be described, but principally those of water. A fluid is generally described by philosophers as a body, the parts of which yield to the slightest impression, and are easily moved amongst each other. The air we breathe is a fluid, the parts of which yield to the least pressure, but it does not adhere to the bodies surrounded by it, like water, milk, &c. Air, quicksilver, and melted metals, are fluids, but not liquids; while water, milk, beer, wine, oil, spirits, &c., are fluids and liquids. The distinction between liquids and fluids is introduced into books more on account of convenience than philosophical accuracy; but it may be taken as an axiom that a fluid is a body whose parts yield to the smallest force impressed on them. The particles that compose all fluids are considered to be round and inconceivably small, since with the assistance of the most powerful magnifying classes the human eye has not been able to discern them. Philosophers contend that the particles are round, because they are so easily moved among and above one another; and if they are round there must be vacant spaces between them.

To prove this suppose a number of common balls were placed in a large tub, so as to fill it even to the edge, though the vessel could contain no more of the large balls yet it would hold in the vacant spaces a great many smaller shot, and between these again others still smaller might be introduced, and when the vessel would contain no more smaller shot a quantity of sand might be shaken in between the pores, of which water or other fluids would insinuate themselves.

All plants that live in water have their pores round, and are thereby adapted to receive the same shaped particles of water. All mineral and medicinal waters evidently derive their peculiar character from the different substances taken in their pores, from which it has been concluded that the particles of water are globular or round, because such admit of the largest intervals. Take a phial with some rain water in it, mark the height at which it stands in the bottle, after this, introduce a quantity of salt, which, when completely dissolved, you will find has not in the least increased the bulk of the water. When the salt is dissolved you can introduce sugar, without increasing the bulk of the water in the phial.

Hence philosophers are of opinion that the particles of salt are smaller than those of water, and lie between the particles of water like the small shot between the cannon balls, and that the particles of sugar are smaller than those of salt, and, like the sand among the shot, will insinuate themselves into vacuities too small for the admission of salt.

## The History of a Silver Snuff Box.

BY W. AITKEN.

THE material of which I am formed was found somewhere in the mines of Potosi, in South America, about the twentieth degree of south latitude and the seventieth west longitude. I had slumbered for a thousand ages in the dark caverns of the earth, till the inquiring mind of man found me in my deep hidden solitudes. I have heard the murmurs of the great Pacific as its waves beat against the rocky coast, and wondered at times what mighty power it was that stirred from its awful depths such an immensity of water. I have thought that those awful waves, when lashed into fury by the fearful winds that swept over their immense surface, would overleap their bounds, and again cover me with their briny depths. But recollection stepped in to the rescue, and I saw standing grimly, sternly, sublimely, and it may be everlastingly, the giant Andes mountains, with their foreheads bound with an everlasting snow wreath, bidding defiance to the foam-crested waves, however furiously they came, and successfully beating back the warring elements to their unknown depths. I became composed, having no dread—at least of all the furies of the great Pacific. Feeling self-satisfied on this point, and resting, as I considered, in security, there came a new sound, different from any I had ever heard before—the sound of pick-axe and shovel, the former of which was suddenly stricken into my side. A pair of human hands gathered me up—balanced me in one of those hands as if trying my specific gravity—then the same hands rubbing away the mold that had enveloped my form for countless ages, a human voice declared me to be *silver ore*.

Unmindful of the wound inflicted by the pick-axe, I was dragged remorselessly away, taken up to what is called *terra firma*, and oh! what a sight met my view. I forgot my pain in the splendour of the scene.

The sun was shining nearly perpendicularly over me, and flung with his brilliant and golden rays a warmth around me and all creation near. Giant trees lifted their verdant heads towards heaven, and spread out their emerald-leaved arms in all directions, as if seeking to embrace that ever glorious sun-light, and hold it nearer to the heart.

Birds of every hue flitted about from tree to tree, and the splendour of their various plumages as they floated to and fro, with the sunbeams falling on them, added additional lustre to that which was already beautiful. Beneath these gigantic trees rose flowers, like the birds, of all the colours of the rainbow when the earth is bedewed with tears, and the sun smiles even through those tears.

There arose a fragrance, a perfume perfectly delicious, and enraptured the senses with delight unspeakable, added to which the hum of a million insects murmured through the air. Away in the distance, and gleaming through the forest leaves, glided a river that gently bathed its shores, and as it moved over its pebbled and stony bed it leaped and sparkled amid the glories and radiance of a tropical high noon.

On! on! it went with innumerable circumvolutions, murmuring a song of praise and thanksgiving to the Lord of nature. It gave verdure to the banks and trees; it shadowed those trees—the life-givingsun—the spangled



arch of heaven—the gentle moon, fair empress of the night—on its fair, its spotless bosom. It quenched the thirst of man, bird, beast, and insect; and ten thousand of the finny tribe sported “upward and downward, thwarting and convolved,” amidst its transparent rippling waves.

Away! away! it went, swelling, swelling in its course, till ships from every clime sailed upon its bosom, and swelled by its means, human energy and industry, the golden tide of commerce, till at last its sparkling and its waves were engulfed in the waters of the Pacific, again to be gathered up in moisture by the sunbeams to fall again in life-giving rain, to fructify the earth, and assist in giving sustenance to all animated existences. Beautiful rivers! emblems to some extent of man's destiny.

Mysterious, perpetually changing, ever round of nature, how you delight the philosopher, amaze and astound the ignorant. But hold—

“My muse must cower,  
Such flights are far beyond her power.”

I could not help telling what I saw, and how I felt, when brought from my solitude. There was, and is, such a wonderful difference between the darkness and solitude below and the beauties and grandeur above.

I was then taken by a sun-bronzed miner to his hut, and carefully stowed away. I had not been long there before some of my brethren who had been in the same dark mysterious depths as myself were brought and placed beside me.

I will say nothing of our meeting, how glad we were to have company; I will leave that to your imagination, to fill the hiatus I leave.

When a sufficient quantity of silver ore, as they called us, was gotten, I and my companions in adversity were dragged across the country and sold to bullion dealers. It would take me too long to describe to you the bargaining, the bantering of these dealers, as to what they would give for me per ounce; but to be brief, it was within sixpence an ounce whether I should be made Mexican dollars of or be shipped to what they called “Merrie England.” Of course I knew nothing of this England, cared quite as little; and the iron, if not sunk deep in my soul, was at least in my ribs, and that gave me plenty to think about, now the beauties of nature no longer enraptured my vision. To England, then, they sent me. I can tell nothing of the voyage, as I was nailed in a box, and around me was as dark as the place that gave me birth, and where I had so long resided.

When I next saw the light I found myself in a place called Birmingham by some, and Brummagem by others; and after being put through a score of processes, which would take me longer to tell than I have time and you have space, I found myself in the hands of a “cunning workman,” and he was ordered by his master to make me into a *Silver Snuff Box*. Right well did he execute his duty, although I must confess I was most rudely handled.

Hammered, battered, turned upside down, rubbed and polished; but, after all, I must say that my appearance was very much altered for the better. Indeed I had no idea that the dull thing I was could be made half so brilliant and pretty looking as that cunning workman made me.

I positively admired myself, and although I had gone through much, and been wounded in a hundred different ways, it seemed to me “all for the best;” and in my new form and shining habiliments, rivalling the river I first saw, I forgot and forgave all, as I had really what is called a “most gentlemanly appearance.” I was next taken to a gold and silversmith's shop, and placed amongst a number of comrades made from the same material as myself, and varying in their appearance nearly as much as the human faces that passed me by each day. As there is no rest for the

wicked, so there is little for silver, whether it be in snuff boxes, Mexican dollars, or any of the multifarious forms into which man's ingenuities and necessities have fashioned the ore from which I sprang. I was purchased, after doubling Cape Horn, sailing the length and breadth of the Atlantic, and going through all I have related, and a deal more, for £3. 10s.

Who could have thought it! All this digging, bargaining, travelling, hammering, polishing, and bartering for so large a piece of the precious metal for so small a sum.

But I was told by political economists it was the steam-engine, the divisions of labour, competition, and I know not what, that enabled silver merchants to sell me in all my new-fangled grandeur for so small an item of the current coin of the realm. Well, I was then taken to an engraver; and the individual who took me ordered this other workman to engrave upon my face, that all men and women might know both me and my owner hereafter, the following inscription:—"Presented to William Goodfellow, by the members of the Friendly Heart of Oak Society, for valuable and disinterested services rendered to its members through a long series of years; August 1st, 1827." The acute sensations that crept over me, as the engraver plied his pliant hands and sharp instruments, must, as romancers say, "be imagined, they cannot be described." I next found myself at a public dinner, where "upwards of a hundred gentlemen sat down to dine," and everything in season and out of season, for aught I know or care, was laid upon the weighted tables. After the glut of stomach, the dishes and the debris of fish, flesh, and fowl, were removed, a chairman was appointed, and then came, as the chairman said, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." I was handed round the company—my fair proportions were admired and duly expatiated upon, and then placed with all due gravity in front of the chair, upon whose right sat William Goodfellow, Esq. I will not trouble the reader with all the speeches that were made, although I could give them verbatim, but content myself with saying that I was handed over, amidst the eulogiums of the chairman, to my future owner, William Goodfellow, Esq. The most enthusiastic plaudits followed the chairman's eloquent speech, the glasses jingled on the boards, and everybody seemed hilarious and uproarious. Mr. W. G. gratefully thanked his friends for their kind appreciation of his efforts, and in a lengthy speech declared that he would always use his efforts for the welfare of the Friendly Heart of Oak. The company, after getting drunk—no, no, I won't say that, but after getting a *little fresh*—separated with the best feelings, well pleased with one portion of the evening's entertainment at least, viz., the good eating and drinking part of it. There now came another phase in my strange and shifting history, as strange as any of the other. My owner had never taken snuff; but, as he had a box, and that a *silver* one too, he must have some wherewith to *treat his friends*. From treating his friends he learned the habit of "titulating his olfactory nerves," till by degrees he became an inveterate snuff taker. Threepence per week it cost him on an average, and on anniversary nights the *silver box* was often filled two and three times.

Mr. Goodfellow used to be a good singer, could speak clearly and distinctly before he owned me; but now he has to hang his harp in the willow tree. He has got that nasal tone known amongst those who have obstructions in that prominent organ of the human face vulgarly or politely called the nose. But this is hardly the worst of it. Mrs. Goodfellow is a remarkably precise woman. She likes to see her husband's linen white as virgin snow, and his silk handkerchiefs neat and clean. But since he owned me she often looks at his shirt fronts, or his "Dickies" if you will, and thinks he has got a new set of studs. On closer examination

she finds no new studs, but—aye, out with it—snuff, making the once white linen look as if Mr. G. had been in a brown shower somewhere. And his handkerchiefs, too, that were so glossy, mangled, and smoothed, behold them now after two days' wear. Stiff, shrivelled, sticking together in snuffy folds, and, to use Mrs. Goodfellow's phrase, "a shame to be seen." Then comes the grumbling of the clean housewife. She quotes the scene between the honest Moor and Iago, turning it into ridicule on her liege lord, and, holding it up before Mr. G.'s eyes, "This handkerchief did an Egyptian to my mother give. There's magic"—nay, nay, nay, snuffy—"in the web on't;" and Mr. G. thinks Mrs. G. very severe in her criticism on his snuff taking. It is time to draw my history to a conclusion, though only a quarter told, and I mean by telling it to "point a moral and adorn a tale." If we have friends amongst us deserving our approbation, and some slight token of esteem for services rendered; if we wish to shew them that we are grateful for those services, and will reward merit for its own sake, as well as to incite others to noble deeds, let us, gentle readers, present them with something of the same value in money, but more valuable in reality, more useful to the recipient, more ornamental to his household, and more satisfactory to clean housewives, than me, although I am a SILVER Snuff Box.

### Odd-Fellowship in Ireland.

ANxious to give prominence to the progress of our society in Ireland, we willingly insert the following from C.S. Quigley, of the Dublin District. The progression of our institution in Ireland is the retrogression of intolerance and bigotry. This may be accounted for in consequence of the evils that have devastated the fair face of Ireland by "Ribonism" and "Whiteboyism." But there is a wonderful difference between secret societies organised for the destruction of life and property, and one like ours organised for the *protection* of both and the best interests of humanity. The priesthood of the green isle, or anywhere else, may become the exponents of our institution, and by so doing would add dignity to their high calling. They would be assisting their Divine Master in propagating the sublime doctrine of "Peace on earth and good will to mankind," with that equally expressive eleventh commandment, "Love one another." Let our Irish brethren persevere, and their labours must be crowned with success, because they have a noble and a God-like cause to support. The greater their success the sweeter will their wild harp on its golden strings reverberate through Ireland "the sweet numbers of Erin-go-Bragh!"

THE ODD-FELLOWS IN KILKENNY.—In imitation of their brethren in Dublin, the members of the Ark of the Faire Citie Lodge, Kilkenny, had a ball and supper at the Assembly Rooms, Tholsel, in that city, on the 16th of February last, to commemorate the establishment of their branch of the society. The *Kilkenny Journal* says:—"The attendance was good, the arrangements excellent, and throughout the night the utmost propriety was combined with exuberant hilarity and enjoyment. Such entertainments are creditable to the artisans engaged in them, and it is to be regretted that they are not more frequent."

PRESENTATION.—DUBLIN DISTRICT.—In conformity with a usage, for many successive years liberally carried out in this district, P.P.G.M. William Swirles was, on the termination of his official duties at the close of the past year, presented with a gold watch, suitably inscribed, value £12, contributed by the members in their respective lodges, for his continued attention to the business of the Order and district.

## The Forthcoming I. M. C.

The officers and brethren of the Norwich District are using every exertion to make the forthcoming Annual Meeting one of the most memorable in the annals of our institution.

Every possible arrangement will be made for the comfort and convenience of the representatives of the Unity; while the support of the aristocracy, clergy, middle classes, and the people, will be given to make everything go off with the greatest *éclat*. The following information will no doubt be interesting to the members of our institution:—

In connection with the Norwich A. M. C., we may congratulate the Order that on Tuesday evening, the 17th February, Viscount Bury, the eldest son of the Earl of Albemarle; Henry W. Schneider, Esq.; Robert Chamberlin, Esq., mayor of Norwich; W. Wilde, Esq., coroner of Norwich; and Donald Dalrymple, Esq., were admitted members of the Loyal Amicable Lodge, at the lodge-house, the Maid's Head Hotel, Norwich. The initiation of these gentlemen derived additional interest from the circumstance of the son of the Earl of Albemarle, who so recently assailed the Order, being one of the candidates for initiation. Upwards of 400 of the brethren were present, amongst whom was Mr. S. Daynes, the antagonist of Lord Albemarle in the recent controversy, who in the course of the day stated his views fully on the subject.

## Presentations.

**BELPER.**—A splendid Silver Cup, bearing the following inscription, was presented to Edwin Moore, P. Prov. G.M. of the Belper District:—"Presented to Edwin Moore, P. Prov. G.M. of the Belper District, M.U., by the Odd-Fellows, Druids, and Foresters of Belper and neighbourhood, as a mark of their personal esteem, and in testimony of their appreciation of his manly and spirited defence of their rights and liberties. Feb. 3rd, 1857."

**WELLS, NORFOLK.**—On February 3rd, 1857, a handsome Silver Goblet, highly wrought in floriated patterns, was presented to H. R. Rump, Esq., on his retirement from the office of surgeon, by the members of the Leicester Lodge, Wells, Norfolk, as a tribute of esteem and respect, and to mark their appreciation of that gentleman's services to the lodge.

## Death.

On the 3rd day of July, 1856, aged 60, P.G. Peter Thomas Nainby, of the Loyal Apollo Lodge, No. 210, Manchester District, much and deservedly respected.





ENGRAVED BY W. MORTON, MANCHESTER.

*William A. Appleton* J. P. & Co. N. Y.

THE  
ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

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[Vol. I.

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Memoir of William Aitken, P. Prob. G.M.

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MR. WILLIAM AITKEN has, for many years past, taken a prominent part in all matters of general importance relating to the Manchester Unity. He is consequently well known, personally, to all who have attended the annual meetings; and, by reputation, to a very large majority of the more active members of the institution in various parts of the empire. The following few particulars respecting his somewhat eventful career will not, therefore, be without interest to the readers of the Magazine.

Mr. Aitken was born at Dunbar, in 1814. His father and mother were natives of Duncle, in Berwickshire. The former was a major in the 6th Dragoon Guards. In 1824 he left the army, and selected Ashton-under-Lyne as his place of residence. The subject of the present memoir is, with one exception, the youngest of nine children, six of whom are deceased. At the age of eleven he was sent to a cotton mill to be instructed in the mystery of "piecing," and when

fully educated, received, as he sometimes expresses it, "fourteen pence per week for fourteen hours' labour per day." Mr. Aitken is, therefore, essentially a self-taught man. The rudiments of knowledge were by him laboriously acquired in the "jenny room," amidst the whirl of machinery, and in his solitary chamber after the day's prolonged toil. Mr. Aitken soon distinguished himself amongst his fellow operatives. His zealous advocacy of the "short-time" principle excited the displeasure of his employer, and he was in consequence discharged. He then devoted his time and talents to the more agreeable task of instructing the rising generation in the elements of knowledge. In this sphere of valuable but insufficiently-rewarded labour, he has been most successful, and at the present time conducts one of the best-attended private seminaries in Ashton-under-Lyne.

On the 31st of March, 1832, Mr. Aitken was initiated a member of the Platoff Lodge, Ashton District. He accepted an inferior office on the following lodge night, and has ever since held some responsible trust in connection therewith, except when prevented by absence from the locality. His first appearance at an Annual Moveable Committee was at Glasgow, in 1845, when he objected to the introduction of the then proposed new scales of payment, on the ground that the members of the Unity were unprepared for so sweeping a measure of reform. Mr. Aitken has attended every Annual Committee of the Order since 1845, with the exception of those held at Carlisle and London. At Bristol he proposed the abrogation of the "scales," and opposed the proposed charter of incorporation on the ground that its promoters could not satisfactorily explain its probable effect upon the constitution of the society. He acted as secretary to the sub-committee for examining the proceedings of the directors at Bristol. In the following year, at Oxford, he was appointed chairman of the sub-committee; to which responsible situation he has been appointed at every annual meeting which he has since attended. At Southampton, Mr. Aitken first moved that the returns received from the Unity, relating to sickness and mortality, should be digested into such a form as to render them available for the future guidance of lodges. He first moved, at Oxford, that application be made to parliament for legal protection



of the accumulated capital of the Order. A motion to a similar effect was submitted by him at each succeeding A.M.C., until the unanimous voice of the assembled deputies, at Dublin, in 1851, decided in favour of the proposition for the registration of the General Laws. He likewise proposed, at Southampton, the abrogation of the old equal initiation fee of one guinea, and the substitution of a graduated rate, according to age. At Preston he moved the adoption of the present scale of initiation fees and extra annual contributions—an innovation which has been productive of incalculable benefit to the Order, both numerically and financially. At Lincoln he moved the resolutions for the re-establishment of the Odd-Fellows' Magazine and the erection of suitable offices in Manchester for the transaction of the general business of the Order. These well-known public services were the means of securing his election as one of the trustees of the Unity at the Lincoln Annual Meeting, last year.

In 1845, Mr. Aitken was appointed Deputy Grand Master of the Ashton-under-Lyne District; and in the following year he fulfilled the duties of Grand Master. In August, 1846, the members of the district, as a slight recognition of his services, presented him with a gold watch, guard chain, and pencil-case, of the value of £30. Charles Hindley, Esq., M.P., took the chair, and delivered the presentation address. Mr. Aitken has been mainly instrumental in the erection of the Odd-Fellows' Hall, at Ashton; towards the furtherance of which object he has devoted a considerable portion of his time, accompanied by great pecuniary expenditure.

Mr. Aitken has, by public speaking and with his pen, taken a prominent part in most questions of local and general politics since he was eighteen years of age. His powerful advocacy of the claims of the labouring population has several times been recognised by those most interested, in a highly complimentary manner. In 1846, the operatives of Ashton and the neighbouring township, Dukinfield, presented him with a pair of Newton's largest globes, for his services as honorary secretary during a period of fourteen years. In 1853, the operatives of Ashton and the neighbouring districts presented him with a purse containing one hundred guineas, as some recompense for his disinterested and un-

wearied labour in connection with the greatest moral and the most successful effort of the factory population for the improvement of their social condition—generally known as the “six o’clock movement.” This handsome pecuniary acknowledgment was accompanied by an address, beautifully engrossed by a pupil of Mr. Aitken’s; a young gentleman who has since entered holy orders at Ushaw College, near Durham.

Mr. Aitken has occasionally devoted a portion of his time to literary pursuits. In 1842 he visited America; and, on his return, published a small work entitled “A Journey up the Mississippi River, from its mouth to Nauvoo;” in which he relates, with considerably graphic power, his personal adventures, interspersed with moral and political reflections, and strictures upon the principles and practices of the new sect called Mormons. Mr. Aitken has occasionally produced a small poem or two, which indicate no inconsiderable appreciation of the true mission of a popular bard. One of his favourite poetical pieces appears in the present number of the Magazine.

Mr. Aitken is a very powerful and energetic speaker, which, combined with his well-known sentiments on all questions affecting the well-being of the working classes generally, confers upon him considerable influence at the Annual Committees and other meetings of the Order. He was married, when twenty-one years of age, to Miss Mary Hanley Taylor. Out of a family of six children two sons only survive, one of whom acts as assistant in his father’s school, and the other is studying for the medical profession. Mr. Aitken’s hearty convivial disposition, and conversational powers, render him a general favourite amongst his numerous friends and acquaintances.

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## The Norwich I. M. C.

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THIS gathering of the leaders of our institution was expected to be one of the greatest importance, and to confer a dignity on our society never before attained. Imagination ran high as to what our Norwich brethren would do. If anticipation often exceeds, in pleasure, the reality, then has the mind been carried higher, and the reality has far outstripped the ideas of the most sanguine as to the reception and accommodation which our Norwich brethren have given us. All classes have vied with each other in endeavouring to do honour to the representatives of the Unity. The Cathedral was thrown open for their inspection, and the Rev. Mr. Wilder preached a most impressive and eloquent sermon, for which the thanks of the meeting were unanimously accorded.

St. Andrew's Hall, in which the banquet was held, is one of the oldest as well as the most famous in the empire. The lovers of history and antiquity may here pause an hour and reflect on the uncertainty of human events. A large part of a thousand years has passed away since the pious friars chaunted within its walls their matins and their vespers, and offered up their prayers to the God of the Universe for the salvation of man and the dominant power of the Roman Catholic Church. How that power was snapped asunder in Britain, and all the aspirations of the "Friars de Sacco," or Brethren of the Sack, the reign of Henry VIII. attests in vivid colours to the student of history. On no former occasion did the old hall present a more stirring or animated appearance than on the evening of the banquet to celebrate the A.M.C.'s being held in Norwich.

We arrived punctually to time (five o'clock), but already nearly every seat was occupied. Flags hanging gracefully in all parts of the hall—silk banners with mottoes on to improve the head and heart;—conspicuous among the latter was the Widows' and Orphans' banner of the Ashton District, which looked beautiful placed in front of the organ;—a splendid cold dinner laid along the rows of tables,

interspersed with all the beauties that Flora presents at this gorgeous time of year—a thousand smiling happy faces of the male sex, while the orchestra was filled with the beauty of Norwich of the gentler sex—the band playing “Partant pour la Syrie” and “God save the Queen,”—while all round the noble old hall hung pictures of the great men renowned in moral and physical warfare—made, altogether, such a scene as no Odd-Fellow ever saw before, and probably never will again. A thrill of delight mixed with veneration ran through that impressionable audience, and left images on the mind that will only be effaced when it has ceased to think and the heart has beat its last pulsation.

When the venerable Sir Samuel Bignold, the chairman, entered the hall, the whole meeting rose and gave him one of those heartfelt welcomes for which Britons are famous—the ladies in the orchestra waving their handkerchiefs. Indeed the banquet throughout was the best and most enthusiastic we ever saw.

We regret that we cannot give a full report of the proceedings, but will, in brief, state that Mr. Gale, of Liverpool, gave the toast of “The bishop and clergy;” the Rev. T. Price, of Aberdare, gave “The lord lieutenant and magistrates of the county;” the chairman, Sir Samuel Bignold, gave “The Manchester Unity,” to which Mr. Hardwick, the present G.M., responded.

Mr. J. Roe, of London, then presented a hard and justly earned tribute of respect, the voluntary offerings of our members, to Mr. Samuel Daynes, consisting of a purse containing 168 guineas. No man in the Unity is more deserving, and it must have been a proud moment to him to receive such a testimony in such a place, surrounded by the intelligence of the Order, and the youth, the beauty, the chivalry, and the noble of his ancient and native city.

The Rev. J. F. Franklin proposed “The officers of the Order and Board of Directors,” which was responded to by our late G.M. Cox. Mr. W. Aitken, of Ashton, gave “The city and trade of Norwich,” which was responded to by Mr. C. Winter. The Chairman’s health was proposed by Mr J. G. Johnson. Captain Haggard spoke in high terms of the Order. Mr. Robson, ex-Mayor of Durham, responded to the toast of “The Deputies.” Mr. Schofield, of Brad-

ford, proposed "Success to the Norwich District," stating that five working men from his town had established the first lodge there. Mr. Emslie, the G. M. of the district, replied. The Rev. Jno. Allen, of Long Sutton—a minister of the Church of England—a deputy to the A.M.C., and who, to his credit be it told, takes an active part in his district, proposed "The health of the Rev. J. Franklin," to which that gentleman responded. Mr. B. G. Davies, of Merthyr, gave "The press," which was responded to by Mr. E. Ganod, of the *Norfolk Chronicle*. The concluding toast was "The ladies," which was drunk amidst considerable applause. This vast assemblage then separated with impressions never to be forgotten.

For the information of our readers, we here extract from the "Guide Book" presented to each deputy, a brief account of the city, with a history of its far-famed St. Andrew's Hall, which, we hope, will be pleasing and instructive. Norwich, the metropolis of the east of England, so late as 1685 the third city in the kingdom, and, according to Macaulay, at that time "the chief seat of the chief manufacture of the realm," although somewhat fallen from its high estate, abounds in interest and attraction to every visitor, whom a love of the picturesque, an antiquarian taste, or even commercial enterprise, may bring within its time-honoured, but now rapidly crumbling walls:—

The intelligent traveller, on his first visit to this far-famed cathedral city, will probably be reminded of the description given of it by quaint old Fuller, in his *British worthies*.—"Norwich is (as you please) either a city in an orchard, or an orchard in a city;" and although the monotonous march of *bricks* has recently proceeded with a rapidity so startling as to deprive it of some portion of its claim to this pleasing and poetical description, yet even now it is far, very far from being inappropriate.

One of its principal architectural attractions is St. Andrew's Hall, which is not only the largest but the most splendid hall in the country devoted to municipal purposes, and is never left unvisited by an intelligent stranger; for, whilst other cities may boast of their frowning castles and lofty cathedrals, rich in historical and legendary lore, Norwich is without a rival in her far-famed St. Andrew's Hall.

This building was originally the nave of the church belonging to the convent of the Black or Dominican Friars, who settled in

Norwich in the year 1226, and in 1307 united with the Friars de Sacco, or Brethren of the Sack. A church, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, originally occupied the site upon which the hall stands; this was destroyed by fire in 1413, when the present structure was commenced by Sir Thomas Erpingham. His son, Sir Robert Erpingham, a member of the convent, completed the edifice.

At the dissolution of the monasteries, the convent of the Black Friars met with no exception to the common fate; the opportunity of possessing it was not lost sight of by the citizens, who promptly petitioned the king for a grant of the building, which, through the powerful influence of the Duke of Norfolk, and the consideration of £81 paid to the royal treasury, was acceded to; as stipulated in the petition, the nave of the church then became "a fair and large hall, for the mayor and his brethren and all the citizens to repair unto at common assemblies."

The choir, which is divided from the nave by a partition, has, with some occasional exceptions, retained its character as a place of worship till the present day. It was at one time leased to the Dutch, but has long been used as a chapel for the inmates of the workhouse. It stands on record, however, that some damage was sustained by the breaking down of partitions during the performance of "interludes" on Sundays, in the thirty-eighth year of Henry VIII.; and, also, that the nave was similarly occupied in Edward the Sixth's reign, by the king's players, during Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday before Christmas. The various crafts or guilds used to hold their feasts in the hall, and in 1544 the first mayor's banquet was held. In 1561 the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, the Earls of Huntingdon and Northumberland, with other notable personages, were feasted by William Mingay, mayor; and in 1671, Charles II., with the Queen, the Dukes of York, Monmouth, Buckingham, and other nobles were entertained, when the king conferred the honour of knighthood upon Sir Thomas Brown, the celebrated physician and author of "Religio Medici," etc. In 1681 the Duke of York was entertained by the citizens. In 1776 the hall was opened as a Corn Exchange, and used as such till 1828. The passing of the Municipal Reform Act led to the abolition of the mayor's annual feasts, which were usually attended by from 700 to 900 ladies and gentlemen. The principal purposes to which the hall is now devoted are the justly celebrated triennial musical festivals, and the public meetings of the citizens.

The exterior of the hall, as seen from the plain which nearly faces its south, presents an imposing appearance, chiefly owing to the fine effect of its long range of clerestory windows, of which there are 14 on each side. Between each of these may be seen the arms of Erpingham, an escutcheon in an orb of three martlets. In the garden,

on the south side, was formerly a pulpit from which a sermon was preached every Sunday, when there was none at the cathedral cross. In the time of the plague, persons who died in the parish of St Andrew, in which the hall is situate, were buried here. The cloisters and some other portions of the building on the north side were, in the reign of Queen Anne, appropriated as a workhouse for the poor. Upon their site the present workhouse was erected, under which may still be traced a long vaulted passage with ribs springing from the centre of the shafts, and corbel heads of decorated character; the convent of the Black Friars occupied the whole of the site of this building down to the water's edge. Between the choir and the nave was formerly a handsome steeple, which fell down in 1712, when the present turret was erected. The most modern portion of the building is the porch, which forms the principal entrance to the hall; this was added in 1774. The interior will be found to consist of a nave and two side aisles, about 120 feet long and 70 wide. The lofty roof is supported by 12 slender but finely proportioned pillars, supporting pointed arches.

It is a matter of regret that the west end of the hall is encumbered with an orchestra, used at the musical festivals, as it spoils the effect of the magnificent building. At its summit is a large organ, above which is suspended, in festoons, the ensign of the French ship *Genereux*, one of the two vessels which escaped from the battle of the Nile, and were subsequently captured. It was presented to the city by Sir Edward Berry, captain of the *Foudroyant*.

At the opposite end, above the clock, is a figure of Justice, and below are the Royal Arms of England in carved work. At the east corner of the south aisle is a carving of St. George and the Dragon, placed there by St. George's Company, a rich and powerful association, which has long been extinct. It used to transact its business at this corner. At the north-east stands a statue of Lord Nelson, recently executed by Milne, which, as a work of art, deserves high commendation. In the corner is a fine old carving of the Weavers' Arms, bearing date April 5th, 1680.

Amongst the chief attractions connected with the hall are the portraits and historical paintings which it contains. At the east end, amongst the cluster of paintings upon the partition which separates the choir from the nave or hall, is a fine portrait of Nelson, painted in 1801, and the last for which the "Norfolk Hero" sat. He is represented as standing upon the quarter-deck of a man-of-war, decorated with all his honours, and surrounded by appropriate naval emblems. The artist was Sir William Beechey, and competent judges have declared it to be the best likeness extant. On the north

of this portrait is a fine historical painting, representing Queen Eleanor sucking the poison from her husband's wound; and on the south another, the subject of which is the Death of Lady Jane Grey. They were both executed by Martin, a native of the city, and very large sums of money have been offered for them. Near these are the two oldest portraits in the hall, Queen Anne and Prince George of Denmark, both presented by St George's Company. The north and south walls, as well as the other portion of the east end, are filled with portraits of gentlemen whose discharge of parliamentary or civic duties has secured the high approval of their fellow-citizens. That nearly at the eastern extremity of the south side, without an inscription, is William Smith, Esq., who represented Norwich in Parliament for upwards of 20 years.

On the south side of the hall is the old library room, used by the Norwich Choral Society for rehearsals; it contains a portrait of Robert Rogers, mayor, 1758.

The alterations in the General Laws have not been as extensive as on some former occasions, but we trust that the whole proceedings will give general satisfaction to the Unity.

The next A.M.C. will be held in Swansea, a just tribute, as we think, to the energy and increasing numbers of our members in the principality.

We congratulate the members on the increasing numbers—23,547 new members having been initiated last year—whilst the greatest attention is being paid on all sides to the financial position of our lodges. To increase our funds, consolidate more firmly the Unity, and to perpetuate it with increased efficiency to each succeeding generation, we hope will be the study of those self-sacrificing, honest, humble men, who take an active part in the improvement of this vast Unity. The Quarterly Reports will furnish the information required on this point.

In conclusion, the best thanks and the warmest gratitude are due to our brethren in Norwich, and we feel confident that these sentiments will be echoed by our brethren, wherever read, throughout the civilised world.

W. AITKEN.

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## Incidents of Erabel. — No II.

BY GEORGE FALKNER.

SOME days had elapsed after the incident recorded in our last, before our friend Johnson turned up from Boulogne. He had revelled in the sea breeze, dawdled on the pier, danced on the castle esplanade, and had thoroughly given himself up to the incidents of the hour. The interval, on our part, had been occupied by morning visits to the Palais de l'Industrie and its imposing Annex, and to afternoon lounges in the Beaux Arts—on the interest, variety, and grandeur of which it is beside our present purpose to dwell. Strolling, however, with Johnson, one evening, along the Boulevards, he unexpectedly encountered an old acquaintance, to whose friendship, of course, we were speedily introduced, and to whose kindly hospitality we were subsequently indebted for the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the interesting details which it is our intention to record in the present article. M. Forestier, of Rouen, is one of the largest growers and exporters, in France, of the wine of the luxuriant; his vineyards necessarily lie in the only district of the country which produces the peculiar grape which yields champagne—the Valley of the Marne, nearly one hundred miles east of Paris, and on the line of railway communicating with Strasburg. To the chateau of this M. Forestier, so situated, it was circumstantially planned and deliberately arranged by Johnson, as we sat round a circular table on the pavé of the Boulevards, outside the Café de Mille Colonnes, that we should, on the day but one succeeding, be duly conveyed. It lay in the direct route to Switzerland, via Nancy (which we had special reasons for visiting),—neither of us had witnessed the mysteries of champagne production,—the invitation was urged with an earnestness which left no question of its sincerity,—and Johnson, prepared for any project which promised novelty or excitement, at once closed terms for himself and companion.

"Our chateau," said M. Forestier, "will, I fear, afford but indifferent accommodation; but such as it is, it is heartily at your service. We run down, you see, from Rouen, only occasionally,—at certain important seasons of the year;—and as our visits are seldom prolonged, we make no provision for entertaining friends; so excuse, I pray you, all shortcomings, and take us just as you find us."

Johnson, in reply, depones—of course for self and partner—that all niceties of distinction as to bed, board, and lodging, had long since been dispelled from our consideration by the experience of Boulogne and the present exigencies of Parisian life—entire families being known to have taken up their quarters in diligences in the streets,—and that, under these circumstances, no disposition existed on the part of either to quarrel with an outhouse, or to take exception at a moderately appointed stable or barn; to which assurance our large-hearted host-in-esse rejoins, that under the most unfavourable aspect of things the comforts of plain and homely apartments, and the enjoyment of plain and homely fare, might be confidently relied upon; and that for once at least in his life, Johnson should

revel unrestrained in the luxuries of champagne. And with such friendly banterings the bargain was finally struck, and our pleasant little party broke up, speedily to be reunited.

At the duly appointed hour on the morning succeeding, we take our departure by the Strasburg railway for the district of Epergnay, through a flat, arid, and uninteresting district, baking under a meridian sun, which threatened to scorch up every token of vegetation. At the station of Au we were kindly met by one of the sons of M. Forestier, who drove us for five miles over an undulating country without the vestige of hedgerow or enclosure to mark the respective ownerships of land, and where the sheep were grazing in mathematical exactitude of line under the watchful eye of those canine fields-marshal, who through the whole of France keep watch and ward over vagrant flocks. On gradual slopes all around us, as far as the eye can reach, lie the vineyards which yield the peculiar grape of the champagne wine. These are partitioned and intersected throughout by miles of narrow foot-tracks, which afford access to the vines, but present a less pleasing feature than the hop-gardens of Kent, for the plants are trained in rows up short and clumsy staves instead of slender poles, which come up all over the surface like a crop of defiant constabulary batons, bare and barkless. At this season the grape offers no temptation, clustering under its umbrageous leaves until September suns have changed its constituents and fitted it for conversion into wine; but even now, in sundry whitewash indications up the tracks, you can read a caution against the sin of pecculation.

The price of land here, however, is something to talk of,—limited in extent, (for the country embraces no greater area than 40 miles), and handed down as they are from generation to generation, territorial possessions have acquired almost a fabulous value. In some favoured situations in the department of the Marne, it is known that land has been sold as high as 50,000 francs per hectare, equal to £800 per acre, and although this may be an extreme price, it is no uncommon occurrence for sales to be effected at the present time at sums varying between £200 and £500 per acre.

After a prolonged stroll over a portion of the vineyards of M. Forestier, we are conducted to his chateau and cellars to follow the process of champagne manufacture, and to partake of an hospitality of which we shall ever entertain the kindest reminiscences. Here we discover a primitive aspect of arrangement,—in the large open yard, and under cover, stands the great wine-press, a piece of rude-looking mechanism, consisting of a cradle-like centre, the ends of which are furnished with wooden screws. Into this in due season the grapes, carefully gathered in the cool of the morning, are duly deposited, and the top being secured, the ends are compressed by the screws, two, three, and on some occasions four times, and the successive yieldings are secured in casks in which, we are told, they remain in ferment for nearly two weeks. At the end of this period they are completely filled and tightly stopped. The fermentation in the casks ceases, we learn, in about three months after the vintage, when the wine is racked from its lees and clarified, a dry cold day being usually chosen for this operation. In a month from that time a second racking is performed, and the wine is again fined with isinglass, but if before bottling it have not become sufficiently transparent, the process is repeated a third time.

Descending, with cautious step, into the long dark cellars which quite undermine all M. Forestier's private gardens—we pass at once from the oppressive heat of middle-summer into the frigid cold of northern winter, but armed for the change with top-coats and other appliances, we apprehend no injurious results, and are prepared for all contingencies. On right and left, behind and in front, and away up in the long perspective which the distant

reflectors reveal, are stacked and binned, pile upon pile of the peculiarly shaped bottles in which champagne is matured. Who would have conceived that a demand existed and continued which necessitated such a supply! We dare not venture to state how many hundred thousand dozens are here stored up for the insatiate appetite of Europe, although it is upon record that in the year 1833, no less than 2,689,000 bottles of sparkling wines were despatched all over the world from this very district. But the whole of this vast accumulation of champagne is by no means in a state of preparation for immediate use—immense sections of the cellar are occupied by bottled wines in various stages of preparation, for a long period of probation has to be undergone in the interval between the wine-press and the tin-foiling, and much nicety of arrangement and delicacy of treatment are involved in the processes of maturing. Not the least important of these is the regulation of temperature, for which in the cellars of M. Forestier due provision is made by communications with the external air, which can be opened or closed as desired. When champagne is first bottled, in April or May, the peculiar colour which it is destined to present is imparted to it, by a slight admixture of red or other wine with sugar-candy; it is then securely wired and deposited in such divisions of the cellar as are most favourable for uniformity of temperature, where it remains throughout the whole of the summer, placed on its sides in rows, one above the other, to the height of six feet. During this period the contingencies of breakage from the bursting of the bottles is very serious—in the course of our short visit several explosions occurred, and we are informed that the per centage of loss from this cause alone is seldom less than 15 and often exceeds 40 per cent. One explanation of the costliness of champagne is thus supplied,—attributable, of course, to the undue formation of carbonic acid gas. Great danger also is incurred by the workmen at this stage, who are frequently disguised in wire masks as a protection from the broken glass, which is often projected with considerable force.

At the latter end of October all the stacks are carefully taken down; but during this long period of repose, there has formed at the bottom a dark sediment, which it is necessary to remove, not less for the preservation of the wine than for the security of its brilliancy and effervescent qualities. To accomplish this is a work of some labour and no little dexterity; the bottles are first removed to slanting racks placed along the centre of the cellars, and deposited on a considerable angle, neck downwards. In this position they lie for a month or six weeks, in order that the filmy sediment may gradually gravitate towards the cork. But, to assist its journey, each single bottle is now daily made the subject of examination and treatment by a staff of workmen, who, gently raising it, impart to it a peculiar shake or twist, by which the objectionable accumulation is awakened from its dormancy, and urged onwards towards the neck. The adroitness with which a skilful cellarman can thus do duty to nearly fifteen thousand bottles in a day, is one of those mysteries of manipulation connected with champagne production, which can be appreciated only by those who have witnessed it. In due time, however, the sediment reaches the cork, when the process of "disgorging" ensues. This is effected somewhat systematically. A row of workmen is stationed in a part of the cellar commanding good light. To the first in order is handed the matured champagne; detaching the wire, the cork and sediment together quickly fly out, but the difficulty on his part is to get rid of the sediment without wasting the wine; and instantly he supplies the loss with a dose of bright wine, replaces the cork, and passes the bottle to his neighbour, who as dexterously places it in an iron vice which compresses the cork to the dimensions of the neck, into which it is driven with a force which no one could conceive a bottle out of

this machine would submit to with impunity. A third hand secures the cork with string, causing the well-known indentation of its coronal surface. A fourth confirms its imprisonment by ligatures of wire; and a fifth removes it to the packing department, where the labelling, tin-foiling, and embedding in baskets amid straw, finally fit it for exportation to the cellars of the dealer.

"And now," said Johnson in the afternoon, "after so much theoretical knowledge of the treatment of champagne, shall we have the pleasure of making a personal acquaintance with its qualities?" which led to an adjournment to the chateau, where our friend enjoyed the opportunity of testing more than one vintage, seasoned with an hospitality which left nothing to be desired.

Next morning, at an early hour, for Nancy—through Chalons-sur-Marne and Vitry, over the Meuse and across the Moselle, through a country presenting but few features of interest, thinly populated and indifferently cultivated, until we reach the fertile plain at the foot of the wooded and vine-covered hills which overlook the ancient capital of Lorraine. Here we sojourn for the day, in "one of the handsomest, though one of the dullest of the great towns of France." Nancy, however, is not without its records of historical interest; in the struggles which René II., Duke of Lorraine, had to engage with Charles le Pomeraire, Duke of Burgogne, for the possession of his duchy, the city was more than once taken and retaken, and it was under its walls, in 1477, that Charles experienced his last defeat, in which he fell. In the reign of Louis XIII. the town was taken by that prince from the then reigning Duke of Lorraine, and subsequently, on its restoration, the whole of the fortifications were demolished. In modern times, also, to Stanislaus, ex-king of Poland, Nancy is indebted for much of its architectural elegance, as well as for its Academy and churches. He was the last of the Dukes of Lorraine, the duchy at his death having been incorporated with France, and to this day his memory is held in grateful remembrance by the citizens. He governed the country with wisdom and beneficence, encouraged agriculture and trade, and managed his finances with economy.

A ramble through the town brings us to the Place Royal, an elegant square, in the angles of which are four allegorical fountains, and in the centre a statue to Stanislaus. Here are united the Hotel de Ville, the Préfecture, the Théâtre, and the Custom-house, all of which make up an imposing quadrangle. The streets diverging are wide and straight, and lead to the six gates for which Nancy is celebrated, for in character of architecture, altitude, and effect, they have not inaptly been described as triumphal arches in stone. Of these the Porte St. Catherine is of the greatest pretensions, and recalls the Piccadilly entrance into Hyde Park. The chief trade of Nancy is woollens, flannels, and hosiery, but even these are carried on upon a small scale, and the town externally indicates few signs of manufacturing industry.

Our associations of Nancy, however, are rendered impressive by the opportunity afforded us for a first visit to the interior of a continental monastery. Within a few miles of the town there stands one of those ancient religious houses of the Cistercian order which rose early in the twelfth century, which had suffered during the successive revolutions that swept the country, and which, since 1798, had been restored through the pious zeal of some wealthy Duke, for the welfare of whose soul the devout and believing are solicited to offer their prayers. Crossing the river by a ferry we reach the front of the edifice, and find it to consist of a lofty chapel, flanked by buildings of considerable area and extent, which, standing on an elevated terrace, are securely walled round, and concealed from the gaze of the outer

world. Our summons at the gates is answered by an aged monk, with shaven crown, flowing robe, and pendant beads, who in the briefest monosyllables accord us admittance, and at once conducts us to the chapel. No words of explanation escape his lips—solemnity sits on his thoughtful features—and he retires as he ushers us into the outer division of the nave. It is the hour of vespers; the brethren are assembled, and so seated within, as to be hid from view; we alone are the congregation of listeners. A dull and dim religious light pervades the interior, which, in its appointments, is severe even to austerity—no decorated altar arrests the eye—no organ notes engage the ear—a melancholy, as of the grave, has possession of the place, when there rises, in unearthly tones, and in an undistinguishable tongue, the chauntings of many voices within the darkened aisles, like the wailings of despairing grief, which, in their sepulchral intensity, sadden the heart and depress the spirits, urging us to seek relief by a precipitate withdrawal. Our taciturn janitor is in attendance and leads the way to the refectory, where fruit and wine, disposed on raised tables in the centre of a small apartment, with vaulted roof, await the conclusion of the brethren's devotional exercises. Every thing within is severe and simple, but orderly and decorous. Our request to be admitted within one of the dormitories of these self-denying devotees is somewhat hesitatingly accorded, and we pass along a corridor into a little room, furnished with a table, books, a solitary chair, and a narrow bed. The window affords a glimpse into a tiny garden, where the grape is cultivated and flowers tended by its lonely owner. Communicating with the sitting-room is an ante-chamber, where a lathe, a joiner's bench and tools attest the pastimes with which the solitary occupant diversifies the monotonous round of daily life, and indicate either the bent of his inclination or the occupation of his earlier years. These apartments differ, of course, in their appointments throughout the establishment, according to the taste and habits of the brethren. The cloisters are reached from every dormitory, and are spacious and cheerful. Here relief is sought from the gloom and tediousness of study, but all oral interchange is interdicted, and the language of sympathy is forbidden.

The last object of examination is the little church yard where repose, undistinguished by tomb-stone or mural memorial, the predecessors of the Cistercians of to-day. There is room, and to spare, for those who shall follow, but the high and sullen walls which define the last resting-place of the brethren forbid the intrusion of the wandering pilgrim and arrest the steps of the thoughtful wayfarer. Perpetual shadow rests on the enclosure, and the long, rank grass which disfigures its aspect speaks of indifference or neglect.

We retrace our steps, under the guidance of our grave and solemn attendant, from whom, in vain, we endeavour to eliminate some glimpses of the personal history and daily duties of those with whom he is associated, but the walls are not less communicative.

A gratuity to the funds of the order balances the obligation of our visit, and we pass again into the outer world, with a painful and saddening estimate of that creed which necessitates or encourages withdrawal from the arena of active duty, and the sufferance of self-imposed mortification.

To-morrow to Strasburg.

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## The Forsaken.

"If thou fall'st from thy high estate angels shall weep over thee."

I knew her in her guileless youth,  
Ere sorrow touched her brow ;  
And from her face beamed joy and truth,—  
Gaze on her features now !

She hangs her head in sullen care,  
Her listless eye is sad,  
The world, awhile so bright and fair,  
In darkness now is clad.

And if she seek repose in sleep,  
Or if in prayer would rest,  
Strange visions in her dreams will creep,  
And anguish rend her breast.

And morn, and noon, and closing day,  
Or 'mid life's joyous stir,  
She cannot in her fancy stray—  
There is no change for her.

But lonely in her grief she pines,—  
Or if a smile should cheer,  
And, as a sunbeam, faintly shines,  
It but precedes a tear.

And she will sit and weep alone ;  
Her bright young joys are fled ;  
The hopes that once in beauty shone  
Are numbered with the dead.

And sad to see so young a form,  
A mind once pure and fair,  
A heart in blushing love so warm,  
To breathe but dark despair.

And the fond hopes which youth had given  
The promise of her years,  
By falsehood's tongue is rudely riven,  
And she remains in tears.

W. H.

## Mary Hartley, or the Odd-Fellow's Wife;

A TALE OF A WORKING MAN'S FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

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BY CHARLES HARDWICK.  
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IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

About a week after the destruction of the cotton mill, Mr. Charles Allen was seated by the bed of Harry Hartley. For the first twenty-four hours after the accident, the kind-hearted surgeon had never left his humble friend, hourly expecting he would sink beneath his terrible sufferings.

The poor fellow was sadly mutilated. He had experienced a compound fracture of the left thigh, and his right leg was frightfully shattered. The weakness of the patient from loss of blood prevented the possibility of a successful amputation. His torture was continual and most intense; but he bore it bravely; no murmur escaped from his parched lips.

After pondering intently for some time, Mr. Allen gently relaxed his grasp from the poor man's wrist. His countenance brightened perceptibly, as he cautiously closed the chamber door, and descended to the little parlour below.

"You must avoid making the slightest noise for two hours at least," said Mr. Allen in a whisper; "I begin to hope that, with great care, your husband's temperate habits and good constitution may yet triumph over the injuries he has received. The inflammatory symptoms are considerably abated; and he appears to sleep soundly."

Mary Hartley was left alone. Tears of joy, and gratitude, and hope, coursed down her cheeks in a warm and plenteous stream; for the sorrowing woman possessed a large and loving heart. She could think of nothing now but her poor husband's kindnesses and virtues. She began to reproach herself for the distrust and suspicion which she supposed had prevented him from following the dictates of his better judgment with respect to the Friendly Society. She had never seriously thought about the matter; her fears alone had dictated her conduct,—and truly, she had good reason to fear. But a week ago, she felt almost certain that her husband *was* an Oddfellow; and her dislike to the order strengthened the suspicion. Now, when she clearly saw how much she should stand in need of the benefits, and fervently prayed that he might have deceived her, the very intensity of her desire magnified the unwelcome doubt. Neither Harry nor the surgeon had said a word to her on the subject since the accident, and she dared not put the question to either the one or the other. The few pounds in the Savings Bank would soon be exhausted, and then she must once more wrestle with poverty and want! She feared little for herself; but the thought that her crippled husband and five young children must depend almost entirely upon her own labour for the means of existence, pressed heavily on her heart.

Yet there was one bright star shed a pure and holy light over this dark prospect! Her Harry was no drunkard now! Oh! how strong she felt when she thought of this! She could toil and fast, and never flag in body or spirit while Harry's kind word and look cheered her!

Nearly three months after the accident, Harry Hartley sat in an easy chair by the brook side, at the bottom of his little garden. It was a lovely morning, near the end of May. The faintest possible breeze gently shook the leaves and flowers, and breathed returning health upon the bloodless cheek of the invalid. How intensely happy was the expression of that pale thin countenance!

Mr. Allen had been for some time in conversation with his patient.

"How fortunate it is you joined the club, Harry. There is yet hope that you may live without the necessity of accepting the cold charity of the parish. You will, however, have to depend more upon the exercise of your head than upon the labour of your hands for your future livelihood; but a steady man like yourself will not want for friends, I assure you."

"I am very grateful to all who have interested themselves in my behalf," replied the invalid; "and especially to you, doctor. I do not know what sort of employment I should have been fit for if it had not been for your kind teaching during the last two years. Alas! too many working men do not know the value of even a little education! But, doctor, I have long wished to ask you how the members attend to the lodge business since we removed from the public-house to the school-room. You know I feel greatly interested in the success of that experiment."

"I am very sorry to inform you that your high purpose and disinterested labour in that cause have not yet exhibited much fruit. I am afraid we have removed the *lodge* from the public-house but not the *members!!* They merely pay their subscriptions now, and then walk across the street to enjoy their pipes and glasses, without the wholesome restraint imposed by our laws. They neglect the important business of their society rather than forego their accustomed enjoyments! Ignorance, and error, and vice, left alone to their own influences, can but propagate their kind. Inoculation with purer matter is, I think, absolutely necessary in order to effect a healthier future development. Philanthropy in slippers, snugly reposing upon the rich velvet pile of a Turkish hearth rug, may propound unexceptionable moral maxims, and denounce, with amiable and eloquent indignation, the ignorance and vices of the untaught, ill-fed, and ill-clothed, 'lower orders;' but where is the benefit resulting from such a course of action? Does it fill one famishing stomach; does it clothe one naked back; does it contribute a solitary ray of the required light to a single darkened intellect? No; true Philanthropy, like that of Howard, Wright, Vansittart, or Florence Nightingale, scorns not to stoop to the condition of the most depraved, illiterate, or suffering amongst mankind, in the fulfilment of their noble missions. In like manner, the true friend of the more provident working men, *must* condescend to accept their habits, as part and parcel of the condition in which they are at present placed by social necessity; or the seed sown, however excellent in itself, being unadapted to the soil upon which it is cast, will either perish, or produce a blighted and stunted crop, not worth, at harvest time, the necessary pains for its preservation. It is mere idleness to denounce the artisan, as less polished than his 'betters;' and therefore to avoid contact with him, as though his humble garb, or native *patois*, possessed a contaminating influence. It is not enough to invite him to a rich intellectual feast, *when he shall himself have become capable of appreciating and enjoying it*; it is the patriot's and philanthropist's duty and honour, to teach, in the spirit of charity and brotherhood, his humbler fellowmen the value of moral habits, intellectual culture, and civilized deportment. Those true benefactors of mankind who



go forth to explore arctic seas, arid plains, tangled forests, or marshy swamps, do not spend their time and energy in uselessly denouncing the *present condition* of their fields of enterprise; but rather regard frozen limbs, parched throats, scratched skins, or soiled garments, as proofs of their courage and devotion to the cause they professed to serve. So must the true moral and social reformer look upon the present condition and habits of the people as established facts, and endeavour to make them subservient to his high purpose, and not fall back upon them as excuses for his own lack of zeal or industry. I am satisfied that practical philanthropists must continue for a long time to go *where they can find the masses*, if anything worth the name of success is to result from their benevolent exertions. When 'the people,' as a body, shall have remedied these great errors of habit, they will not require much assistance from others in their further moral and intellectual advancement."

Harry Hartley was grieved to hear this. He had had great faith and hope in both the wisdom and the practicability of his proposition, for it was mainly through his efforts that the experiment had been tried. He contented himself with merely observing, "Well, well, doctor, I suppose, as you sometimes say, we must work and wait."

Mary Hartley here appeared in the little garden. Her whole form and manner indicated the most profound grief.

"Oh, Harry, Harry! my heart will break!" she exclaimed wildly.

"Why, my dear Mary, what's the matter? I feel myself quite well and happy now. I have some good news to tell you, too. Whatever can distress you so?"

"Poor Grace Morley! She died this morning; and they have just taken her three poor helpless children past the lane end, in the overseer's cart, to the workhouse."

"Why, doctor, how's this?" exclaimed Harry; "I thought Tom Morley was a member of the lodge!"

"True," replied Mr. Allen; "he ~~was~~ a member, but his wife had so strong an objection to it, that he ceased to pay some time before his death!"

Mary Hartley stood a very statue! the personification of misery and despair.

Harry instantly read the whole of her thoughts. "Come here, Mary," he said, in his kindest tone; "I wish your forgiveness for one piece of deception which I have practised upon you, and then I shall be perfectly happy. I joined the Oddfellows' club about two years ago, and you would have received ten shillings per week during the time I have been sick, only I requested the doctor to take care of the money till I was well enough to tell you the truth myself. I know we had about fifteen pounds in the Savings Bank, and that you have not yet been in want of money. Let me see, doctor, I have been ill twelve weeks, so you will have six pounds to give her."

"No, no, Harry, I won't touch it! I dare not take it! I feel I have no right to it!" hurriedly exclaimed the agitated woman.

"What, Mary! won't you forgive me!"

"Oh! Harry, Harry! how can you ask such a question? It is I who ought to beg your forgiveness!"

The warm tears flowed rapidly down the invalid's pale but happy cheek, as a flood of joy and hope swelled up from his secretly-rejoicing heart.

"Oh, doctor, just explain to her that the money is really and truly her own," muttered Harry, almost suffocated by the active demonstration of his wife's affection.

"Mrs. Hartley," said the surgeon, "you are as much entitled to this money as you were to any that you ever possessed. It is not given to you by the society as charity, but in payment of a just debt, honourably con-

tracted. The widow of a peer of the realm, or of a wealthy tradesman, possesses not a better title to the amount assured on the death of her husband, than you do to the 'sick-pay,' promised, under specified conditions, by the Oddfellows' Lodge."

The wife, after a moment's pause, slowly extended her hand. She spoke not; but her very silence was far more eloquent than words.

Mr. Allen walked away, leaving the poor man and his wife to the uninterrupted enjoyment of their new-found happiness.

Harry Hartley's health continued to improve gradually, though slowly, during the warm months of summer and autumn. He was, however, incompetent to the performance of any severe or continued bodily labour. He consequently remained a charge upon the funds of the lodge.

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On the Christmas-day following, Harry and Mary Hartley dined with Mr. Charles Allen.

"Well, Mr. Hartley, you have not yet told me what you think of doing in the way of business," said the surgeon.

"I have lately learned the value of capital, doctor," responded Hartley, with a laugh. "Heavy labour, in my crippled state, is now out of the question. Yet I am satisfied that if I could get into some little way of business, I have plenty of friends in Lingfield who would support me."

"Very well," replied Mr. Allen; "I will see what can be done. How much do you think would enable you to commence in such a way as would insure the maintenance of your family?"

"Oh, twenty or thirty pounds would be quite enough!" modestly responded Harry. "But where can I hope to get such a sum? Indeed, I can't see that I ought to expect anyone to advance it; though if there was some kind wealthy man, who could have faith in me, oh! what a struggle I would make to prove he had not judged me wrongly."

"I know such a man, Harry!" smilingly replied Mr. Allen; so you may set about the affair as soon as you please. The district committee granted you, at the last meeting, a benevolent gift of £5 from the incidental fund. A friend, from what he has observed of your steady conduct and provident habits, is quite agreeable, without any security, to make the £5 into a sum sufficient to enable you to commence in some little way of business. This he will do through my hands. You will not, therefore, even know the name of the man who assists you. It is his fancy, and you must humour it."

A few weeks after the above conversation, Harry Hartley removed his family to a little shop situated near the "Bridge Foot," at the entrance to Lingfield. His stock consisted of a miscellaneous assortment of goods, suitable to the wants of a village population. Through Mr. Allen's influence, Harry was appointed agent to a large coal company. His steady and studious habits during the last two or three years, had fully qualified him for the situation; and the worthy surgeon continually visited him for the purpose of instructing him in the best method of keeping his accounts.

By dint of the most untiring application, and an economy so severe that he denied to himself almost every personal gratification that involved expense, conjoined to an honourable determination to be self-dependent, if possible, the poor man contrived in twelve months to repay the whole of his borrowed capital. He never knew, with certainty, to whom he was indebted for the loan, though his suspicions constantly veered towards the true person, Mr. Charles Allen.

He did not rest here, he was determined to refund the £5 granted to him as a benevolent gift by his club. This was by no means expected from him; but he was inexorable in his resolve.

At length this great object of his honourable ambition was effected also. He returned home one evening from the society's meeting, his honest heart filled with pride and joy at the thought that, by his own exertions, he had, after a hard struggle, placed himself in a truly independent position!

The afternoon had been very stormy. Sudden and heavy showers had deluged the upper valleys. Shortly after his arrival at home, loud peals of thunder shook the air, and huge drops of rain fell.

"We shall have a heavy storm to-night," said Harry; "I am afraid the rising of the waters in the brooks will produce a serious flood before morning. I think I will wait an hour, at least, to see whether it abates or not. You had better go to bed, Mary."

The wife obeyed; and Harry sat smoking his pipe to while away the hour. He forgot the storm, for the noise of the thunder and rain gradually diminished. He was mentally revelling with his own thoughts. He passed in review the principal features of his humble but eventful career. His poverty, his moral debasement, his virtuous resolve, his hopes and fears, his struggles, difficulties, and final triumph; all, in turn, glowed with singular and even ominous brightness, on the *speculum* of his excited imagination. Truly, virtue is its own surpassing reward! The tinsel splendour of worldly pomp; the silver-tongued flattery of hireling dependents or expecting parasites; the cheers of the mob, or the complimentary recognition of the learned and the great; neither one nor all combined can confer an hour's extacy so intense, yet so healthy and so holy, as that which quickens the pulsation of the honest manly heart triumphant in its effort for self-dependence! Harry Hartley's inmost soul drank deeply from the nectar bowl presented by approving Conscience. The immortal spirit engendered additional self respect, and hope and confidence in the power of the true man over his worldly destiny. Yes; he had gained that which no gold can purchase; which no friendship can bestow! His heart beat high with rapture as he proudly exclaimed, "For the first time in my life I am an independent man!" How much sweeter is the humble crust we earn ourselves in freedom and in honour than the sugared plumbs which reward servile dependence!

A low rumbling sound gradually arrested his attention. He paused and listened intently. A moment more, and the noise had increased to a wild and fearful roar! Harry Hartley rushed towards the door for the purpose of investigating the cause, but he reached it not. A blow like a thunder-clap struck the frail barrier, and the room was instantly filled with water.

In the language of the country people, "a cloud had burst!" A large water spout had indeed struck the mountain side, and the liberated element rushed madly from the hills, bounding over every obstacle with irresistible impetuosity!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Now and Then.

BY J. CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

Now, is a constant warning stroke  
 Beat by the ceaseless clock of time ;  
 A voice our wisdom to evoke ;  
 A mandate solemnly sublime.  
 It bids us keep the soul awake,  
 To do the best our means allow,  
 To toil for Truth and Virtue's sake,  
 And make the effort *now*.

*Now* is the watchword of the wise,  
 And ever wins its wondrous way  
 Through hosts of dangers in disguise,  
 That wait to baffle and betray.  
 The specious *Then* doth oft deceive,  
 Brings pain of heart and gloom of brow,  
 But would we some good work achieve,  
 Let's make the effort *now*.

*Now* gilds the banner of the brave,  
 And Prudence bears it on her breast ;  
 That talisman has power to save  
 From vain remorse and sad unrest.  
*Then* leads us by an easy rein,-  
 But breaks our well-intended vow.  
 But would we win some sterling gain,  
 Let's make the effort *now*.

*Then* may not come, but *Now* is here,  
 All ready at our own right hand,  
 Perchance with aspect half severe,  
 Yet prompt to help, if we command.  
 Strive with it, and its blessings fall  
 Like sweet fruit from a laden bough ;  
 But these will turn to husks of gall,  
 If we neglect the *Now*.

In youth, if just ambition fires,  
 And seems to lift the soul on wings,—  
 If the heart glows with pure desires  
 For worthy and exalted things,  
 Wait not ; but rouse your latent power,  
 Nor shrink your wishes to a vow,  
 The only safe, propitious hour  
 Is the fresh, foremost *Now*.

In manhood, with our passions strong,  
 Of hard to conquer or to guide,  
 If some insidious power of wrong  
 Has drawn our faltering feet aside,  
 Sorrows will come; regrets and fears  
 Will make the humbled spirit bow;  
 But to atone for wasted years,  
 Let's seek the right, and *now*.

Procrastination—foe to bliss—  
 Curse far more baneful than it seems,  
 What treasures we have lost by this,  
 In vain and unsubstantial dreams.  
 From this dear moment, let us start  
 With brave endeavour, righteous vow,—  
 Up drooping soul, up languid heart,  
 And seize the golden *Now*.

## An Essay

ON THE DIFFUSION OF SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE, AS TENDING TO THE PHYSICAL,  
 INTELLECTUAL, AND SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT OF THE PEOPLE.

BY THOMAS STEPHENS,

*Author of the "History of the Literature of the Kymri," &c., &c.*

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas."—*Virgil*.

We have now arrived at that portion of our essay which is to be allotted to the second division of the subject.

Second,—Special Advantages. In this division we propose to speak of particular sciences, and of their special applications to the interest of individuals, and the progress of society.

The bulk of the observations which will here follow will bear a more utilitarian character than those which have been found in the preceding part; and on that account will perhaps be more acceptable to a large class of minds than the other; but, at the outset, I must enter my decided protest against so selfish a method of estimating scientific truths. Two many of us are spoiled children, who are too prone to believe all things created for the gratification of our personal appetites; and by this concentration of attention upon the objects immediately affecting our own interests, we contract habits of thought and action utterly at variance with enlarged conceptions and generous views. To such minds many of the facts with which science is conversant must appear very contemptible; but they seldom suspect that it is the narrowness of their own minds that prevents the perception of the true significance of such phenomena. Tea-kettles might have gone on boiling for ever before they would see the application of steam to machinery; their children might blow soap bubbles to all eternity without their perceiving the optical explanation of the rainbow; and all the ap-

ples in Europe might fall for myriads of years without their dreaming of the law of gravity. Let not my readers, therefore, suffer themselves to fall into this way of thinking; let them not concentrate their thoughts upon their immediate interests, to the exclusion of more enlightened considerations; let them bow more reverently to the decrees of God, as revealed in the laws of nature; and, as their minds enlarge, and their information extends, they will find that the Creator of the universe has made naught in vain, and that "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the philosophy" of the ignorant and narrow minded. Science, though it ministered not to a single one of our grosser wants, would still have attractions enough for all cultivated minds, both in its discoveries themselves and in the history of the manner in which those discoveries were effected. Who can read "*Picciola, or The Prison Flower*" in Chambers' *Miscellany*, or "*The Science of the Sunbeam*" in the *Papers for the People*, without experiencing the most delightful impressions; or follow Newton's great calculation on the sphericity of the globe, and trace the explanation of the morning dew, without feeling the one to be sublime as a poem and the other charming as a fairy tale? But, in reality, of no scientific truth can the assertion be made that it is of no practical service. The history of science very clearly shows, that speculations apparently at first sight the most unprofitable, have almost invariably been those from which the greatest practical applications have emanated. Kepler's discoveries, insignificant as they probably appeared to his contemporaries, led to a knowledge of the elliptical motions of the planets, and to the LAW of gravitation, with all its splendid theoretical consequences, and its inestimable results in practice; Boyle's researches on the elasticity of air, led to the invention of the steam engine; and the dreams of the alchemists have led to some of our most valuable chemical results. The speculations of the natural philosopher, being grounded in the realities of nature, have all of necessity a practical application; but so deep rooted is this short-sighted passion for inquiring of everything—what good is it? as almost to appear instinctive; and nought but a scientific culture will suffice to cure the mind of this tendency to rush at once upon its object, to undervalue the means in overestimation of the end, and while gazing too intently at the good which alone it has been accustomed to desire, to lose sight of the richness and variety of the prospects that offer themselves on either hand of the road.* Proceed we now to our more immediate subject.

We must here content ourselves with but a very superficial view of the many sciences which minister to the wants, or gratify the taste, of men. The wonderful revelations of astronomy, and their adaptation to elevate the conceptions, and purify the minds of men, until step by step the grandeur of "the poetry of heaven," and the celestial scenery, lead the mind from earth to heaven, from man to his Maker—all these, which justified the assertion, that "an undevout astronomer is mad," must be passed by unnoticed, in order to show the utility of the science to the shepherd on the plain, the Indian on his journey, and the intrepid sailor far far away on the treacherous deep, with no guide save the moon and the twinkling stars. The astounding facts which form the basis of geology, and reveal to us the history of that "ancient world," whose records are written on stone tablets with the leaves of plants, the foot prints of birds, the fins of fishes, and the monstrous bones of the great *Megatherium*: all these wonders, tempting as is the subject, must be passed by, to show the practical bearings of the science upon the wants of man. Geology is of immense service to the miner, in determining where a certain required

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*Herschel.

strata will be found, and where it will not be. Many have been the abortive attempts to sink for coal, where, had geology been consulted, it could be shown, either that none existed at all, or at such a depth as would render the project absurd. Sir John Herschel cites an instance of this kind at Bexhill, in Sussex, where eighty thousand pounds were spent in a hopeless adventure; and the history of mining is full of very similar instances. To the proprietors of mines and ironworks, to the practical miner, and to all who are dependent upon those classes of persons, a knowledge of the principles of geology is of the utmost utility. Optics, too, claim a passing word; and more particularly in the application of science to remedy the defects of the eye by the use of scientifically constructed spectacles. Many persons wear glasses from affectation, and thus hasten the period when they will be really wanted, while pride leads others to overstrain their eyes, in order to postpone the period when spectacles cannot be dispensed with; but setting aside these exceptional cases, it appears clear that about the age of forty-five most persons require some assistance from optical science. The inventor of spectacles is unknown; but to the thousands whose sight is defective, he may be said to have lent an eye. He has added to the pleasures and independence of age, and has lengthened life in protracting its usefulness. Venerable genius, unable to read or write, must often without him have been a clouded sun, incapable of imparting its fire to the world. He has continued to wisdom the treasures of knowledge, he has preserved to the public the riches of wisdom, and for all degrees of men he has, times out of number, kept the curtain from falling till the play was at an end.*

Electricity also demands some attention. The electrical experiments of Franklin and the French savans, in the early part of the 19th century, excited nearly as much sensation as the American war; and all men were eager to study the laws and repeat the experiments. Since that time electric discovery has made very rapid progress, and this apparently unruly element has been rendered docile as a child, while guided and directed by the hand of science. Houses have been preserved from the effects of its destructive force; throughout France the conductor is recognised as a most valuable and useful instrument; in those parts of Germany where thunder storms are still more common and tremendous, they are become nearly universal; and in Munich, the capital of Bavaria, there is scarcely a modern house without an electric conductor of very superior construction; but the protection of science is not confined to the vines and houses of France and Germany; for an English vessel, two years since, off the coast of Oregon, was bathed for several seconds in a sheet of lightning, and yet, thanks to Harris's conductor, escaped without a scar! And then there is the world's wondrous electric telegraph, along which messages may be sent at the astounding rate of 576,000 miles in a second; already it is used for every variety of purpose requiring speedy communication; the electrified wires were "the cords which hung John Tawell;" and this mighty agent, to which the enchanted horse of the Arab magician, and the magic carpet of the German sorcerer, were but poor contrivances, promises soon to unite the nations of the earth in the bonds of one common brotherhood. Did space permit, we might also dilate on the medical and curative effects of galvanism, but other subjects of greater import still remain.

Chemistry, and its application to the useful arts, is a subject of vast extent; it converts the most apparently useless materials into important objects in the arts; and it is every day opening up to the world new sources

of wealth and convenience, of which former ages had no idea, and which may be accounted to be pure gifts from science to the human race. Every department of art has felt the influence of chemical science, and new instances are perpetually appearing of the unlimited resources which chemistry develops in the most sterile parts of nature. "What economy," says Herschel, "in all processes where chemical agents are employed, is introduced by the exact knowledge of the proportions in which natural elements unite, and their mutual power of displacing each other; and what perfection in all the arts in which fire is employed." There is scarcely any branch of industry into which it does not enter; and from the dyer and calico printer to the maker of iron, and the grower of corn, all invoke its aid, and find it an indispensable ally. How momentous have been the researches of Liebig, and how vast is the promise of good held out to us, by the application to farming of the discoveries in organic chemistry. Agriculture now promises to become a science; the reign of ignorant and haphazard farming is rapidly passing away; the scientific principles of cultivation are being learned, understood, and applied; and the glorious period when the names of Liebig, Johnstone, and Solley will become household words with the tillers of the soil, and when the rich reward of scientific farming will be felt and appreciated, is certainly not far distant. Heaven speed the day.

The utility of a knowledge of mechanics must be already sufficiently obvious: let us therefore glance for a moment at the science of life—Physiology. It is found that the health of human beings is dependant upon certain understood conditions; it is found to consist in the observance of well defined general laws; and as whoever breaks these has to pay the penalty of his ignorance or disobedience, whichever it might be, it becomes not only our duty but also our interest to ascertain what these physiological laws are, and to keep them when known. As far as they affect grown up people, these laws, thanks to the popular works of Dr. Andrew Combe, and of Dr. William Carpenter, are now pretty well known to the reading public, though altogether unknown to the mass of mankind, and too much neglected by all: yet with reference to children, and also to the general provisions for the preservation of health, which are required at the hand of the community in its collective capacity, there is still a very large amount of apathy and ignorance. It is lamentable to reflect that while every effort is being made, and every nerve is strained for the increase of our grosser and more material comforts, for the advancement of art and science, and for the augmentation of agricultural produce, so very little is thought of the physical condition of man. The laws affecting animal life and development are studied for the improvement of the lower animals; yet, while in manufacturing districts the human race is perceptibly degenerating from artificial causes, the organization of man is left unstudied, and so interesting a problem as the ascertainment of man's relation to external objects, is seldom the subject of inquiry. And this indifference exists in the face of the fact long since established, that not more than one-half of the population born in towns survive two years of age, and that a great proportion of the other half are involved in such diseases as cut them off, either before or soon after reaching manhood, while comparatively few ever arrive at the period of old age. Now, the evils here deplored might for the most part be avoided, if a knowledge of science was generally diffused, and a taste for philosophical pursuits generated in the public mind; and as a proof that much might be done for the removal of these evils, by the improvement of the social and intellectual condition of the people, I need only advert to a statement in a profound work, on the average duration of human life, by Dr. Caspar, of Berlin, wherein he shows



that, in consequence of the progress of intelligence, and the diffusion of useful knowledge, the duration of human life has increased considerably of late years in most European cities. In London this increase is great; and it would seem that, within the last century, probable life has increased twenty years. At Geneva again, in the sixteenth century, one-half of the infants born there died, we are told, before their fifth year; whereas, in the present day, this half is said to reach nearly forty-three years; and the same remark might be made as to the extension of longevity at Berlin. These facts, therefore, show that, in proportion as science is cultivated, men will be enabled to prevent, by the employment of proper agencies, many of the physical evils which now afflict mankind.* Whatever relates to the preservation of health, and to the prolongation of life, is worthy of our most serious consideration, and fortunately for the comfort of the people, the benefit of the advances made in medical science, is brought to bear upon one class of society as well as upon another. It is better to go into a hospital where only one in 250 patients dies, than, as formerly, where one in 30 fell a sacrifice. Jenner has earned the gratitude of the world, by the introduction of the practice of vaccination, and the stop put thereby to the ravages of the small pox. Plagues and pestilences, too, the results of unwholesome dwellings, have been brought under the control of science; and of late years there has been a marked advance in the means and appliances of prolonging life, and of rendering it agreeable. Some little attention is now being paid to the sanitary condition of towns, although in an imperfect manner and in isolated places; it is a hopeful symptom that matters of the kind are strengthening their hold upon the public mind, and paving the way for effectual superintendence; but it is to be regretted that the greatest obstacle in the way of such improvements is the ignorance of the masses, who seem indifferent to, if not distrustful of, one of the wisest pieces of modern legislation—The Health of Towns' Bill, which by the improvement and ventilation of cottages, and the drainage of towns, will do the community a very considerable amount of service. Had scientific knowledge been more widely disseminated, and the laws of life been better understood, there would have been but few objections urged against so salutary a measure; and even if there had been such obstacles thrown in the way by interested parties, there would have been a basis of public intelligence to rely upon, and carry the reformer through all opposition; but it is consolatory to reflect, that as knowledge becomes diffused, the public will learn its true interests and take proper steps to promote them.

The remainder of this essay I propose to devote to the consideration of that creation of modern times—Social Science,—which in this country has been better known by one of its branches—the Science of Political Economy. This is the great topic which must occupy the last half of this century; our immense social evils cry aloud for a remedy; and it is found that the removal of the grievance requires a profounder study of the relation of man to man than has yet been given to the constitution of society. "The Condition of England Question" occupies most thinking minds; the logic of Mr. J. S. Mill, the Bacon of the day, the poetry of Mrs. Norton, the eloquence of the newspaper press, and the prophetic utterances of Thomas Carlyle, are bearing upon this all-absorbing topic; and it is to be hoped that some amount of success may attend their labours. More attention is now given to the subject than it has ever received before; selfish indifference is giving place to generous and enlightened concern; and men of the most different social positions are uniting heart

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*Medico-Chirurgical Review.

and hand in so holy and so great a cause. The auspices are now more favourable than they have hitherto been; and while prudence sanctions the labour, and the heart yearns for its success, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that this grand coalition of so much that is great in mental capacity, and noble in earnest benevolence, can end in utter disappointment. Indeed, as an eloquent writer in the last *Edinburgh Review* has well observed, the time for this great work appears to be at hand. "Now, when almost every desideratum in physical science which the mind can conceive is either supplied, or in the way of being so—when turf is being made into candles, and water into gas—when the Isthmus of Panama is about to be cut through, and Paris and London are united by continuous wires—when we travel with the speed of wings, and communicate with the speed of light—it does seem as if the time were come for genius to find a new field for its development and display; and there are many hopeful indications that the same glorious faculty which has reaped harvests of enduring laurels in most other departments, is about to take up the case of man himself. The time is come for the leading spirits to devote themselves, heart and soul, to the solution of those perilous enigmas of life which have so long formed our perplexity and our despair, and to the care of those social anomalies which darken the fair face of the modern world and make us feel, sadly and humbly, how imperfect and partial is the civilisation we exult in. It cannot be that the same intellect which has wrung from nature her most hidden secrets, which has triumphed over the most gigantic material obstruction, which has 'exhausted worlds and then imagined new,' which has discovered and described laws operating in regions of space, separated from us by a distance so vast that human imagination cannot picture it, and arithmetical language can hardly express it, should not, when fairly applied to social and administrative science, be competent to rectify our errors and to smooth our path; unless indeed, society take refuge in the dreary creed, which never shall be ours, that the problem before us is insoluble, and the wretchedness around us inherent and incurable." That human misery admits of mitigation, if not of complete removal, will be readily believed by every lover of his species, while the negation thereof will gain acceptance only with the selfish and cynical; and it is consolatory to reflect, that those who have dived deepest into the nature and capacities of man, are those who bid us trust in the future, and believe that all will yet be well. Mr. Mill, in his great work on Political Economy, tells us that there is no foundation in truth for a despairing view of the futurity of human fortunes; and we are informed by no less a man than the late Dr. Chalmers, that "the world is so constituted that if we were morally right we should be physically happy." A better knowledge of our social constitution, and a clearer perception of the causes of our social evils, are therefore full of promise to all who desire the removal of the many "ills that flesh is heir to" in connection with civilisation. Knowledge of all kinds expands the mind and increases the enjoyment of the intellectual being; and no less certainly than a knowledge of the nature and properties of material substances conduces to the advantage of man, must an acquaintance with the nature and aim of social science be productive of comfort, and improved condition. It is highly desirable that men should clearly understand the manner in which wealth may be abundantly produced; but as economic science has also to face the still greater problem of distribution, it is of yet greater importance that a clear conception may generally prevail, of the manner in which wealth may be distributed, as fully to supply the legitimate wants of the mass of mankind; and to know how the human character may be improved, and exalted to a position of greatness fitting an

advanced stage of social and intellectual culture, must be a species of information both useful and acceptable. Social science has these things for its object; it embraces a free and impartial investigation into the formation of character, the constitution of society, and the production as well as the distribution of wealth; it prescribes the mode in which the knowledge, derived from investigations into these subjects, may be rendered practically operative for the comfort and happiness of the human race; and as the formation of just views on these points must accelerate the social improvement of the people, it follows that a knowledge of social science must tend to the advantage of man, and to the progress of civilisation.

Here let us pause for a moment, to survey the ground over which we have travelled. If we cast our eyes back to that not remote period when the light of science was unknown, we shall find from the contrast between the past and the present, between "the good old times" and that portion of history in which our lot is cast, that they are extremely different; and it will also appear that the difference is greatly in favour of the 19th century. In those days the condition of the noble was scarcely equal to that of the modern cottager; the floors of mansions, halls, castles, and palaces, were strewn with rushes, while carpeting was unknown; windows were such luxuries that they were only fitted up when the lord visited his castle, and were taken down to be carefully packed away when he departed; books were such rarities that men came from one end of Wales to the other, and not unfrequently went from one country to another to borrow one, while they were at the same time required to give a bond for its safe keeping and punctual restoration; and the people, to the furtherance of whose interests this Essay is devoted, had no recognised existence, save as the vassals of a feudal lord, who, as late as the reign of Henry VI., had power to sell them to another, just as a man now sells the stock on his farm. Let the eye but contemplate for a brief space the past as it actually was in its *ensemble* or totality, and the mind will at once abandon "the good old times," as an *ideal* for which there never was any *real* counterpart, while it will bless science as the herald of civilisation, and the fruitful parent of more good than we can either imagine or describe. The difference to be observed between the broad and striking features which now characterise the great mass of the people, as compared with what history shows them to have been a few centuries ago, is to be attributed to this source alone; it is to be referred, not to the exertions of benevolence in high stations, not to the charitable aid given by one class to another, nor yet to the efforts of legislation to raise the condition of those whose fortunes should be the subjects of its care; but it is to be associated distinctly and exclusively with the progress of scientific inquiry; and this fact should lead us to regard science as one of those great means by which the life of man is rendered more glad, more productive of benefit to himself and of good to others, than it has hitherto been in this world of ours.* Science in the service of man has annihilated time and space; it has illumined our cities with gas, chased vice and crime from the darkness in which they love to dwell, and by drainage and ventilation, has added to the longevity of man; it has rendered travelling cheap and expeditious, and has brought America within ten days of Liverpool; it has employed millions where thousands formerly wanted work; it has, in geology, unfolded the records of the past, and in astronomy revealed the wonders of space; it has enabled the working man to cultivate his taste for the beautiful by adorning his cottage walls with engraved copies of

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*Fox's Lectures.

the choicest works of art ; it has increased his domestic comforts, and it has multiplied literary works so rapidly and so cheaply as to make them companions of toil, the solace of rest, and the silent monitors of well spent leisure. " Science is the friend of man : " its honours may be monopolised by a class, may be bestowed conventionally by systems of instruction that embrace not the broad interests of general intelligence ; its benefits may be restricted by artificial exertions, and be rendered a monopoly for the advantage of the few rather than of the many ; ignorance may raise its barriers against the application of science in ways that would eminently serve the toiling and suffering classes ; superstition may interpose with its ghostly terrors, and launching forth its thunderbolts, say, ' Thus far shalt thou go and no further ' ; and legislation, by the mode of rewarding and encouraging mental enterprise, may limit the extent to which any man may serve his country and mankind, by creating difficulties that may prevent the combination of numbers for the full enjoyment of what can be done for them by the dissemination of knowledge. But, under all these disadvantages, in spite of everything, science shows itself the friend of man : the history of its advance is the history of human progress, it sheds a light on the past, and by doing so, in some measure illumines the coming future ; it is in harmony with the being and well-being of all the inhabitants of the earth ; and in proportion as it makes known to us the great principles and influences that pervade the universe, it makes us at one with creation, and the recipients of its good and of its blessings. Science is the friend of man : it raises and dignifies man, and qualifies him more and more for the full possession of his rights, the exercise of his powers, and the accomplishment of whatever is good and great in this world, and of all that its various means and appliances are capable of rendering." Yea, truly, science is the friend of the human race : in the darkness of the past it has been to man a pillar of light, and in the storms and snares of the present it is his guide and protector ; by a beautiful provision of the all-seeing author of nature, the whole universe has such intimate connection and relation in all its parts, that every advance made in theories the most profound, and in speculations the most abstruse, must by an inevitable necessity reverberate with a thrill throughout the whole frame-work of society, and operate for its benefit and advantage ; and thus as discoveries progress, humanity is exalted, and made more worthy of its great Creator, while to every individual of the great family of man, there will redound much present enjoyment and future glad expectancy. Science is indeed the friend of man. May the time soon arrive when discoveries stretching to the remotest regions may be brought home to the minds and bosoms of the toiling multitudes ; and may Heaven speed, through the diffusion of science, the physical, intellectual, and social improvement of the people!

AN IRONICAL COMPLIMENT.—Haye, who, as Master of the King's band in Ireland (the only patent place in the royal musical department), was one of the leaders at the commemoration of Handel, but whose taste and skill were not very conspicuous, was one day boasting of his having been in Italy, and studied under Tartini ; when Battishill, to whom he principally addressed himself, said, " We thank you, Mr. Haye, for informing us of what we should never have learnt from the performance." " What, Sir ! " replied Haye, " have I brought from Italy nothing of the great Tartini ? " " O, yes," rejoined Battishill ; " so much of his music that you have not yet exhausted it in your own compositions."

*Fox's Lectures.

## To a Sparrow on a Cell Window.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A PRISONER.

Stay, little stranger, stay and sing  
 Awhile, and rest thy tiny wing.  
 No harm can reach thee where thou art,  
 Then why so anxious to depart,—  
 Art thou afraid to be like me,  
 A victim to captivity?—  
 Entombed alive within these walls,  
 When loud my soul for freedom calls,  
 But calls in vain. Oh, wretched thought!  
 With grief, with pain, and mystery fraught.  
 I once, like thee, was free and gay,  
 Free as the wind—could sing and play—  
 Happy throughout the livelong day.  
 Bright morn of life! 'twas soon its doom  
 To be eclipsed by evening gloom.  
 May thou ne'er know, sweet little bird,  
 The anguish of hope long deferred,  
 Nor feel the cruel storm of fate,  
 Whose blast can wither or elate;  
 Can crown the beggar, strip the King  
 Of throne, of state, of everything;  
 Can fill thy breast with joy or fear,—  
 Blight every hope thou hold'st most dear,  
 And cast thee from thy free estate,  
 Like me, in bondage long to wait.  
 Could I to thee my grief impart,  
 I'd tell a tale would wring thy heart,  
 And make it weep with tears of blood,  
 Like me, whose overpowering flood  
 A deluge forms. Oh! little friend,  
 Could I by thee a message send  
 To those who mourn for me in vain,  
 'Twould ease my mind of half its pain,  
 And my poor mother's heart would cheer,  
 Give comfort to my sisters dear.  
 But oh, alas! that cannot be,—  
 I see thou art afraid of me,  
 And wish to go. Go then, farewell,  
 And tell my tale in some sweet dell.

W. HARRISON, P.P.G.M.

West Derby District.

## The Peasant Girl of St. Mandé.

(ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.)

### CHAPTER III.

In amusing themselves with the little peasant girl, the Duke d'Enghien and Madame Boutteville had verified the mysterious lady's predictions, by making Claudine completely unhappy, the remembrance of that eventful day in Paris being ever present, to the exclusion of all the amusements of home. Four years went by in this manner: Claudine, when not occupied with domestic affairs, passing her time in a constant reverie in which, by turns, all the persons whom she had seen at Madame Boutteville's and in the Place Royale came in review before her: of the first she only thought with regret, but of the last—when she recalled the price of the bracelet, and Thomas des Riviez—with something like hope. But it was the contrast between Paris life, with a'l she had heard of the high-sounding virtues of which the great people were always speaking, and that of her own village, where the practice of many low vices was only too evident, that chiefly occupied her and led her to the belief that the capital was the place where she must seek for that improvement which the country could not give. She desired then to quit St. Mandé, but no opportunity for doing so appeared to offer, and, in the meantime, as from a pretty child she had grown into a beautiful young woman, her hand was sought in marriage by more than one young man of the village. But she refused every offer, replying quietly but firmly to each that she had other intentions, and whatever they were, all—including her drunken father, who looked upon her as a sort of person of condition—respected them, and forbore to press her on the subject. The greater number thought that Claudine had made up her mind to remain single all her life, and sought for wives elsewhere.

There was no likelihood of her forgetting her court friends, for public report often spoke of them. During the German campaign, scarcely a day passed without bringing intelligence of some victory gained by the Duke d'Enghien, or of some town besieged and taken by him. Little Boutteville had "flesh'd his maiden sword" under his cousin, and every one said with great credit. If Thomas des Riviez were not publicly spoken of, it arose, probably, from the fact that his name was not so illustrious as that of others; "but," said Claudine, "he has fought no doubt as well as they for the love he bears his destined bride." That he had not come back from the wars to claim her yet she ascribed to their uncertainty, for even the exploits of the Grand Condé had their reverses.

But while war prevailed at a distance, all was not tranquillity at home. The disputes between the Court and the Parliament had began, and the French war on the eve of breaking out. The villagers of St. Mandé, overwhelmed with taxes, were, of course, on the popular side; but Claudine—for reasons of her own—inclined to the Queen's party, though she did not like to avow her leaning for fear of being called a *Mazarin*. One morning a great movement of troops was observed on the high road, near St. Mandé, and a detachment of dragoons took possession of the avenue leading from Vincennes. The peasants left their work to inquire the news, and learned that Paris was filled with barricades, and that the Court was flying before

the people. Claudine mingled with the crowd, and approaching one of the dragoons who was posted *en vedette*, pistol in hand, she said:—"Can you tell me, sir, what the Royal Italian Regiment is doing, and where it is stationed now?" "I left it," replied the dragoon, "at the siege of Ypres, about three months ago. At the present moment it is engaged with the Spaniards before the walls of Lens; but it will soon return, for the blockade of Paris is resolved on. Have you any relations in that regiment?" "I have a friend," said Claudine, casting down her eyes. "Oh," returned the dragoon, "I understand—a lover,—what is his name?" "Thomas des Riviez." "Indeed! But why, he is an officer; I know him. So you choose your lovers from amongst gentlemen. He knows what that means; and you wear a peasant's dress. Your gallant does not pay you then for being his mistress?" "We are betrothed," returned Claudine indignantly, "I expect him soon home to marry me." "That is to say, he has promised you marriage. Another girl taken in! They are always at it."

Poor Claudine shrunk away abashed by the soldier's coarse language. "These common men," she said to herself, "fancy all are like themselves. They have no belief in honesty."

It was not very long after the interview that the Prince's army arrived in front of Paris. The blockade had been established two months before she learnt, to her astonishment, that the Royal Italian Regiment had been there all the while, encamped close by at Charonne. At this strange discovery a cloud obscured her eyes, but yet her faith in Thomas was not wholly shaken. He had perhaps received a wound in a skirmish with some of the rebels,—or he might have been killed! Taking counsel of no one, Claudine immediately resolved to seek him out. As the royal army was in want of provisions, she carried a well filled basket on her arm as a pretext for visiting the camp, and made her way as far as the market-place of Charonne. There she encountered a picket of the Royal Italian Regiment, and advancing boldly, inquired where a gentleman named Des Riviez was lodged. "He is our lieutenant," said one of them. "Ring the bell at that house yonder; you will find him up stairs." Claudine did as she was told, and a musketeer opened the door. "Inform your lieutenant," she said, "that Claudine Simon, after having waited five years, has come to speak to him about the day on which she had the honour of seeing him in the presence of Monsieur de Boutteville."

At the end of five minutes the musketeer returned, and ushered her to the apartment of Des Riviez, from which two officers came out, to leave him alone with his visitor. He was no longer the timid schoolboy of former days, but a fine, handsome young man, with sun-burnt cheeks and a moustache. His uniform and his military air had greatly improved his appearance, but Claudine felt uncomfortable in noticing a hard expression in his eyes, which was not there before. On his side, the lieutenant found that the pretty peasant was a great deal prettier than when he last saw her. Both gazed at each other for some time without speaking, and Claudine drew no good augury from his silence; she had expected a different reception. At last Thomas rose, and hastening towards her said, as he took her by the hand:—"It was very good of you to come to see me my dear. I dare say you will accuse me of having forgotten you,—and yet I have thought of no one but you for these last five years. You were my first love, you know." "Have you had any other?" asked Claudine. "No, upon my life!" replied the lieutenant. "You are the first and the last. Did I not promise to be faithful to you? Have you also kept your word?"

Claudine related how many suitors she had refused for his sake, in spite of the remonstrances of her mother. She was then beginning to complain of her lover's silence, when Thomas interrupted her to tell her of the mis-

haps, the fatigues, and the dangers of war. In listening to him she forgot her fancied wrongs and congratulated herself in not having uttered any reproaches, the injustice and cruelty of which would, she felt, have covered her with confusion. "Let us think no more," said Thomas, "of past regrets. We have met again at last,—that is enough. We will devise the means of seeing each other very often, and take advantage of our living so near, for who knows what war may bring to-morrow!" "Are not all our trials over?" asked Claudine. "Is it not time for us to be married?" "I should most certainly desire it," replied Thomas, "But I must obtain the permission of my colonel, the Marquis d'Anisy, and during a campaign this is never granted. Let us wait until peace is signed. Alas! I fear my father is opposed to our marriage! I tremble to think of his anger if I speak to him about you. I am a gentleman, you know, Claudine, and a thousand obstacles rise between us." "But the Prince will remove them all," she said. "Ah, but my regiment belongs to the Cardinal and not to the Prince de Condé. We must be patient my dear girl, and we shall attain our object. It is sufficient that you still love me. Assure me of it, and I shall have more courage to support both delay and opposition." As he spoke thus he passed his arm round Claudine's waist, pressed her to his bosom, and kissed the long curls that escaped from beneath her bonnet. He would have proceeded further, but Claudine released herself from his embrace. "Sir," said she, "I have more need than you of courage and consolation." "What," exclaimed Thomas, "do you resist the tokens of my affection for you?" "No, indeed," she answered, "I only resist the liberties which it is unworthy of you to attempt to take with your betrothed. If I did not love you do you think I should be here!"

The lieutenant began to complain, wanting to make a quarrel of it, that the reconciliation might be accomplished in still more lover-like fashion. But his animation became more violent than tender, and suddenly seizing Claudine, he tried to place her on his knee. She uttered a cry of terror, but her lips were closed by his, and she felt his hand on her bosom. In this extremity, and alive only to the insult he had offered, she struck him so hard a blow in the face that he was compelled to relinquish his hold, and once more they stood face to face, but with no love between them. "A thousand devils!" cried Thomas, mad with rage, "a pretty girl does not leave the room of a Mazarin musketeer as she entered it. I should be the laugh of the whole regiment. May I lose my name and rank if I don't bring you to terms." He advanced as he spoke to seize her again, but darting at him a look of contempt and indignation, she eluded his grasp and rushed from the apartment.

As long as fear lent her wings, Claudine felt no other sentiment but joy in having preserved her honour. She ran the whole way home without panting once for breath; but when she reached her cottage she fainted on the threshold. Marie, who was absent in the fields, knew nothing of her daughter's excursion, and Claudine revived, with her sorrow confined to her own bosom, to feel the full extent of her misfortune. For five years she had lived on a chimera. The past was nothing now but a lie, the present a wreck, the future chaos. As she cast her eyes on the world around, she saw nothing to support her, and in her despair she prayed for death with all that passionate power which girls at her age feel in the bitterness of their disappointed hopes. But she concealed the grief which drowned her, from the observation of her mother, and when she retired to rest, her pious feelings once more regained their ascendancy over her. "Oh, Lord!" she cried, as she sank on her knees beside her bed, "hast thou caused me to love the only gentleman in the world that is false and disloyal! One base and perfidious heart exists amongst so many that are



good, and it is to this monster that my lot has fallen ! May thy will be done,—but how, how can I survive the blow." Her further utterance was choked by scalding tears.

## CHAPTER IV.

As the royal army was encamped on the north-eastern side of Paris, the villages in the neighbourhood of Vincennes and Charenton suffered greatly from the skirmishes which from time to time took place beyond the city walls. Hardly a day passed during the blockade that St. Mandé was not the scene of conflict ; and on one occasion the royalist troops occupied it entirely—converting the town into redoubts, and leaving them, when they withdrew, half destroyed by the balls of the Frondeurs. To guard against a first surprise on the part of the besieged, the royalists made a permanent lodgment in the village ; and then, indeed, everything went to rack and ruin—the peasants being treated by the king's troops as if the latter were in an enemy's country. The dove-cot and poultry yard of poor Marie Simon were soon emptied by her protectors ; and the milch cow, her last resource, died on the very day the peace was signed at St. Germain, and she found herself quite penniless.

Reduced to extremity, she abandoned herself to despair ; but Claudine still had an expedient to save her family from the misery with which it was threatened. She called to mind the existence of the bracelet, which had been very carefully laid by in a secret place, and, showing it to Marie, told her all that had happened in connection with it. "Do not weep, dear mother," she said, "this jewel will supply us with all we want. We can get the worth of it from Monsieur Cambrai, the goldsmith, on Pont-au-Change, and then you can replace all we have lost." Marie was overwhelmed with delight and astonishment at being thus extricated so unexpectedly from ruin, and after a brief deliberation both mother and daughter set out for Paris together.

The Pont-au-Change was at that period entirely covered with the shops of jewellers and money changers ; and Claudine, who was able to read,—which was more than could be said for Marie—eagerly looked for the name of Cambrai ; but, not discovering it, inquired of the first person she met whereabouts he lived. The man was familiar with the locality, and answered that Cambrai was dead, but that the business was carried on by his successor, named Labrosse. The shop was now soon found, for it was one of the finest there ; the windows being filled with a brilliant display of jewels and plate. They entered, and saw Master Lebrousse himself, seated behind the counter, dusting a jewel-case. He was a thin, dark-visaged man ; and his head, as it rested on his broad starched collar, bore no bad resemblance to a roasted woodcock in a dish. He put down the little feather-broom while he listened, gloomily, to what the two peasant women had to say.

Claudine spoke. "Sir," said she, with a confident air, "five years ago Madame de Boutteville and her children sent for me to my village. They gave me a *cadeau*, and I had the honour of sitting down at the same table with dukes and princes. They took me to the *Place Royale*, and while I was amusing myself there, a lady, the most beautiful and the most magnificently dressed I ever saw in my life, made me a present of this bracelet, telling me to go and sell it to Monsieur Cambrai. I kept it, however, up to this time ; but the soldiers having pillaged St. Mandé, where we live, I have come with my mother to offer it to you, that we may buy what we

stand in need of; for the princess told me it was worth some money." The jeweller put on his spectacles and closely examined the bracelet. He then took out an old register, and turned over the leaves for some time. At last, putting his finger on one of the entries, he muttered between his teeth,—"Some value! I should think so, indeed! One of the best things ever made by Cambrai in the hands of a peasant of St. Mandé. Eleven pearls of the finest water! the mounting enamelled, with a leveret's head engraved..... Yes, it is certainly the same; I can't be mistaken. This girl's story is incredible." "It is true, however," interrupted Claudine. "This bracelet," resumed the jeweller, "was sold to a president of the Court of Accounts, and not to a lady." "If you examine your books again," replied Claudine, "perhaps you will find that the president bought the bracelet to give to a lady, unless he wore it on his robe." "You appear to know," said Labrosse, "who this magistrate was. The President de Chevry, —for he was the person, as you are aware—was too much in the habit of making presents to women. They got his whole fortune from him. But though he would make love to a peasant girl with a pretty face as readily as to a countess, he did not give things of this sort to peasants. There is only one way of accounting for this bracelet being in your possession. It must have been stolen from him." "What do you mean by all these shocking things?" exclaimed Claudine. "I will soon let you know," returned Labrosse, "for I have got a glimpse of the truth. You were a mere child when Monsieur de Chevry lost this bracelet; but your mother here, who turns pale at what I say, knows very well how it fell into her hands. The president is dead, and you think the time has come for the theft to be forgotten. Do you take me for a fool, with your mysterious lady! Wait a moment; I will show you that you can't play tricks with me."

The jeweller then called a clerk and whispered something in his ear. The man disappeared, but presently came back with three police-agents and a person dressed in black, and by the questions which were addressed to them the two peasants soon found that they were in the hands of justice. However unlikely her story appeared, Claudine repeated it to the Commissary with so much innocence and sincerity of manner that the probability is he would have let them go, if her mother had not begun to weep and make a great outcry. This struck him as suspicious, and Marie's answers, which, in her fear, were confused and equivocating, settled the matter. He ordered his agents to take them both to prison. A crowd soon gathered round the jeweller's shop, after the police had been seen to enter, and increased as Marie and Claudine were being led away. Amongst those who were attracted by the crowd was a gentleman, accidentally passing, in whom Claudine at once recognised Monsieur de Buc.

"Sir," she said, addressing him eagerly, "do you not remember that, about five years ago, you fell from your horse at St. Mandé, and that I had the honour to give you a glass of water?" "I recollect it perfectly," replied the gentleman. "You are that nice little girl whom the prince took under his protection, because you faithfully gave him the change out of his *louis d'or*." "Oh yes! Pray, sir, assist me now. I am accused of a robbery of which I am incapable."

Hearing this appeal, the Commissary of Police consented to return to Labrosse's shop, to obtain fuller information. Monsieur de Buc testified to the truth of the assertion of Claudine, in all that related to her meeting with the prince and the *cadeau* of Madame de Boutteville; but he could say nothing on the subject of the bracelet, and, although he affirmed his belief in the innocence of Claudine, he would not do the same, he added, for her mother. It was possible, the commissary thought, that the latter only might be guilty, and he considered himself very indulgent in allowing

Claudine to go away with Monsieur de Buc. Poor Marie, however, was taken to the prison of the little Châtelet, and after more than one embrace, the mother and daughter separated weeping bitterly.

"Keep up your courage, child," said the gentleman to Claudine; "if your mother has any youthful sin on her conscience, that is no reason why misfortune should befall you." "God grant I may not lose courage," replied Claudine. "My mother's innocence will be recognised, since justice exists. I know whom to address myself to, to obtain it." "Take care," returned Monsieur de Buc, "lest you awaken some awkward fact that now slumbers, in seeking to discover the past. Your mother never told you what she might have done at eighteen years of age. I have got you out of a scrape; don't attempt anything more." "Sir," said Claudine, "I know that peasants have all kinds of faults, but there are still some honest folks amongst us. If you will only be good enough to help me, I can easily convince you. Be so kind as to conduct me to the Place Royale, that I may speak to the unknown princess." "That was not a fable then which you invented in order to exculpate your mother?" "I never lie," replied Claudine with a proud look. "Well! I will take you where you want to go, for I am curious to see the end of this affair, though I question much if you will find your princess."

When they reached the Place Royale, they saw the usual company assembled. The ladies were seated listening to the music and the flattering speeches of the gentlemen, but it seemed to Claudine that nobody looked so good-natured now as they did when she was there before; the smiles which they had bestowed on a child were withheld from a grown up girl. The ladies looked at her contemptuously, the gentlemen with an expression on their faces which was even more embarrassing. "Where on earth," said one, "has De Buc picked up that peasant? What an idea to come and parade his conquest here!" "She is very pretty," observed another; "I would gladly take her off his hands." Monsieur de Buc himself appeared ashamed of his companion, and with an air of mockery pointed out the Princess de Montpensier, asking if she was the unknown lady. "No," answered Claudine, "my benefactress was much handsomer. Stay! I think I see her in one of the side alleys. Yes! I recognise her by her beauty and her rich dress. It is she—it is the princess!" Claudine hastened towards the mysterious lady, and fell on her knees before her without being able to utter a word. "Stand up, child," said the lady kindly; "you must not make a scene before all these people. You are unfortunate, since I see you again. But I promised to assist you; calm yourself and tell me what is the matter." Claudine eagerly told her story, as well as the frequent interruption of her tears would let her. The lady, when she had heard her out, told her she had been imprudent in keeping the bracelet so long without selling it. "I mentioned the subject," she said, "to Cambrai, and thought no more about it. If I had died, Heaven only knows how you would have got out of the scrape. It is something, however, for me to know that I am still of some use in this world. Come with me."

In the meantime Monsieur de Buc had approached. He saluted the lady as an acquaintance, and, addressing her with familiarity, observed—"I was certainly wanting in sagacity not to have guessed that the adored princess of this young peasant was the most prodigal woman on the face of the earth; but I have discovered who gave you the bracelet." "The President de Chevry," replied the lady. "I make no mystery about it. Come Claudine, let us lose no time. Adieu, De Buc." "*Au revoir*, Princess," returned the gentleman, in a tone by no means over respectful. The lady desired Claudine to get into a magnificent coach, which was in waiting, and ordered the ser-

vants to drive to the shop of Labrosse. The jeweller came out, cap in hand, to receive her commands. "You were very near causing a great misfortune, besides committing an injustice," said the unknown. "I gave the President de Chevry's bracelet to this girl; where is it at present?" "At the office of the Châtelet," replied Labrosse. The lady and the jeweller proceeded thither, leaving Claudine in the court. In about an hour's time they returned. "What price do you put on this bracelet?" said the lady, fastening it on the arm of Claudine. Labrosse confessed that it was worth five hundred pistoles. "Your mistake will cost me dear, then, for to recompense this poor girl for all she has suffered, I shall give her the value of the jewel into the bargain. The next time she brings it to you, see that you give her its full worth without any more questioning." Labrosse made a thousand excuses to *Mademoiselle*, as he called the unknown, by which Claudine made the discovery that the princess was not married. The coach was then driven through a number of narrow streets till it stopped before a small house. The interior was richly furnished, and everything breathed an air of luxury. The "princess," ordered refreshments to be placed, gave her young companion a heavy purse of gold, and presented her, moreover, with a great many fine dresses, saying that to wear the bracelet it was necessary the rest of her costume should correspond. "And now child," she continued, "I expect some company here! Take away these things. My people will take you to St. Mandé. You will see your mother again this evening; the order for her release will be signed before night. Continue to behave well. Kiss me, and remember me in your prayers. I am called Marie." "Ah! I shall easily remember that name," said Claudine, "for it is my mother's. But, *Mademoiselle*, must I lose you then? Cannot you give me a place amongst your women? To serve you I would willingly be the meanest of your servants." "Impossible," replied the unknown; "your place is not here; stay in your village."

Claudine covered the hand of her benefactress with kisses, and took leave with many sobs. She was rapidly driven to St. Mandé, but her father, who was engaged in some drunken bout, was from home. To fill up the time till the return of her mother, Claudine took off her peasant's clothes, put on one of the fine dresses the lady had given her, and amused herself by counting the money in the purse, uttering, at the same time, a thousand blessings on the Princess Marie. The awkward adventure of the bracelet had finished in the happiest manner possible; and Claudine pictured to herself the joy of her mother at the sight of so much wealth. What a contrast the condition that awaited her after the misery of the past. She would now be the richest peasant in the village.

While these thoughts were passing through Claudine's mind she heard the noise of wheels, and a carriage suddenly stopped. Expecting her mother, she hastened to open the cottage door, but to her great surprise and disappointment, there stood Monsieur de Buc. He addressed a few words to her in a hesitating manner, and then, recovering himself, told her that she had done quite right to dress herself, for that he was sent by the princess to fetch her. "How can that be?" said Claudine, "I have only this moment left her. I took leave of her with much regret, but before I go back to her I must see my mother." "Your mother will not return home this evening," replied De Buc, "but I will take you where she is if you wish it." "I shall not stir from home," said Claudine, firmly. "Well then, since I must tell you all about it, this is the fact:—I am ordered to conduct you to St. Maur, to see your protector, the Prince de Condé, in whose service I still am. He meant it for a surprise, so you must seem not to be aware of his intentions, or he would scold me for having told you." "Excuse me, sir," returned Claudine again, "I do not mean to stir from hence." De Buc bit his lips with vexation, and paced up and down

the room ; suddenly he stopped, threw his hat on the table, and folding his arms, exclaimed : " Let us put an end to this farce. You have played the innocent long enough. What relation subsists between you and your pretended princess ! On whose account did she give you the bracelet and those fine clothes ! You are a very pretty, and—in short—you must be mine." " Good Heavens ! " exclaimed Claudine, " what do you mean ! I don't understand you ! Or, rather, I fear I understand you too well ! " " Do you refuse me ! " cried De Buc, interpreting her looks if not her words. " Will you not go with me ! " " Never, since I know now that your purpose is base ! " " Then, if persuasion has failed, I must try force." He whistled as he spoke, and three of his attendants rushed into the room and seized Claudine. One of them was about to put a gag in her mouth, but the precaution was needless : she had fainted. They carried her to the carriage, and the driver set off at full gallop.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Literary Sketches, by Wm. Irvine.

No. I. — HUGH MILLER.

WE can neither write nor speak the name of our lamented countryman without a feeling of sad and solemn regret. He had been for many years a teacher to whom we looked for instruction on subjects to which his own speculations in the domain of physical science had first directed our attention. His volumes are before us, and we shall endeavour to give our readers some idea of the man from the works that remain to praise him. First, then, we have his juvenile work—" Poems written in the leisure hours of a journeyman Mason." This volume is out of the book shops long ago, and no new edition has been proposed. In a new edition of his complete works a volume, uniform with the others, might contain the Poems and a selection of Tales and Sketches, which he contributed to " Wilson's Tales of the Borders ; " such a volume would be prized by many of his admirers who have not seen his poems. In dedicating this first work to an anonymous friend, probably the late Rev. Mr. Stewart, of Cromarty, his minister and earliest literary patron, the young poet remarks, " Some wise people of the world would laugh at me as credulous did I declare it to be my belief that I have in my friend one who does what he believes to be right out of love to God ; and by many my profession would be deemed the offspring of conceit and hypocrisy, should I say that I feel grateful to this friend for his having convinced one who possibly might have done some mischief as an infidel, that the religion of the Bible is not a cunningly devised fable." What higher debt of gratitude can man owe to man ! Truly, " a companion of wise men shall be wise."

There are thirty-two poems in the volume ; the " Boatman's Tale," in five parts, is the longest ; it is highly imaginative, and the wondrous power of

description so frequently exhibited in the author's late works is indicated by several passages in this tale—the irregular rhyme and powerful language remind one of “the Ancient Mariner,” though the tale and moral are dissimilar. Hear the opening lines—

“The summer waves are dancing bright,  
The sun is warm and high—  
No breeze is wand'ring o'er the deep,  
No cloud is on the sky—  
And o'er the sea right merrily  
With helm and oar we lie.

Turn round our bows, my weary men,  
Furl up the flapping sail ;  
We'll moor our bark in Marquis bay  
And wait the ev'ning gale ;  
In Marquis bay, where the sea gulls play,  
Is neither surf nor swell.

Heaven shield thee, fisherman, thy face  
Is waxing deadly wan ;  
Didst ever see so pale a cheek !  
What ails thee, ancient man ?  
Heaven help thee, fisherman, the sun  
Has ta'en thy strength away,  
Thy little strength, for thou art old,  
Thy locks are thin and grey.

It is not toil that pales my cheek,  
Though thin my locks and hoar,  
There's few can hoist a heavier sail,  
Or pull a stronger oar ;  
'Tis a dark thought, that all unsought,  
Wanders my memory o'er.

Beneath yon grey storm-beaten rock,  
Dost see a little mound ?  
Where trailing plants are spreading gay,  
And desert flowers abound.  
That little grassy mound beneath  
Lies honest Walter Hogg ;  
A better man ne'er hove a lead,  
Nor reckon'd by the log.

Far had he wander'd in his youth,  
O'er many an ocean wave,  
A fearless and a hardy man  
In storm and battle brave ;  
In age he found beneath that mound  
A solitary grave.

Come let us moor our little bark  
And to his grave repair ;  
If you will list my simple tale  
I were best to hear it there.”

At the grave of his old friend the boatman tells the tale of life and death with thrilling pathos and power. When sailing on the Moray Firth in a small boat during the night they are overtaken by a storm. Walter, seized by some mysterious infatuation, plunges into the sea ; the boat is driven ashore, and the boatman is left there bleeding and insensible. He dreams a strange dream, in which he fancies he hears a mermaid's song. At length consciousness returns :

" So on that beach where sleeps the wave,  
And smiles the unclouded sun,  
Painfully slow I op'd my eyes,  
And saw the waning moon arise  
O'er Moray's mountains dun.  
It seemed a lovely light, yea seem'd  
Queen of a lovely sky ;  
The waves were still, the clouds had pass'd,  
And faint and low the sinking blast  
Was wildly moaning by.

* * * * *

I strove to raise my hand, its strength,  
Its wonted strength was gone ;  
Alas ! in helpless suffering laid,  
Stretch'd on a rough and weary bed,  
No voice to sooth, no hand to aid,—  
To aid or cherish none,  
I prov'd it sad in pain to lie  
All desolate and alone."

The wearied boatman sleeps again and dreams of his drowned companion appearing in a marvellously beautiful barque.

" Her sails were white as summer cloud,  
Her mast a boreal ray,  
A fiery star bedeck'd her prow,  
Beguinn'd with light her stern below.  
The circling eddies play.

* * * * *

Now, mark me, on her silv'ry deck  
Unarm'd did Walter stand ;  
And on each side, and round behind,  
There watch'd a seraph band.

The rainbow of the shower ye've seen,  
The dazzling sun you see ;  
O ! orbs and hues of heaven alone  
To the good may liken'd be,  
When they doff their garb of fragile clay  
To bathe in eternity."

* * * * *

Walter advises his friend on high themes of immortality, and warns him to avoid superstitious dread of evil spirits, who have no power over a righteous mind. We quote the concluding remarks which may teach a universal lesson—

"Thou sure hast read in heaven's own book  
 (O search that volume well !)  
 How that of old the seraph tribes  
 Grew proud and did rebel ;  
 And how that from the height of heaven  
 To deepest woe they fell.

Of these the band whose dark presage  
 Did sore my heart dismay ;  
 Yet harmless in the lonely wood,  
 And in the storm are they,  
 But ah ! right fearful—though scarce fear'd  
 When in man's heart they stay.

O dread them when the wanton smiles,  
 And when the bowl is set ;  
 O dread them when thy heart is glad,  
 And when thy cheeks are wet.

Dread them when much misluck is thine,  
 Or much prosperity ;  
 For passions wild of joy or woe,  
 To them right friendly be ;  
 When fixed is the felon heart  
 On this world's vanity.

But if on heaven thy trust be laid,  
 To fear thou dost not well ;  
 For stronger is one Christian man  
 Than all the fiends of hell."

* * * * *

We might quote some powerful stanzas from an "Elegy written at Sea," and from a spirited poem suggested by and descriptive of the "Death of Gardiner." "The Ode to the Ness," and "The Sun-dial in a Churchyard," are worthy of the genius of Miller too, but we must close this volume of poetry and consider those great works, so matchless in their way, on which future estimates of his originality and power will be established.

Miller's first prose work is entitled "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland, or the traditional History of Cromarty." It was published in 1834, and though by no means popular at the time, it has become to unscientific readers one of the finest and most fascinating of his works. As Scott and Leyden preserved the minstrelsy of the Scottish borders, ere the rude lays perished for ever, so Miller has rescued from oblivion many waifs and strays of the legendary lore of the North. In a note to the second edition, in which he explains that the materials of his volume were collected from fifteen to twenty years before its publication, he remarks—"Though thirty-five or forty years may not seem a very lengthened period, such has been the change that has taken place during the lapse of the generation which has in that time disappeared from the earth, that perhaps scarce a tithe of the same matter could be collected now. We live in an age unfavourable to tradition, in which the written has superseded the oral. As the sun rose in his strength, the manna wasted away like hoarfrost from off the ground."

We have heard Miller's style of writing likened to Goldsmith's and Washington Irving's, and have been referred to numerous passages in his



works in support of such comparisons. Many of our readers may deem us presumptuous if we say that Miller's writings are imbued with a pathos as affecting—a beauty as charming—and a reflective power more philosophical than the works of either of these masters of English composition. We will quote a favourite passage from the “Scenes and Legends” which refers to our author's frequent occupation as a churchyard sculptor, while yet a journeyman mason. Our language will furnish few finer compositions of its kind.—“Perhaps no personage of real life can be more properly regarded as a hermit of the churchyard than the itinerant sculptor, who wanders from one country burying-ground to another, recording on his tablets of stone the tears of the living, and the worth of the dead. If possessed of an ordinary portion of feeling and imagination, he can scarce fail of regarding his profession as a school of benevolence and poetry. For my own part I have seldom thrown aside the hammer and trowel of the stonemason for the chisel of the itinerant sculptor, without receiving some fresh confirmation of the opinion. How often have I suffered my mallet to rest on the unfinished epitaph, when listening to some friend of the buried expatiating with all the eloquence of grief, on the mysterious warning—and the sad death-bed—on the worth that had departed—and the sorrow that remained behind! How often, forgetting that I was merely an auditor, have I so identified myself with the mourner, as to feel my heart swell, and my eyes become moist! Even the very aspect of a solitary churchyard seems conducive to habits of thought and feeling. I have risen from my employment to mark the shadow of tombstone and burial-mound creeping over the sward at my feet, and have been rendered serious by the reflection, that as those gnomons of the dead marked out no line of hours, though the hours passed as the shadows moved, so, in that eternity in which even the dead exist, there is a nameless tide of continuity, but no division of time. I have become sad when looking on the green mounds around me,—I have regarded them as waves of triumph which time and death had rolled over the wreck of man; and the feeling has been deepened when, looking down with the eye of imagination through the motionless sea of graves, I have marked the sad remains of both the long-departed and the recent dead thickly strewn over the bottom. I have grieved above the half-soiled shroud of her for whom the tears of bereavement had not yet been dried up, and sighed over the mouldering bones of him whose very name had long since perished from the earth.”

To illustrate the powers of this extraordinary writer we will quote another passage from the “Scenes and Legends,” descriptive of the first outbreak and progress of the cholera—

“In the year 1817 a new and terrible pestilence broke out in a densely-peopled district of Hindostan. During the twelve succeeding years it was ‘going to and fro, and walking up and down’ in that immense tract of country which intervenes between British India and the Russian dominions in Europe. It passed from province to province, and city to city. Multitudes, ‘which no man could number,’ stood waiting its approach in anxiety and terror; a few solitary mourners gazed at it from behind. It journeyed by the highways, and strewed them with carcasses. It coursed along the rivers, and vessels were seen drifting in the current with their dead. It overtook the caravan in the desert, and the merchant fell from his camel. It followed armies to the field of battle, struck down their standards, and broke up their array. It scaled the great wall of China, forded the Tigris and the Euphrates, threaded with the mountaineer the passes of the frozen Caucasus, and traversed with the mariner the wide expanse of the Indian Ocean. Vainly was it deprecated with the rites of every religion, exorcised in the name of every god. The Brahmin saw it rolling onwards, more terrible than the car of Juggernaut, and sought refuge in his temple; but

the wheel passed over him, and he died. The wild Tartar raised his war cry to scare it away, and then, rushing into a darkened corner of his hut, prostrated himself before his idol and expired. The dervise ascended the highest tower of his mosque to call upon Allah and the Prophet; and it grappled with him ere he had half repeated his prayer, and he toppled over the battlements. The priest unlocked his relics, and then grasping his crucifix, hied to the bedside of the dying; but as he doled out the consolations of his faith, the pest seized on his vitals, and he sunk howling where he had kneeled. And alas for the philosopher! Silent and listless he awaited its coming; and had the fountains of the great deep been broken up, and the proud waves come rolling, as of old, over wide-extended continents, foaming around the summit of the hills, and prostrating with equal ease the grass of the field and the oaks of the forest, he could not have met the inundation with a less effective resistance. It swept away in its desolating progress a hundred millions of the human species."

When the "Scenes and Legends" appeared, the author had ceased to be a working mason, and had been for some time an accountant in a branch bank, in his native town, and had become a local celebrity and literary authority. He was a member of the Church of Scotland, and took a deep interest in the battle that was raging between the *non-intrusionists* and the *moderates*, and which resulted in the memorable disruption of 1844. He espoused the principles of Chalmers and his coadjutors; and, in 1839, addressed his famous letter to Lord Brougham, in which he makes it appear, that his lordship's decision against the non-intrusionists, in the Auchterarder case, is either the decision of a bad lawyer or an unprincipled man. In a few weeks 4,000 copies of this extraordinary letter were printed and circulated over the land. Lord Melbourne regarded it as the composition, under a popular form, and a *nomme de guerre*, of some of the non-intrusion leaders in Edinburgh, and the late Mr. O'Connell, who had no such suspicions, and although he lacked sympathy, as he said, with the ecclesiastical views which it advocated, enjoyed, what he termed its *racy English*, and the unenviable position in which it placed the noble lord to whom it was addressed. An extract from this extraordinary letter will give some idea of the author's power as an ecclesiastical controversialist.

"At no previous period were the popular energies so powerfully developed as in the present; at no former time was it so essentially necessary that institutions which desire to live should open themselves to the infusion of the popular principle. Shut them up in their old chrysalis state from this new atmosphere of life, and they inevitably perish. And these, my lord, are truths which I can more than see—I can also feel them. I am one of the people, full of the popular sympathies,—it may be of the popular prejudices. To no man do I yield in the love and respect which I bear to the Church of Scotland; I never signed the confession of her faith, but I do more—I believe it; and I deem her scheme of government at once the simplest, and most practically beneficial, that has been established since the time of the Apostles. But it is the vital spirit, not the dead body, to which I am attached. It is to the free popular church, established by our reformers, not to an unsubstantial form, or an empty name,—a mere creature of expediency and the state; and had she so far fallen below my estimate of her dignity and excellence as to have acquiesced in your lordship's decision, the leaf holds not more loosely by the tree when the October wind blows highest, than I would have held by a church so sunk and degraded. And these, my Lord, are the feelings, not merely of a single individual, but of a class which, though less learned, and may be less wise, than the classes above them, are beyond comparison more numerous, and promise, now that they are learning to think, to become immensely more powerful. Drive our better clergymen to extremities on this question—

let but three hundred of them throw up their livings, as the Puritans of England, and the Presbyterians of Scotland, did in the time of Charles II., and the Scottish establishment inevitably falls. Your lordship is a sagacious and far-seeing man. How long, think you, would the English establishment survive her humbler sister? and how long would the monarchy exist after the extinction of both?

"You have entertained a too favourable opinion of the Scottish Church, and she has disappointed your expectations. Scotland is up in rebellion! The general assembly refuse to settle Mr. Young.—Take your seat, my lord, and try the members of this refractory court for their new and unheard-of offence.—They believe 'that the principle of non-intrusion is coeval with the existence of the church, and forms an integral part of its constitution'—their consciences, too, are awakened on the subject; they see that forced settlements have done very little good, and a great deal of harm; and that intruded ministers have been the means of converting few souls to Christ, and have, it is feared, in a great many instances been unconverted themselves.—They have besides come to believe, with their fathers of old, that God himself is not indifferent in the matter; and are fearful lest 'haply they should be found fighting against him.' And in this assembly, my lord, there are wise and large-minded men—men admired for their genius, and revered for their piety wherever the light of learning or religion has yet found its way.—Now a certain law of the country, which was passed rather more than 120 years ago, through the influence of very bad men, and for a very bad purpose, has demanded that this assembly proceed forthwith to impose on a resisting people, a singularly unpopular clergyman,—and the assembly have refused—courteously and humbly 'tis true, but still most firmly.—Give to this unpopular clergyman, they say, all the emoluments of the office—we lay no claim to these—we have no right to them whatever; nay, we hold even our own livings by sufferance, and you have the power to take them from us whenever you please; but we must not enforce this unpopular clergyman on the people, our consciences will not suffer us to do it; and as the laws which control our consciences cannot be altered, whereas those which govern the country are in a state of continual change,—suffer us, we beseech you, to confer with the makers of these changing laws, that this bad law may be made so much better as to agree with the fixed law of our consciences.—Now such, my lord, is the heinous offence committed by these men—you could not believe they were so wicked—you could imagine the crime, but not in connection with them; you said it was indecorous, preposterous, monstrous, to believe that *they could* be so wicked; but you did ill to speak of Christ on the occasion, it is against Bolingbroke's law, not the law of Christ, that these men have offended."

When this pamphlet appeared, the non-intrusion leaders had projected the publication of a newspaper to maintain their views. Dr. Candlish suggested that Miller should become the editor, and he was prevailed on, not without serious misgivings and fears that his favourite geological pursuits would be seriously obstructed, to undertake the editorship of *The Witness* newspaper, which, from the commencement of his editorial career till the day of his sad death, became the exponent of his ecclesiastical, political, social, and scientific opinions.

About twelve months after Miller's editorial duties began, his well-known work on "The Old Red Sandstone" appeared, and from that time his reputation as a high geological authority was established. Every working man ought to read the opening chapter. It is finer than any lecture to working men we ever read or heard. It dignifies labour, no matter how humble, and reconciles reasonable men to their employment whatever it may be. When labouring in a sandstone quarry, Miller got his first geological impressions

by discovering the appearance of the ripples of the waves, so frequently seen on our pavements, as well preserved as if the sea had left them a few hours before, though no wave could have touched them since a period many thousand of ages before the creation of man. As he continued to labour new wonders were revealed to his inquiring mind, and he finely remarks—"My first year of labour came to a close, and I found that the amount of my happiness had not been less than the last of my boyhood. My knowledge, too, had increased in more than the ratio of former seasons; and as I had acquired the skill of at least the common mechanic, I had fitted myself for independence. The additional experience of twenty years has not shown me that there is any necessary connection between a life of toil and a life of wretchedness; and when I have found good men anticipating a better and a happier time than either the present or the past, the conviction that in every period of the world's history the great bulk of mankind must pass their days in labour, has not in the least inclined me to scepticism."

Previous to the publication of this grand work few geological investigations had been made among the sandstone deposits; they were accounted subordinate and comparatively uninteresting formations. Miller had been born and brought up among them, however, and his laborious and triumphant investigations unfolded and classified their unknown ichthyolites and invested them with an interest that will ever be associated with his name. In a note to the third edition of the work the lamented author remarks—"Agassiz now enumerates 105 species of fossil fish peculiar to the 'Old Red Sandstone;' and, with the addition of the more doubtful species—some of which, however, were included in the list of Cuvier—150. The ichthyolites of one system, and that one deemed poorer in organisms, but a few years since, than any other, are now ascertained to be considerably more numerous than all the ichthyolites of all the systems put together, as estimated by the highest authorities only fourteen years ago."

At the meeting of the British Association on 23d September, 1840, the chief members of that august body spoke of "The Old Red Sandstone" in terms of highest praise. Dr. Buckland said—"He had never been so much astonished in his life by the powers of any man as he had been by the geological descriptions of Mr. Miller, which had been shown to him in *The Witness* newspaper, by his friend Sir C. Monteith. That wonderful man described these objects with a felicity which made him ashamed of the comparative meagerness of his own description in the "Bridgewater Treatise," which had cost him hours and days of labour. He would give his left hand to possess such powers of description as this man; and, if it pleased Providence to spare his useful life, he, if any one, would certainly render the science attractive and popular, and do equal service to theology and geology." These words had an almost prophetic significance. In our intercourse with geological students, in all parts of the three kingdoms, we have been told of first impressions derived from Miller's eloquent descriptions. There is a charm about them all which reconciles the most romantic reader to the subject in hand, and a truthfulness and earnestness which appeals at once to the judgment of the hardest-headed enquirer after truth. 'Prove all things, hold fast that which is good' seems to have been Miller's perpetual watchword; and when we accompany him in his excursions into the fore-world, and see him hammer in hand breaking the rocks and compelling them to give up their long hidden evidences of the wisdom and power of God, we feel as if we had communion with one commissioned by the highest to open the repositories of the universe, to simplify all their mysteries, and reconcile them beyond all doubt with that word 'which liveth and abideth for ever.'"

Miller's next work, "First Impressions of England and its People" appeared in 1847, a reprint of twenty delightful chapters from the columns of *The Witness*. A more fascinating work can scarcely be taken up by a general

reader. It is full of beauties, but the length of our paper forbids further selection. His description of Old York and its Venerable Minster is one of the grandest passages we ever read.

The extraordinary popularity of a work on the "Development hypothesis of Lamarck and Maillet," published some years ago by an anonymous author, brought forth its antedote, "The Foot-prints of the Creator," in which our author proves himself more than a match for his nameless and shameless antagonist. He proves beyond all controversy that the Creator is no apprentice, making abortions and casting them aside. "God speaks and it is done; He commands and it stands fast." The *Asterolepis* of Stromness, the oddest ichthyolite known, is as complete in its structure, and appears to have been as well fitted for the purposes of its existence as any fish described in "The Vestiges" or elsewhere. After rising from a perusal of "The Foot-prints," the eloquent and ingenious theories of "The Vestiges" vanish like phantoms of a schoolboy's fancy, or mimes of a poet's dream.

Nearly three years ago we were delighted by the most popular of all our author's works, "My Schools and Schoolmasters, or the Story of my Education." There is no finer autobiography in our language, and as far as it goes he needs no other man to tell his story; it finishes with the commencement of his editorial labours. Perhaps an abler and more generous historian than the author of "The Ten Years' Conflict" may yet tell the world how this great layman and mightiest hero of the Free Church withstood "spiritual wickednesses in high places," and sanctified the great struggle for spiritual independence by the memorable efforts of his genius, these matchless leaders that were heard like trumpet tones in every parish in Scotland, twice a week, before and after the *disruption*. We should like to see a volume or two of these grand compositions, edited and elucidated by that true friend and spiritual instructor of our author, the generous-souled Dr. Guthrie, or his excellent and accomplished colleague, Dr. Hanna, undoubtedly the foremost literary man in the Free Church.

We have just read Miller's last work, "The Testimony of the Rocks." We think it the most valuable contribution that has been made to the library of physical science in our time. As it is in the hands of all readers, and as all the leading periodicals have noticed it most favourably, no praise of ours or critical elucidation is necessary to make it more popular, for it is already the book of the season. One reads it with a sad interest, a shadow falls on every page as the tragic end of the writer ever obtrudes itself on the mind of its readers, and when warmed into rapture by the novel views, the clear and conclusive reasonings, and above all by the mighty eloquence of the man, one seeks in vain for any indication of that morbid state of mind which deprived the world of his valuable life. In contemplating the awful catastrophe all pride of human intellect is humbled to the dust, and man, in his best estate, "is crushed before the moth."

## Man Uncultured.

BY DR. BOWRING, BRITISH PLENIPOTENTIARY TO CHINA.

The heart has tendrils like the vine,  
Which round another's bosom twine,  
Outspringing from the living tree  
Of deeply planted sympathy;  
Whose flowers are hope, its fruits are bliss,—  
Beneficence its harvest is.

There are some bosoms dark and drear,  
Which an unwater'd desert are ;  
Yet, there a curious eye may trace  
Some smiling spot, some verdant place,  
Where little flowers—the weeds between—  
Spend their soft fragrance all unseen.

Despise them not, for wisdom's toil  
Has ne'er disturbed that stubborn soil.  
Yet care and culture might have brought  
The ore of truth from mines of thought,  
And fancy's fairest flowers had bloom'd  
Where truth and fancy lie entomb'd.

Insult him not ; his blackest crime  
May, in his Maker's eye sublime—  
In spite of all thy pride—be less  
Than e'en thy daily waywardness,  
Than many a sin and many a stain,  
Forgotten and impressed again.

There is, in every human heart,  
Some not completely barren part,  
Where seeds of truth and love might grow,  
And flowers of generous virtue blow.  
To plant, to watch, and water there,  
This is our duty—be our care.

And sweet it is the growth to trace  
Of worth, of intellect, of grace,  
In bosoms where our labours first  
Bid the young seed of spring-time burst,  
And lead it on from hour to hour,  
To ripen into perfect flower.

Hast thou e'er seen a garden clad  
In all the robes that Eden had,—  
Or vale o'erspread with streams and trees,  
A Paradise of mysteries,—  
Plains with green hills adorning them,  
Like jewels in a diadem ?

These gardens, vales, and plains, and hills,  
Which beauty gilds and music fills,  
Were once but deserts. Culture's hand  
Has scatter'd verdure o'er the land,  
And smiles and fragrance rule serene  
Where barren wilds usurped the scene.

And such is man :—A soil which breeds,  
Or sweetest flowers or vilest weeds ;  
Flowers, lovely as the morning light,—  
Weeds, deadly as the aconite.  
Just as his heart is train'd to bear,  
The pois'nous weed or floweret fair.

## The Up-Hill Way.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER I.

A SOLITARY footstep was on Glasgow bridge, coming from the left bank of the river. It was heavy and uncertain, and, midway across it, paused, as if doubtful whether it were worth while going farther. The evening was darkening into night, and the lights from the city were cast among the star-beams on the river. But it was not to watch their mingling on the water, that Nicol Forbes leaned over the bridge. Other thoughts were in his mind, and yet they were full of that rushing current, and as he looked on it he found himself considering how long a person carried along by it would retain consciousness of suffering. And then he thought how the Clyde would bear him on, hurrying down between its green banks, down to the salt waves of the broad channel, and the wider ocean, never to be seen or heard of any more, but to find rest in some deep quiet cave,—all sorrow, and regret, and shame for ever ended.

All seemed distinctly pictured to his eye in the dark flowing river. But the changing picture would not stop there—imagination had seized the reins in her own hands, and on she went. On, beyond that ocean bed which no living human hand could reach—on—on—though the form seemed left behind, there was a something, still himself, the waters swept on farther and farther through scenes from which even imagination's eye shrank trembling. There was awe and overwhelming terror, and judgment and despair, and unutterable wretchedness, and deathless agony; and a voice through all which seemed for ever whispering that his own rash deed had done it all! He started from his guilty dream with a shudder. "No; this was not the rest for which he longed!"

And now he started a second time, as a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and he saw standing beside him a man, whose step he had been too deeply absorbed in his own dark thoughts to notice.

"What are you thinking of, young man?" demanded the stranger.

"Of nothing," stammered Forbes, for the consciousness of what his thoughts had been impeding his utterance.

"Indeed!" said the stranger. "Well, one might have fancied that no person could look long on that river without its teaching him to think, if he never knew before. See how it rushes on, never pausing, never returning, as the torrent of human life sweeps across the earth. And just so do the lights shine equally bright on all that flows along. Aye, that broad glow thrown half across the river there, glared just the same on the water that floated beneath its light an hour past; and so it will on the succeeding waters for hours and hours to come, glowing on as if it knew no change in what it shone upon, though those which first glanced in its light will then be far away, beaten by the wind and dashed against the rocks. But what cares it? or what cares society—the world—though those on whom it once smiled are driven and beaten, and dashed about on distant shores! The human current still flows on—there is no gap—no interruption—the living waves roll fast upon each other, it may be but to glitter for awhile, then pass for ever into darkness."

After the first two or three sentences, the stranger spoke as though to himself, and forgetful he had a listener. There was a strangeness, an abruptness, and bitterness in his manner, as of one who had suffered too severely to care though others knew what he had felt. He heaved a deep sigh, then continued,—

"'Tis but a bad world—it is well there is a better ! But that is a long way off ; so far, there seems no reaching it. And, in the meantime, one is often tempted to think he has made a mistake, and stepped into a worse one. But for all that, young man," he added, pointedly, "he had better beware he does not step into it. It is but a short step sometimes, but can never be repented of."

"Why do you say that to me ?" asked Forbes, haughtily.

"Because I have seen men look like you before they took that step. It is dark, you would say ; aye, but I am used to darkness, both moral and physical. I have been surrounded by it—have lived in it—until I almost wonder I remembered what light was. But that is nothing—at least to you. Go home, and whatever evils are in your lot strive manfully against them."

"Home !" repeated Nicol bitterly. "I once had a home ; I have none now !"

"Have you not?" said the stranger quickly. "That is, indeed, a sorrow. I do not ask if it is your own fault—the world always says it is ; but the thunder-cloud can shadow the path of the innocent as well as of the guilty, and, God knows ! the anger of the world is often heavy enough even on those who deserve it ! But you say you have no home. Then come with me ; if you will accept my hospitality, you are welcome."

"I thank you," said Forbes, "but I am not houseless—only homeless."

"You are right," replied the stranger. "Wide indeed is the difference between those two words. Gold, however gathered, can provide a shelter, and there one may sit beneath it, with no kind face to smile upon him, no eye to watch his countenance and note every passing cloud with the intense anxiety of affection—no loving heart to pour forth prayers which hover round him all day like guardian angels. That is no home ! The beggar who, with his wife and children, wanders from town to town, resting by the wayside or under the meanest shed—even he, crouching in the corner of some ruin or cellar, hungry and cold, yet with his little ones clinging round him, and their mother by his side, when he reads in their looks how much they love him, and feels how one common interest and affection binds all to each other, he has more right to call that night's miserable resting-place a home. However, one must take what shelter he can, and it is time I thought of seeking mine."

"My way is the same, for a time at least," said Forbes, who began to feel an interest in his strange companion, besides that any society seemed at that moment better than his own thoughts.

So on they went together. The ebbing tide of business had not yet left the streets empty, and people were hurrying to and fro, some with intent looks and hurrying feet, and others laughing and jesting as though all care had been thrown off their minds with the day's accomplished work. When, at length, they had passed through the Tringate, the stranger paused.

"Your way leads no farther, then ?" said Forbes.

"No ; I live down among the other time-worn and ruined things in St. Andrew's Square. Should you ever wish to see him again, you will there hear of William Grant."

"I shall do so willingly," began Forbes, but Grant interrupted him.

"You do not know who is the man you think of seeing," said he abruptly. "He has been the companion of felons, he has sat at meat with murderers, and wrought all day with thieves—in a word, he has been—a convict ! That word is enough ; you will have no desire for my companionship."

At the first moment, Forbes had shrunk instinctively from the pariah of



society; but, in the next a shudder came over him, with the thought, "What right have I to scorn him?" and he laid his hand on the speaker's arm as he was turning away. "No," said Nicol, "I will seek it still, if you will let me, for there are few who now would be the friends of Nicol Forbes."

That name told Grant volumes. "Is it so?" he said. "Then God help you! you have a rough path to tread. But you are young, and though the hill is steep it may yet be climbed. Come to me when you will; I have seen much of the world besides my experience of the worst portion of it, so may be of service to you, which I would be very gladly."

Forbes wrung his hand in silence, for there were feelings in his heart which must not find utterance in words. And so they parted, and Nicol went on alone, glad that it was night, and no one could recognise him as he passed; though but a little back, and he would not have cared though everyone in the city read his name and history in his face.

There was a great change since then. He was a clerk in one of the largest houses in Glasgow, but a robbery had been committed on the firm, and circumstances had thrown suspicion on him. He was arrested, but the evidence against him was not conclusive enough to warrant the matter being carried further, though it was sufficient to utterly destroy his character for honour and integrity, and to impress everyone with a full conviction of his guilt; and he was set at liberty, principally, it was supposed, in consequence of his employers not wishing to press the charge.

But the feeling that he was cast friendless and helpless upon the world, with blighted name and ruined prospects, was not all that Forbes bore back with him to liberty. There was the thought of those who had loved him well—the father, whose only child he was, and the fair gentle cousin whose image had mingled with all his brightest visions ever since he could remember. The story of his disgrace had reached them in their quiet home beside Loch Tyne, and crushed them to the earth with shame; and the father who had been so proud of him, who had centred in him all his hopes and almost all his love, had, in his indignation at the stain brought on a name which, till then, had been spotless, written to his son—and such a letter! The bitterness of its reproaches, and the intensity of grief it manifested, coming at a moment when Nicol was writhing under the consciousness of general scorn and utter ruin, had almost maddened him, and after a day spent in wandering over the country, striving in vain to fly from the torturing thoughts which clung to him, had nearly driven him to bury the termination of his short life's journey in the swift dark river.

In a few minutes more Forbes reached his lodgings. Cold looks were his welcome, for, as his landlady had said in his hearing, "*her* folk had aye been honest folk;" but his heart had been too chilled to feel the freezing reception. On the table lay a note, which he tore open with a wild eagerness to gain possession of its contents, whatever anguish they might inflict. But the words were sweet and gentle, as though an angel had stood by and guided the writer's pen. Yes—one heart clung to him still, and with a love frank as a sister's, yet even stronger and more confiding, Helen Ogilvie avowed her full trust in his innocence, and told him there was one who would never doubt or forsake him. And then she spoke of patience and of hope, and of brighter days that would come, and happier hours that would drive away all the dark sorrows of the present.

It was a letter framed to sooth and cheer, and yet when he had read it through, Nicol Forbes leaned his head on his folded arms and wept, the first tears which he had shed since the charge was brought against him.

## CHAPTER II.

St. Andrew's Square, in Glasgow, looks like a spot in a deserted city. The old church, with its walls of Pictish origin, which occupies the centre, is the only thing that seems—on one day of the week—instinct with life. On any other day, you might go there and hear no step except your own startle the air. Tall substantial houses stand around, in by-gone days the abodes of grave Provost and gay city beauty. But their former occupants have passed into the grave, and none appear to have succeeded them. No children's laughing faces look out from the windows; no little feet dance out of the doorways. Dust has gathered on the panes, and no hand wipes it away; and windows have been broken, which no one ever seems to think of mending. Spirits may haunt the place, but no inhabitant is visible.

Yet there are inhabitants; for the pawnbrokers' signs, which meet the eye on every side, hang there to tempt the wants or prodigality of the present generation, though no living thing except a drowsy fly is to be seen moving near them. And there are dwellers on every flat, almost in every room, as in all other parts of the city hive; but one is apt to wonder, with Nicol, how all can be so still, with so much active life breathing and busy, only just behind those strong old walls.

After penetrating uselessly into several of these houses, and receiving from more than one guidwife, whom he had disturbed in her household avocations, the intimation that "she couldna be fashed" to attend to his inquiries for his new friend, Nicol at length found him in a comfortless room, at the topmost story of the most dismal looking dwelling in the square. Grant was tracing mysterious figures on a large sheet of paper, but rose with a kind welcome as Nicol Forbes announced himself.

Then each looked intently on the other, whom he had before seen only in the dim twilight and by the lamp-rays. And a smile of pitying sadness came to Grant's lip, as he marked how young Forbes was to have passed from life's sunshine into its shade—where he himself had so long dwelt. Yet, as Nicol's eye soon read, his own years scarcely numbered forty, and his features were still handsome, though they were worn by care and suffering, and his hair broadly streaked with grey.

And yet to this man—the acquaintance of an hour—Nicol Forbes had come, as to the only one from whom he could ask counsel, or to whom he could speak of the mortifications and difficulties surrounding him. For this almost stranger was the only man who had shown him sympathy or kindness. From all else, proud in their unstained rectitude, he had met sneers and cold haughty looks; and knew he should have been haughtily repulsed if he had sought communication with them, though it had only been to say, as he said to Grant—

"What am I to do! Which way am I to turn?"

"That is hard to tell," was Grant's reply. "You say that here you have no prospect of employment?"

"No chance. My name, my very face is enough to bar all hope. I can never forget the rebuffs I have encountered to-day, even where I believed I should be unknown, and want of character of least importance. No, never again shall I expose myself to such bitter insult!" exclaimed Nicol, starting up, and beginning to pace the room in uncontrollable excitement.

Grant's lip quivered with a strange expression, for he had suffered far worse than his young companion had detailed. But after a moment he said calmly—

"We have little right to blame others for doing as we might have done, were our positions reversed. All naturally shrink from danger, whether to

themselves or property. True, you sought a situation where was no trust; yet, there is scarce any where want of rectitude cannot exert an evil influence, and where it does not, the world fancies that it does. A reputation is everything—while this life lasts—and woe to him who has lost what is so hard to be regained! But you are young, the iron has not entered into your soul, nor the brand burned into your brow, and you have time and strength—if you have energy—to build up again the character and name that have been overthrown. You must try your fortune elsewhere, and resolutely determine to struggle onward, but always in the right path, however difficult it may be to tread.

Nicol flung himself into a chair. "But for one thought," said he, gloomily, "I should doubt if it were worth while struggling at all—and even that"

"Is incentive enough to bid you exert every energy to rub the dust from the mirror, and make it shine forth brighter than ever. How, with the love of that fair sweet cousin you tell me of, clinging to you and blessing you, how can you feel desolate? or call yourself miserable? If you had known what it was to feel! Shall I tell you what I have felt? no, not what I have *felt*, but what life has been to me?"

"If I might hear it," replied Nicol. "I know it must have been very dark."

"Aye, dark enough—and yet the morning was so bright! At your age, Forbes, I was one of the happiest creatures God ever placed on this fair earth to enjoy it. I had hopes, dreams, ambition, with talents—so men said—and energies, which nothing save the mountain weight which fell upon them could have crushed. And, more than all, there was a young and lovely being, in whose looks was love, and whose sweet voice whispered all that a lover, devoted and enthusiastic as I was, could wish to hear. And I had a father who seemed very proud of me—and brothers that smiled with pleasure on my career—and friends that gave me good wishes, and were ready with word or hand to help me onward.

"But in the midst of my happiness there came a tempest—thunderbolt—and I was struck down, bereft of all save the miserable existence which I was to drag through years of slavery. There was a forgery—men said mine was the guilty hand; that I denied it mattered not, nor do I expect you or any now to heed the words, that wild hope has long died away. Well, I was accused, tried, convicted! Oh, how much of inexpressible bitterness is comprehended in that one word! And not one heart was true to me, or felt for me, but turned from me in scorn, and hatred, and resentment. All whom I loved so well, whom my heart clung to until it was like death to part with them—all thought only of the shame I brought on them, and not of the agony I endured. They thought not of the high spirit crushed, the proud heart trampled on, but only of their own disgrace. While I—God knows!—that to have spared them that, I would have borne every other woe on earth; for all would have been light compared to the knowledge that I had brought shame on those I loved! One kind word then, what would—. But that is nothing, I had it not; and soon the deep sea rolled between us, yet severing us less completely than that invisible, impassable, social gulf which divided us for evermore.

"Time passed—my fourteen years of degrading exile were completed, and I could not remain in the land where they had been spent, and where I was known, though but as what was too common there. Again I trod my native shore, but it was alone—solitary as though there were none of my kindred, my name, or my race upon this earth. Yet, I longed to know what had befallen those of whom no tidings had ever reached me, to look, if possible, on those whom I had loved through all my sufferings. I went to the place of my birth. My father was dead—I fear his curse was on me, as having brought down his grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. But as to all beside, time had swept away the shame-cloud my fate had cast

on them. I was at length forgotten, and they were happy. And she I loved had wedded another, richer and prouder than ever I had been.

"I saw my brothers; yet thought to have kept my secret, and that the happy youth of three-and-twenty had left no trace in the sorrow-stricken and weather-beaten man. But a look or two betrayed me, and they remembered all—all, but that the same blood flowed in our veins. How cold and stern they were, and strange, as though I were not the same being they once had loved. They offered me money; but bade me go, and not disgrace them by my presence, as though I had come back for that. Beggared as I was, I spurned the gold they proffered me in lieu of the kind words, and looks, and feelings my heart thirsted for, and came thither to earn my bread as best I could. 'Twas not easy to find a way; but your manufactories require designs, and by such I win a subsistence—merely a subsistence 'tis true, for only the worst paid labours have fallen to my share, and I suppose such a life would scarcely fit you."

Forbes said he should not fit it, having no taste or talent for drawing.

"Then you must try your fortune elsewhere," said Grant again; "and it is perhaps better. Strive by fair means to win back a fair name; strive with all your heart and soul, and if the heart keeps right you will succeed at last. You look as if you would say, my words and acts speak different things. But no; I had struggled as I bid you struggle, but it was useless, impossible; the barrier is raised between me and society, and nothing can break it down. You have heard my story."

"I have," said Forbes; "and it has taught me, if nothing else, to thank God that my fate is no worse."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## The Inquiry.

BY WILLIAM AITKEN, P. PROV. G. M.

*Written in the State of Illinois, U.S., 1843.*

Tell me, ye babbling winds, that ceaseless sweep  
O'er earth's domain, and ocean's mighty deep,  
Is there no sacred spot ye wander by,  
'Mid winter's wrath, or summer's cloudless sky,  
Where *happiness*, with gay and buoyant air,  
Rules uncontroll'd, a lovely goddess fair?  
The travell'd winds a moment ceas'd to blow,  
Then took their course and boldly answered "NO."

Ye waters deep, that lift your crested waves  
Near many dark, mysterious, unknown caves;  
Whose whitened foam hath never ceased to roll  
Beneath the sky, from icy pole to pole;  
Is there no verdant island where ye roam,  
Where happiness hath found a spotless home?  
The waves e'en for a moment ceas'd to flow,  
Then rushing on, hoarsely responded "NO."

Thou moon, that shin'st with pure, yet borrow'd ray,  
 When Sol withdraws the western beams of day ;  
 That throw'st thy rays on earth, and gild'st the deep,  
 And view'st the world, while cares' deni'd to sleep ;  
 That see'st the lovers in some fragrant bow'r,  
 Stealing alone, one golden, raptur'd hour ;  
 Cans't tell me where dwells *happiness* below ?  
 She veil'd her light, and mildly answer'd, "NO."

Ye little stars, that shed your glimm'ring light  
 On this, our globe, 'mid solemn stilly night ;  
 Peeping from out your far blue distant home,  
 On earth's repose, and ocean's surging foam ;  
 Have ye, from your own heights e'er seen  
 Where *happiness* doth dwell, with face serene,  
 Unseen, untrammell'd by the demon woe !  
 The brilliant spangles sweetly answered, "NO."

Ye aged mountains tow'ring to the sky,  
 Unscath'd by storms who list the zephyr's sigh,  
 Have ye, within your depths, one secret cave,  
 Where tyrant never trod, nor wept the slave ;  
 Ye murm'ring rivers, and ye vernal woods,  
 Ye fragrant flow'rs and sweetly blushing buds,  
 Have ye seen happiness on earth below ?  
 All spoke together one emphatic "NO."

Ye monarchs, wielding pow'rs imper'al sway,  
 'Mid luxury and ease, each passing day ;  
 Ye courtiers and rulers, wealthy, all  
 Throughout earth's wide, extended, rolling ball ;  
 Does happiness within your mansions dwell,  
 Or is't with thee, lone hermit, in thy cell ?  
 With cool contempt, and face bespeaking woe,  
 Each answer'd to THE MILD INQUIRY, "NO."

Oh ! THOU who look'st upon, and guid'st the world,  
 Whose banner's o'er the universe unfurl'd ;  
 Who what THOU art, is still to us unknown,  
 But Thy GREAT SELF presid'st on nature's throne ;  
 Whose unknown pow'r unnumber'd worlds controls,  
 To brutes gave instinct, and to men their souls,  
 Say when will happiness to us be given ?  
 A *gentle voice* said, not on earth, but Heav'n.

### Editor.

WHEN the last number of our Magazine was made up we received two pamphlets containing poems by Jno. Brown, of Lincoln, and promised to notice them in our present number.

One of the miscellaneous poems is dedicated to Odd-Fellowship, and is a

very neat production. The more so when it is taken into account that, like hundreds, aye thousands of the working classes of this country, what he knows he has learned himself, giving us another proof—if any were wanting—of the beautifully touching lines in “Grey’s Elegy, written in a country church-yard :”—

“ Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some heart, once pregnant with celestial fire,—  
Hands which the rod of empires might have sway’d,  
Or wak’d to ecstasy the living lyre.”

The baneful influences of poverty and the corrupting influences of gold have sent many who might have “wak’d the lyre,” or aroused slumbering nations to light and freedom, to their “narrow cell,” neglected and unknown. The miscellaneous poems are on various subjects, and speak well for the kindly sentiments of the writer.

There is also a lengthy poem on a not-every-day subject.

A poor beggar was wandering through Lincoln in a miserable plight, when an individual noticed his misery. Was it some rich man ? or some religious one ! No, but one of a class very useful but little thought about—no other than “Sam, the sweep.”

He took the poor beggar to his house, fed him, kept him several days, collected him some money, and sent him on his way rejoicing. Mr. Brown, after stringing the aforesaid ideas into rhythm, says of Sam :—

“ He was humble, poor, and lowly ;—  
Yet from low conditions rise  
Men whose noble minds have slowly,  
Persevering, won the prize.  
Had he been some squire, or knighted  
Baronet, of high degree,  
Then what pledges had been plight’d,  
What an angel he would be.”

We overlook many imperfections of grammatical construction in these poems, because the author is self-taught ; but, on the whole, they are creditable to him as a working man.

Let him persevere, and if he cannot hang his lyre in the great temple of fame by the side of our best poets, composition will be a nice employment in his leisure hours, and will wonderfully improve his mind and taste.

## Old Letters.

MUCH has been said on the above subject, and more felt, by those who never dreamed of telling their feelings to the world ; nor should I, had it not been for my solitude which compels me to talk to some one, even to the world.

To all who have sojourned on this earth for thirty or forty years the subject must be deeply interesting. “Old letters !” the very sound being a sigh. Never can they be read over after a lengthened period has passed away, without (as it were) harrowing up the heart, which, mayhap, had become somewhat hard and frozen from the cold and bitter breath of earth.

To those who glide smoothest over the path of life some change will have taken place—some friend removed by death or distance. Even the very

young I have seen look sad as they perused a treasured billet of by-gone days. The more experienced in trouble may smile at the gay girl of twenty thinking of the past; still, that gay girl of twenty can feel—and feel keenly. She is reading a note that has lain in the most sacred spot of her tiny desk—or, rather, *that* note has consecrated the spot. With a timid, shrinking, half-frightened glance, she summons courage to con over the well-known words which are already engraven on her soul—sighs—turns pale—replaces it—and the inconstancy of human nature begins to tell a tale to the unwilling ear of youth. Truly, “every heart knoweth its own sorrow.”

I was led into these reflections on a sad, sad day—a day set apart for sorting letters, in the January of this year. It was damp, and cold, and cheerless, without—not one ray of wintery sun gleamed to brighten my gloom. Alone with my silent companions—silent, did I say? would they had been silent! No; they spoke, and with power, for tears of bitter anguish often fell upon their words.

“ Oh, what gloomy shadows  
Steal across my soul,  
As I view thy pages—  
Long forgotten scroll.  
Oh! how sad and altered  
Seems the world to me,  
Since the joyous moment  
That gave birth to thee.  
Many a form lies sleeping,  
Loved in days of yore,  
Many a face looks coldly—  
Cared for, now, no more.”

Yes, what a tale they told of a home, a beautiful and happy home—every comfort, every luxury, sweet flowers, smooth lawns, fair shrubs, stately trees, and blue mountains. They spoke of peace and happiness, of dear friends, of young children, of summer hours, of the winter's fire-side, where

“ Hearts have met—both warm and truthful—  
Round about the social hearth;  
Faces bright, and sweet, and youthful,—  
I think I hear their laugh of mirth.”

And they spoke of that home laid desolate and waste!

“ The hearth, the hearth is desolate, the fire is quenched and gone,  
That into happy children's eyes once brightly laughing shone.”

There were letters from those who would write no more—the dead. Some of those were left unopened, unread. Too deeply would it have lacerated the wounds of the heart, wounds which time in its onward flight had refused to heal. The well-known writing of the sailor brother, once hailed with delight and joy, now laid silently by; for who could bear to read of the arrival in England, safe and well after a long voyage, and looking forward with the bright and joyful hope of youth, to a happy meeting with the loved ones at home! No; he would never more arrive in England—never more meet with the loved ones at home!

“ I mourn for thee, my brother, with an unavailing grief,  
I take my harp to soothe my soul with a sorrowful relief.  
All within, and all around, seems ting'd with dark despair,  
My brother thou hast died *and thy sister was not there*.  
I was not near to hold thy hand, nor one kind word to speak,  
I was not there to kiss thy brow—O God! my heart will break;  
If thine eyes had closed at home, I would have mourn'd for thee,  
But to die with strangers round thy bed, thy grave to be the sea!”

"Poor, poor fellow!" burst from the sister's lips in memory of him.

There were letters from friends when prosperity was ours, breathing kindly feelings and promised visits, and anticipated pleasure in our society beneath our roof, and they remained "*ever sincerely and attached.*" Did they remain so? How long? Where were they? Where were the majority?  
Alas

"They were but summer friends, and flew away  
Like birds that shun the approach of winter's day."

Ah! how little did I dream two short years ago

"That those dear lov'd friends would pass us by,  
With scorn and coldness in their altered eye."

But all were not alike. There were bright green spots on the waste. Some spoke of sympathy, encouragement, and trust. There were noble hearts who remembered us with their love and assistance. One note, now before me, I must notice, from the kind and delicate way it is expressed, a few words enclosing a cheque for a considerable sum:—"My dear friend,—If you don't want it, run your pen through it." Truly, it was a gift gracefully given. There were letters from new friends who had known us only in our dark days, when "our sun was behind the cloud," friends who sprang up something like flowers in a desert, unlooked for, un hoped for, shedding across our pathway the fragrance of love. Ah! it was a dark and dreary path, for "one had gone" whose sweet voice was ever reminding us of help from above, and telling us with child-like faith where to look for aid. As we stood over her beautiful remains, in a strange place with strangers round us, there was handed in from "one of the excellent of the earth," a note of sympathy, deep sympathy for our bereavement. "We never," said the writer, "had a living child, but we can feel for you." Enclosed was a note of great value; but no amount of gold could equal the wealth of those few words to our grief-stricken hearts—"We can feel for you." Kind, kind, noble heart!

"Though few of such may gem the earth, yet such rare gems there are,  
Each shining in his own hallow'd sphere as Virtue's polar star;  
Though human hearts too oft are found, all gross, corrupt, and dark,  
Yet, yet some bosoms breathe and burn, lit by Promethean spark."

My own poor lyre had been unstrung for some time, and would not even tune again to sing a song of gratitude to one who had never "walked to the house of God with us," whilst, alas! many had "lifted up their heel against us." There were letters from the poor, offering their humble offerings:—"We send our best respects to you, wishing you all the comfort this world can afford," and "Betty Moscrop sends her best respects to you, and you will please accept the gingerbread as a token of respect for by-gone days." How beautiful are words from the heart. Another humble friend commenced:—"Honourable Sir," reminding us of Job, pouring spiritual consolation into our hearts. I remembered when the dark days first came, how, from the poor, oranges were sent up for the children to our dear home, soon to be no more a home for us!

"Gloom is upon thy lonely hearth,  
O silent home once filled with mirth;  
Sorrow is in the breezy sound  
Of thy tall poplars whispering round;  
The shadow of departed hours  
Hangs dim upon thy early flowers;  
Ev'n in thy sunshine, seems to brood  
Something more deep than solitude."



And how the respect of the poor was shown in various ways; very different to those who had sat at our table, and as the Arabs say, "eaten of your salt." We were shunned as if the plague had been with us; and, truly, it was the plague of cold blooded, cruel slander. There were letters lying before me, which, if the writers *now* saw, would I think bring a blush to their faces. However, it is a changing world, and those who tread upon a fallen one may live to find themselves in the dust. There were also letters of apology from people who had gone too far, sailed with the stream until they found they had gone into the whirlpool of difficulty. As I read over the full, free, and noble withdrawal of erroneous impressions from one of the gallant defenders of our country, I could not but muse upon the excellent laws of that country, where justice is for the poor as well as for the rich.

Then there were business letters, tiresome and tedious to look at, and in their midst, in close companionship, were scraps of poetry, cut from newspapers, and verses sent me by friends years ago. One piece I well remember receiving after the birth of our first boy; and he was gone. It was entitled, "The young Mother." A deep, deep sigh followed its perusal, though I had lived to see and say,—

"Oh! there was wisdom in the blow  
That wrung the sad and scalding tear,  
That laid my dearest idol low,  
And left my bosom lone and drear.  
'Tis well to learn that sunny hours  
May quickly change to mournful shade;—  
'Tis well to prize life's scattered flowers,  
Yet be prepared to see them fade."

And there were valued notes from the talented and gifted lady who wrote the beautiful lines now quoted though personally unknown, breathing womanly kindness and a tender spirit. Then there were valentines—valentines of the dead. My sainted child—her treasury of roses and silver leaves, and ever-green wreaths, lay before me! And words of love, and hope, and happiness interspersed amid the flowers. And she was gone—gone before the roses of life had faded in her grasp—gone before the green leaves of youth and friendship began to wither and fade—gone before the dew of the morning was drained from the flower of life by the burthen and heat of the day.

"Thou art gone home, O early crown'd and blest,  
Where could the love of that deep heart find rest  
With aught below?  
Thou must have seen rich dream by dream decay,  
All the bright rose leaves drop from life away,  
Thrice blessed to go."

There was a note, written six weeks before her death, to her papa during our absence. There it lay, a treasure, a mine of wealth, for it spoke undying words, and I once more took it from its bed of withered leaves and dead violets, and read again the lines traced by her delicate fingers:—

"Do not distress yourself so much, dear papa. I can bear it very well—it most likely is all for the best. Then, if it be God's will, I will see mamma and you, dear papa, on Wednesday, and papa may be sure 'God will not forsake us in our time of need.'"

Sweet little preacher, she was right. We *never* were forsaken in our time of need.

And there were letters of my own, written home during the last twelve months. *Home*, did I say? I mean to my father and mother. We are apt

to call the place home where those endearing ties are. They were given back to me with the words, "I wish you would take them; we *cannot* burn them, and we don't know whose hands they may fall into." "*We cannot burn them!*" How much love that simple sentence expresses. A sad, sad tale they reveal, of pain, of sickness, of watchings in the midnight hour, and of the last enemy—*death*. They tell of us having, like Abraham of old, to say, "We are strangers and sojourners among you; give us the possession of a burying place!" Then the bitter grief—then the weary grief; and how the spring came as a thick darkness, with its sun and its lengthening days, and its flowers. But there was no little hand to gather those flowers for me—it lay in the grave like a withered snow drop; yet I remembered the offerings that were wont to be mine. Primroses and wild-flowers from the hedge-rows; roses and sweets of every hue from the garden. Then I turned from those "stars of earth" with a sick heart; all our other troubles were swallowed up in the loss of our child. Then came resignation, with its pale slow footsteps; and as I gazed on the mass of misery before me, the heart-aches, the struggles, the strivings for peace, I felt unable to further pass through a more terrible ordeal than that of fire; so the remaining "Old Letters" were consigned to their quiet resting place.

ANNIE.

Cliff Cottage, Kendal, 1857.

### Catalina of Segorbe.

"A mighty pain to love it is,  
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;  
But of all pains, the greatest pain  
It is to love, and love in vain."—*Cowley*.

CATALINA OF SEGORBE.—One meets sometimes with strange little episodes in solitary travel through foreign lands, and I am about to relate one.—Often has it risen to my remembrance, even during a long and quiet residence in England, when Segorbe or more frequently Berlin has been mentioned. Lately, in perusing a German newspaper—which I am seldom able to do now—the account of a terrible tragedy at Dresden met my eye, wherein a young girl had been assassinated; but her name was not Clotilde, or could I at all connect the circumstance with Catalina. This is, however, anticipating.

With a knapsack on my back and stout staff in my hand I was trudging along, just entering—on a pleasant summer's afternoon—one of the little villages in the vicinity of Wertheim, when my attention was arrested by the invocation of a kneeling peasant girl who prayed with far more animation to a road-side image of the Virgin than is usual amongst the blue-eyed daughters of the Vaterland.

On approaching nearer it became apparent that her accents were not those of the German tongue, and with much interest I listened to the round full tones of a more southern country poured forth with an earnestness which showed that she believed herself alone.

"O glorioso Santa Catalina, que reinas con Dios en la gloria, acordase de mi en la presencia del Señor para que no deshonre vuestro nombre con mis

culpas, y merezca Uegar al puerto donde vos Uegasteis, y goce de lo que vos gozais.”*

It was evident that the young girl had finished her evening prayer to the Madonna, touchingly closing the devotions with this address to the angel of her name, the Santa Catalina. Dressed differently to the usual German peasantry I had met on the other side of the Odenwald there was little difficulty in believing that she was, as her language had induced me to think, a native of Spain, who was straying away from some cause or other in a northerly direction, and if any doubts had remained on my mind they would soon have been dispelled when obtaining a nearer and better view of that rounded profile, that oval countenance with a thoughtful look, those slightly bronzed features with intensely dark and piercing eyes, which flashed into expression as she accosted me, with an air more worthy of some barbaric queen or Zingara Roma than of a German fraulein.

“Is it far from Lichteausen, traveller?” asked she, with an attempt at German.

“It is to be regretted Mademoiselle,” replied I, (for it was as difficult for me to string together a few sentences in the language of the Principalities as for her), “It is to be regretted for your sake, that Lichteausen is still far distant.”

“Vámos,”† continued the young girl. “Let us proceed then, if you are travelling in that direction. I am, however, wearied, and the evening is fast closing in. You, too, look quite ready for a resting place and a supper.”

“Indeed,” replied I, “You are not far wrong, for I have walked nearly five of these German miles to-day (my reader will not require reminding that this would be equal to something like twenty-three English), and, except a sorry cutlet and flask of Rhenish at the Wildenmaun, at Schoffenfusth, I have had nothing.”

“Your knapsack too is weighty.”

“Tolerably so; but for a man, a long walk is after all an affair of little moment. For your sex, so unaccustomed to the difficulties of the road it is different.”

She had all this time been scanning me inquiringly, her eyes glancing rapidly from head to foot and then away into the open country, and then back again, hesitatingly with every fresh feeling of the mind. She was a charming little creature, a travelling companion anyone might have envied, from “My Lord” down to “Sa Excellenza;” but it seemed unlikely that anyone would be allowed the honour of an escort far except a grave German student (if there be such a thing in reality as well as mere appearance), or a quiet artisan on his “journeyings,” or, mayhap, a poor harmless strolling painter like myself, who endured many privations through the constant love of fresh scenery and new studies which urged him on beyond his little income, and spurred him like the wandering Jew up and down the world and to and fro in it. “Why not,” thought I to myself as I spoke, maintaining a most respectful attitude.

The look of the young girl at last became fixed, and we proceeded together, side by side. To my offer to assist her with a small compact little bundle which was slung on her side, she returned a gay laughing negative.

“You are much wearied,” said I, “and for me it will be nothing—a man

* O most glorious and holy Catalina who reignest with God in glory, remember thou me in the presence of the Lord. Let me not dishonour thy name by my misdeeds, and make me worthy to enter in at the gate by which thou hast passed to eternal felicity, and to enjoy of that which thou enjoyest.

† It is evident that the American cant word “Vamase,” meaning to decamp, to go off hastily, must have been caught from the Spanish “Vámos,” let us go—probably from the South American territories.

is stronger. Do you see the hill rising before us that we have to mount?"

"Oui Monsieur," she responded, "you must pardon my speaking in French; as for German, it is only here and there a word which I can understand, and it has occasioned me many difficulties in this country."

"Evidently there is a sympathy between us, Mademoiselle. We have both travelled far, and both have met with difficulties—love."

"Is it love then, Monsieur," began my companion with an inquiring glance and heightened colour, "that has driven you, like me, a wanderer from your home, and which has destined you to traverse these foreign hills and listen to a language, which to any other ear than the people who speak it, is, in my opinion at all events, the most barbarous of jargons."

I hesitated to reply, for she had utterly mistaken my meaning, the love of natural scenery alone being that of which I had intended to speak when so quickly interrupted. "I am a painter, Mademoiselle," I resumed; "art is my only mistress, and to such a love many comforts may be sacrificed without complaint."

The look of animation, to my great regret, faded from those beautiful eyes, as with a gesture she acquiesced. "Your travels, Monsieur, at least have one thing in common with my own; difficulties, and dangers even, are thought little of when one has a sufficient object to surmount them. The hill is fatiguing, as you assured me it would be."

"Have you still much travel before you?"

"I am approaching the end of my long journey. There," she resumed, pointing as we gained the summit of the eminence in a north-easterly direction, "beyond those hills many days distant still, as you know, lies the great city of Berlin. It is that to which I am hastening, which I pant to see."

"May you be welcomed by your friends, who are no doubt anxiously anticipating your arrival, with all the kindness and warmth which such fatiguing travel and such earnestness of purpose merits."

She turned a quick look from the long plains over which she had been gazing, to my face. It was painful in its regretful disappointed expression. "I have journeyed all the way, Senor Viagante, from Segorbe, passing through Montalvan, Zaragossa, even the Pyrenees, and through parts of Italy and Switzerland, to Stutgard, and from thence I am come here, *en route* for Berlin. No doubt this is deserving of a welcome."

But there was a terrible irony in the words and looks of the young girl which went to my heart. To avoid any chance of annoying her further I made the most casual remark which occurred to me.

"But the distance is very far, and you must have been a long time in traversing it?"

"I cannot tell how long—weeks perhaps—the time it seems to me will never have an end. Berlin, like an unquiet restless phantom, seems to fly my approach, and to be always further from me; but I know this is a foolish feeling. Sometimes I have travelled by diligence, once by *chemin de fer*, oftenest on foot, with small means to defray the heavy expenses. All this distance have I come, Monsieur, trusting—not in vain—in the Virgin, in the Angel de la Guardia (guardian Angel) and in Santa Catalina."

"If you are from Segorbe then, you are doubtless a Valenciana," said I, in Spanish.

"Si Senor," she replied with some return of animation, "V ha visto esta bella Espana. You have then seen my native, my beautiful country—what happiness, in this barbarous land, to hear again the sweet Spanish sounds."

We had just reached the summit of the hill and instinctively paused to look back. In the distance the setting sun threw upon the horizon the

little towers and buttresses, and the buildings, half embosomed in trees, of Wertheim. The broad junction of the waters of the Tawber and the Maine glistened like silver sheen, and a beautiful fertile expanse of well cultivated land stretched at our feet.

Before us, in a north-easterly direction, the road descended through the circle of the lower Maine into Franconia and Bavaria, becoming more wild and solitary as it proceeded. Eminences crowned with fir trees spread themselves on every side, and masses of other foliage, together with the evening mists, obscured the view towards Wurzburg. To arrive at the next halting place we had still many miles to walk, without any chance of other than our own companionship. When after a few moments pause we resumed our journey, both somewhat wearily, there was evidently a bond of sympathy between us, and this emboldened me to continue the conversation as I should have done to a friend.

At first we talked of my art and of the study of nature and of colour, of different paintings and buildings, but the Spanish girl was soon out of her depth here, and she took far more interest in my recitals of adventures in travelling, of the difficulties which want of money had compelled me to find strange ways of overcoming, and of the early struggles of my life. So passed away many a winding mile of road, many a hilly ascent and descent, many a long level stretch—almost deserted by travellers—until having exhausted all my stories I inquired in turn from my companion,

"Why undertake alone and undefended such a long and perilous traverse as that from Segorbe to Berlin. Surely there must be some very pressing reason for such an unusual journey on the part of so handsome a Muchacha?"

It was getting too dark to see whether the Sendrita blushed at the compliment; at all events, she immediately responded, saying that the narrative would serve the purpose at least of beguiling the time and easing the fatigue between the place where we then were and Lichtehausen.

I shall give the outline of the Sendrita's story, delivered as the twilight sunk into a star-lit night, heard only by our two selves, upon the quiet lonely road which still wound round the bases of gentle hills and over deserted plains, where no sound announced that any other human being was near. It may seem insipid read by the English evening fire, for it will lack the wild earnestness and the impassioned energy with which it was told by the Spanish doncella, in the flowery and high sounding language of her native country, but her accents will long ring in my ears when I recall in the dusk and hush of evening the incidents of Bavaria journeying.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Odd-Fellowship in America.

WE have received, through the kindness of C. J. Downing and the joint resolutions of the Tyrone Lodge and Belfast District, a copy of the *Danville Democrat*, published in Danville, Montour County, Pennsylvania, United States, containing a lecture delivered by the Rev. F. A. Fink to the members of the Montour and Calumet Lodges. The lecturer has displayed an

intimate acquaintance with history, a thorough knowledge of our Society, and the lecture is about one of the most eloquent we have ever read. We regret that our space permits us only to extract the impulsive apostrophe to Woman with which the address concludes. "Home, sweet home," exclaims the lecturer, "is her theatre of action—her pedestal of beauty and throne of power. It was not woman who slept during the agonies of Gethsemane! It was not woman who denied her Lord at the palace of Caiaphas! It was not woman who deserted his cross on the hill of Calvary!—But it was woman that dared to testify her respect for her crucified Lord—that was found last at night and first at morning at his sepulchre. Time has neither impaired her kindness, shaken her constancy, or changed her character. Now, as formerly, it is her office to stay the fainting head, wipe from the dim eye the tears of anguish, and from the cold forehead the dews of death. We honour you! We respect you! We love you! We want the influence of your declared approbation, enforced by that soft persuasive eloquence which in some hallowed retirement and chosen moment exerts such controlling influence over the hard cold heart of man. It is this influence which you have to give—an influence which in its benign effects is like the noiseless, balmy influence of spring; shedding, as it silently advances, renovation over every hill and dale and glen and isle; and changing, throughout the whole region of animated nature, winter's rugged and unsightly forms into those of vernal loveliness and beauty. Give us this influence, and may heaven bless you." We are happy to find that the New World, as well as the Old, has its eloquent expounders of the principles of the M.U.

## Presentations.

**ABERDARE.**—LECTURE AND PRESENTATIONS.—The Rev. Thomas Price, first Prov. G. M. of the Aberdare district, having arranged to deliver a lecture (in Welsh), on the evening of Monday last, on "The rise, progress, and prospects of Odd-Fellowship," the various lodges decided upon presenting him with an elegantly-framed Past Officer's Emblem, suitably inscribed; and also a very chaste Medal, in the form of an emblem, on which was inscribed Mr. Price's name, and date of Presentation, &c. This emblem was valued at £12 12s. David Davies, Esq., Bryngolwg, occupied the chair. At the conclusion of the lecture, which occupied one hour and forty minutes in the delivery, Mr. Price was formally presented with the testimonials by the Grand Master and Mr. T. Botting. Mr. B. G. Davies then, in a short but highly complimentary speech, presented to Mr. Vaughan, corresponding secretary, a massive gold pencil case, suitably inscribed.

**BEVERLEY.**—On Tuesday evening, the 14th April, the members of the Rising Star Lodge, Beverley, assembled at the house of Host Bro. Shaker, to present an address and a beautiful writing desk to their late secretary, Prov. G. M. Swailes, for the manner he has conducted the financial affairs of the lodge through a long series of years. The dinner was excellent, the guests numerous, and a most happy evening was spent "worthy of Odd-Fellows."

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Mr. Samuel Daynes, P. G. M.

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THE subject of this notice was born at Norwich, on the 16th of December, 1815, in which city his ancestors have resided during many centuries. From the name, and the circumstance that the county of Norfolk received a large proportion of Danish settlers, it is highly probable that Mr. Daynes' family is of Scandinavian origin. One circumstance attending his entrance into life was anything but typical of his future eminence as an odd fellow:—He was accompanied into this breathing world by a fair sister, who is still living, and is the mother of a numerous family. The early portion of his youth was spent in the warehouse of his father, a manufacturer in Norwich. He afterwards entered into the printing business; and at the present time is proprietor of an establishment in his native city.

Mr. Daynes was initiated a member of the Travellers' Rest Lodge, of the Norwich District, on the 13th November, 1841. At that period he was totally unacquainted with the importance of the Manchester Unity as a provident institution; he simply joined it, at the instigation of a friend, anticipating nothing more than an introduction to agreeable and social company. For the first twelve months he took little or no interest in the business transactions of the lodge, district, or order. Shortly afterwards, however, his attention was called to the financial condition of his lodge, when he strenuously exerted himself to the attainment of several important measures of reform. He was mainly instrumental in procuring an increase of thirty per cent. in the rate of contribution, and in the separation of the sick and funeral fund from that devoted to the expenses of management, benevolent gifts, and minor insurances. Mr. Daynes likewise introduced a superior code of by-laws for the government of the lodge and the dispensation of the benefits promised by the society, together with a new form of declaration on the initiation of members. Many of these laws have been adopted by other branches in various parts of the Unity. Notwithstanding the large drafts on his time which his duties as officer of the Norwich District, and subsequently as director and officer of the Unity, demanded, Mr. Daynes has ever continued to take an active part in the management of his own lodge. He first introduced the publication of a periodical statement of the accounts, with a view to check or prevent fraud;—a practice now become very general throughout the Order. Mr. Daynes' efforts being well seconded by other active members, secured the prosperity of the lodge. In 1842 it numbered 180 members, with a reserved fund amounting to £293 17s. 11½d. In 1857 the members number 380, and the reserved capital amounts to upwards of £3,800.

Mr. Daynes was elected corresponding secretary of the district in 1845, which office he has retained to the present time. His zeal and energy were soon both felt and appreciated in the more extensive business of the district. After his acceptance of office it rapidly progressed from comparative insignificance to about the third in the Unity in point of numbers, and to one of the first, if not *the* first, with respect to funds and local standing. In 1845 the district





Yours very truly  
Saml May Jr  
1844



numbered 23 lodges, with an aggregate of 1,635 members. The lodges are now 54 in number, and the members have increased to upwards of 5,300. The total reserved fund amounts to about £30,000. In no portion of the kingdom is the Manchester Unity more appreciated and patronised by the upper classes than in the city and county of Norwich. The grand banquet in St. Andrew's Hall, last June, demonstrated this fact beyond all question. Much of this marked success is unquestionably owing to the zealous labours of many other worthy members; but Mr. Daynes' exertions and influence have ever been cheerfully recognised by those who have most industriously seconded his efforts.

Mr. Daynes first represented his district at the Annual Committee held at Bristol, in 1846, and took an important part in the debates. In the following year, at the Oxford A.M.C., he was elected one of the directors of the Unity; and has retained his seat on the board to the present time. He had acquired some reputation in the Order, previous to his *début* at Bristol, by a series of resolutions which he published in the *Odd-Fellows' Chronicle*, in 1845, with the view of placing before the members of the Order the true character of the dispute which then shook the institution to its foundation, and threatened its speedy dissolution. These resolutions strengthened, considerably, the hands of the executive government, and otherwise operated beneficially upon the impending crisis. In December, 1847, the proceedings with reference to the conduct of the late secretary of the Unity commenced. Mr. Daynes, in conjunction with Mr. Kitton, a legal friend, represented Norwich at the great meeting in the Corn Exchange, Manchester. Mr. Daynes, by his indomitable perseverance and business tact, by the cheerful sacrifice of his time, and serious pecuniary risk, contributed much towards the final settlement of that most vexed question, and earned for himself the lasting gratitude of every true friend of the Manchester Unity.

At the Halifax A.M.C., in 1850, Mr. Daynes was elected Deputy Grand Master of the Unity; and in the following year he attained the highest honour the Order can bestow. He presided, as Grand Master, at the Carlisle A.M.C., in 1852. At Lincoln, in 1856, he was elected a trustee of the Unity fund; and both at Lincoln and

Norwich he received the highest number of votes in the election of directors,—one of the best tests of the value which the Unity at large places upon his services. During the past year, Mr. Daynes distinguished himself not only in the opinion of the members of the Order, but of that portion of the public interested in the success of the provident institutions of the people, by his courageous and brilliant defence of the Order against the aspersions thrown upon it by the Earl of Albemarle. The readers of the Odd-Fellows' Magazine need not be told that Mr. Daynes's victory over his noble antagonist, was gained by his superior knowledge of his subject, or that the victory itself was complete and decisive. If any doubt of this remained, the magnificent gathering in St. Andrew's Hall, on the 2nd day of June last, and the tone of the various speakers, must have effectually erased it. At that meeting a purse containing 168 guineas, raised by voluntary subscription, was presented to him as an acknowledgment of his services in this particular contest, and of the general approbation of his conduct as a leading member of the Order. The Norwich District had previously, after he had completed his period of office as Grand Master of the Order, in 1852, testified its appreciation of his services by the presentation of a purse, suitably inscribed, containing £133.

Mr. Daynes has taken an active part in the discussion and practical development of nearly all the important improvements which have been effected in the constitution of the society since the Glasgow Annual Committee. He is an eloquent, a gentlemanly, and a convincing speaker, which, combined with his intelligent zeal, has contributed much to the improved tone of public feeling with reference to the Order not only in his native county, but generally throughout the kingdom.

In 1854, Mr. Daynes was married to Selina, youngest daughter of the late William Crook, Esq., of Norwich, and sister to John Crook, Esq., surgeon to ten lodges in the city. Their union, in the words of the old ballad quoted by Hamlet, has been blessed with

“One fair daughter and no more,  
The which he loveth passing well.”

## Tempest !

BY WILLIAM F. PEACOCK.

How the heavy rain is beating through the night !  
 Beating on the outside sill,  
 While the wind is never still ;  
 Ever rushing, with a thrill

From the height.

Hark, the dashing and the splashing of the rain !  
 Sure, the sun rose gay this morn,  
 Promised fair, you would have sworn,  
 To delight and to adorn ;

Promised vain !

For the sanguine hope now nought but sorrow yields ;  
 Infants' dreams are thick with fears,  
 And the rose is all in tears,  
 And the green grass sad appears

In the fields !

Ah, poor mariners at sea, tempest-tost !  
 Many a good life shall be shorn,  
 Many a fisher's wife left lorn,  
 Many a bark, ere yet the morn,

Wrecked and lost !

Thought ye so when from the land ye set sail !  
 Then, the dayspring blessed each oar ;  
 Every face a glad smile wore ;  
 Now, your corpses drift to shore

Stark and pale !

Stark and pale, the blust'ring billows bear ye now ;  
 What was Hope is fixed Despair,  
 What was Joy is cankered Care ;  
 Senseless fingers, floating hair,

Clammy brow !

And the morning of my life, bright and gay !  
 Fortune's chaplet me encrown'd,  
 Flora's tresses were unbound,  
 And her smiles were all around,—

Well-a-day !

Summer morn of sunny promise, ICHABOD !  
 Fate hath rung thy parting knell,  
 But shall Fate my spirit quell !  
 No ! I'll bear me strong and well

Under God !

For the rain may not be always, nor the night ;  
 The Great Master, if He will,  
 Life's worst rains and winds can still ;  
 Courage ! look, through present ill,  
 To the Light !

## Douglas Jerrold.

BY GEORGE F. PARDON.

A GREAT and shining light has gone from the literary firmament; and the world has lost one of the most honest, fearless, and uncompromising of its teachers. On Monday, the eighth day of June, one thousand eight hundred and fifty seven, died Douglas Jerrold, in the arms of his eldest son, at his newly-acquired residence, Greville Place, Kilburn Priory.

Twelve months since, if any one had asked who was the wittiest man in London, the answer he would have received would inevitably have been,—Douglas Jerrold. This was his reputation among his associates, and that peculiar circle commonly known as the literary world. But abroad, throughout the wider area wherever Englishmen are to be found, the name of Jerrold was associated with certain famous dramas, one or two successful novels, and some of the most brilliant essays in *Punch*.

Douglas Jerrold was essentially a wit; but properly to understand the characteristic for which he was celebrated, it is not enough that you have read his works, brimful as they are of true humour. To comprehend the influence he possessed over his contemporaries—the admiration in which he was held by those who boasted his acquaintance, and the fear—nay dislike—openly expressed, of his scornful sneer, his quiet sarcasm, and his pitiless banter,—it was necessary that you should see him in a wordy contest, when his face would light up with eager anticipation, and his antagonist would be floored by some remorseless repartee or unanswerable pun, which cannot be translated into print. But it is not on his character as a wit merely that the fame of Douglas Jerrold will rest. For nearly thirty years his writings have delighted the world,—writings in which earnestness of purpose, true philosophy, and a liberal advocacy of all that tends to advance the progress of mankind, are especially remarkable. It was the fortune of the present writer to boast an acquaintance of nearly fifteen years with the wit so feared and so admired: and it is useless, now, to blink the question,—he was feared as well as admired; and every endeavour to gloss over that fact only tends to raise a suspicion Jerrold himself would have been the first to set at rest, possibly by a joke that would cut, like a razor, all the more deeply for the very keenness of the instrument and the little apparent pain felt in the infliction of the wound. Douglas Jerrold was known among literary men as at once the kindest and the most severe, and no good can come of trying to hide this remarkable trait in his character. "There may be men," says one of his critics, writing some half-dozen years since, "reputed his equals or superiors in general conversation; but in that one quality called wit, in the power of sharp and instant repartee, and, above all, in the knack of demolishing an opponent by some resistless pun upon his meaning, Douglas Jerrold is, among London literary men, unrivalled. On paper there are some who may come near him; but in witty talk among his friends he is *facile princeps*. His eager vehement face, as he presides at a wit combat anywhere within a four miles' circuit of Temple Bar, is a sight worth seeing. If he is telling a story, all present are attentive; if he and some luckless antagonist become hooked in a two-handed encounter, the rest pleasantly look on, expecting

the result ; or, if somebody else is speaking, he will sit apart, quietly and even sympathetically listen, but in the end will detect his opening, and ruin all with his pitiless flash. No second part would he have played even in the famous wit-combats of the Mermaid Tavern in Friday-street, where, more than two hundred years ago, Rooky Ben and his companions used to drink their Canary ; and, had he sat beside poor Goldy at the meetings of the Literary Club of last century, ponderous Samuel himself, we are inclined to think, would have kept an uneasy eye upon that end of the table. It is thus that Douglas Jerrold is known in the literary circles in London, and there is no harm in saying so."

The subject of our notice was eminently a self-taught and self-made man. He was born in London, on the 3rd of January, 1803, and passed his earliest years in Southend and Sheerness, of the theatres in which half-nautical places, on either side the Thames, his father was lessee and manager. Here, among ships, sailors, fishwives, actors, and prisoners of war, Jerrold acquired that love of the sea which really appears a kind of second nature to most English boys. At this time, the attention of the public was painfully engaged in watching the efforts of Napoleon, who, with his army at Boulogne, was preparing to make his boasted descent upon our shores. The little Douglas (who was so called after his grandmother, whose maiden name it had been) caught the patriotic fever, and was anxious to join in the struggle going on in a larger and more important theatre than that of Sheerness, in which he had already made a successful *début*. After appearing on his father's stage with the elder Kean, as one of the children in Kotzebue's drama of "*The Stranger*," and in several other juvenile characters, the lad expressed a desire to make a figure on the world's stage itself. He was, therefore, indulged in the luxury of a sea voyage, at an age in which most other boys are at their books at school, and was entered as a midshipman on board His Majesty's ship *Namur*. Here, however, his rage for fighting and sailing cooled considerably, and a voyage or two served to disgust him with the rough fun of the mess-room and the hard life of a ship of war.

While serving in the capacity of midshipman, however, the theatrical experience acquired on his father's stage stood him in good stead. Captain Austin, the commander of the vessel, and brother to the well-known novelist, was partial to private theatricals, and the officers got up little pieces for his and their own amusement. Among the sailors was found a foremastman capable of painting such rough scenery as was required ; and to Jerrold, the "middy," was confided the "getting up" of the pieces selected. This sailor was Clarkson Stanfield, now the best known and most successful of our marine painters and a Royal Academician. Jerrold was soon after drafted into another ship, and the acquaintance between the juvenile manager and amateur scene painter was broken off. Years after, however, when both men had acquired position and fame, the old friendship was strangely renewed. Jerrold was on the stage at Drury Lane superintending the production of his drama of the "*Red Day*" when, in the painter of the scenery for that very piece, he recognised the foremastman who had assisted him in the juvenile theatricals on board the *Namur*. That friendship, so renewed, was never suffered to cool, and out of it arose many pleasant episodes—not the least pleasant of which has been the establishment of the amateur theatrical company which, only a few weeks since, performed, in aid of the "*Jerrold Fund*," before the Queen, at the Gallery of Illustration in Regent-street, and which has contributed, in so many ways, to the assistance of authors and the amusement of the town. The story goes, that during a stroll in Richmond Park, a party of friends, which included Jerrold, Dickens, Stanfield, and Mark

Lemon (the editor of *Punch*), the conversation happening to turn on the theatrical experience of our author, he suddenly exclaimed—"Let's have a play, Stanfield, as we used to have on board the *Namur*!" The hint was seized immediately by the several friends, and Charles Dickens was chosen manager. Our readers know what success has been achieved by the various members of the company thus initiated, and it is pleasant to think that their efforts have been highly useful in securing funds for the testimonial just raised in honour of their old, tried, and worthy associate.

But to resume the thread of our narrative. Young Douglas, tired of the sea, returned to his father's house. He was yet but a boy—a mere child, indeed, in appearance—and his parents were rather puzzled to find him employment. His school-days at Sheerness had been but short; and during his stay on board a man-of-war he had learned little, so that his regular school acquirements were somewhat less than those of most boys of his age and station. But, from a child, he had possessed an intense love of reading, and at eight or nine had begun to scribble bits of poetry, epigrams, and ballads. To make him a printer, therefore, was to indulge, in some sort, his love of books. In his fifteenth year, then, he came up to London, and found employment in the office of a small printer, in a court out of Salisbury-square—the scene of his latest labours, and a neighbourhood made classical by the fact that in the very house now occupied by Mr. Lloyd, in the north-west corner of the square, Oliver Goldsmith corrected the press for Samuel Richardson, the novelist, just a hundred years ago.

Though Douglas Jerrold was regularly apprenticed, and served part of his time as a compositor, he appears to have considered his employment simply as a means to an end. The hours of his labour were twelve, each day in the week except Sunday, with intervals of an hour and a half for meals, and no half-holiday on Saturdays, as now. But, somehow, he contrived to find sufficient leisure and industry to acquire a competent knowledge of Latin and Italian, with something more than the rudiments of French. A residence of some years subsequently, in France, where he educated several of his children, perfected him in the French language, in which he spoke and even punned and jested with all the ease of a Parisian.

It was during his apprenticeship, he being then scarcely sixteen years of age, that his first composition found its way into print. A newspaper being printed in the office, young Jerrold had orders given him occasionally for the theatres, and his visits thither revived his old love for things theatrical. Being present at a representation of Weber's opera of "*Der Freischütz*," at Drury Lane, the youthful critic, ere he went to bed, put his impressions of the work on paper, and next morning dropped it quietly into the editor's box. It was, no doubt, an anxious moment for him; but ere long he was repaid by having his own "copy" put into his hands to be "set up." Everybody praised the article, but nobody suspected its authorship; and it was not till the editor, in his "Notices to Correspondents," had requested the unknown writer to favour him with another paper, that Jerrold ventured to make himself known. It was a fortunate circumstance for Jerrold, that visit to the theatre, for it lifted him from the compositor's "case" to the sub-editor's chair.

From this time the history of Douglas Jerrold is a simple recapitulation of successes as a dramatic writer, a novelist, a critic, or a politician. Ere he had arrived at his twentieth year, he had produced numerous slight dramatic pieces, some of which keep the stage even now. His earliest dramatic composition was, I believe, a farce, called the "*Smoked Miser, or the Benefit of Hanging*," produced, in 1823, at Sadler's Wells Theatre, during the management of Mr. Egerton. About this time, too, he began to con-



tribute to various of the small magazines of the day, under the *nom de plume* of Henry Brownrig. In the preface to his collected works, the publication of which he barely lived to see completed, he tells us that he "began the world at an age when, as a general rule, boys have not laid down their primers. The cockpit of a man-of-war was, at thirteen, exchanged for the struggle of London; and, appearing in print ere the meaning of words was duly mastered, no one could be more alive than himself to the worthlessness of such early mutterings."

Among these "early mutterings" there were, however, some things, doubtless, worthy preservation; but it is not our purpose to present a catalogue of Jerrold's writings, even were it possible to produce a complete one.

By about his twentieth year Jerrold had made sufficient headway to make it worth the while of a theatrical manager to engage his services. Thus, in 1824, we find him attached to the Coburg Theatre in the double capacity of author and actor. The Coburg—now the Victoria—Theatre, was at that time under the management of Davidge, the harlequin, under whom Jerrold served for some months. At this house were produced the dramas of "*The Living Skeleton*," "*Wives by Advertisement*," "*Fifteen Years of a Drunkard's Life*," and "*Ambrose Grinnell, a Sea-side Story*;" the last of which still keeps the stage. It would appear that author and manager did not get on very well together, for, in 1835, we find Jerrold engaged in a similar capacity at Sadler's Wells Theatre, producing original pieces or adapting old ones, and even writing introductions to pantomimes, and fudging up burlettas to suit popular occasions; filling up his spare time by acting as editor to a paper called the *Weekly Times*. In 1827-8 we find him again at the Coburg, at which theatre were produced "*John Overy*," "*Thomas à Becket*," "*Mammon*," and other pieces of like character. It was while fulfilling this engagement that he wrote his famous melo-drama of "*Black-eyed Susan*;" but just as the piece was about to be placed on the stage, author and manager quarrelled, and Jerrold and his play went over to Elliston at the Surrey. This famous sea-piece appeared at the latter theatre on the 6th of June, 1829. At first it did not attract much attention, and was withdrawn after a few nights. Failing other attractions, however, it was again tried; and, what with the inimitable acting of the principal performer, and the merits of the play itself, succeeded in producing a great sensation. It fairly took the town by storm, turned the fortunes of the Surrey Theatre, made T. P. Cooke an actor, saved Elliston from ruin, and introduced the author to a larger and more appreciative audience than he had hitherto known. For a long season it was played to enthusiastic audiences, and on the three hundredth night the theatre was illuminated, and the Blackfriars Road was crowded with people anxious to share, in ever so slight a degree, in the triumph of the occasion. Nor was this all. The manager of Covent Garden, finding all London going over the water, engaged the actor and the piece; and Drury Lane reproduced it with "new and splendid effects."

But though this nautical drama was so very popular—though testimonials were got up for Elliston and Cooke—the author does not seem to have reaped much by his efforts, beyond name and fame. "Actors and managers," says a writer in the *Athenæum*, "reaped a golden harvest, throughout the whole country, but Jerrold's share of the gains were but slight—about £70 of the many thousands that it realised to the management. With unapproachable meanness, Elliston abstained from presenting the youthful writer with the value of a toothpick; and Elliston's biographer, with a kindred sense of poetic justice, while chanting the praises of the manager, for producing '*Black-eyed Susan*,' forgets to say who wrote the play! When the drama had run three

hundred nights, Elliston said to Jerrold, 'My dear boy, why don't you get your friends to present you with a bit of plate!'

In his evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, on the subject of dramatic copyright, Jerrold states that in the first year of its representation, "*Black-eyed Susan*" was played, at different theatres, no fewer than four hundred nights: and that he was paid no more, altogether, for the piece, than T. P. Cooke received for acting in it the part of "William," for six nights, at Covent Garden! For the copyright of the play he obtained £10 from his publisher; and for writing the play itself he was paid £50 by Elliston, the manager of the Surrey Theatre; and various small sums—mere compliments—from the lessees of other theatres in town and country. For nearly thirty years, however, has "*Black-eyed Susan*" been a stock piece, always drawing an audience, wherever and whenever it has been played: and it is pleasant to record the fact, that T. P. Cooke, the original "William," whose excellent acting drew tears from all eyes, and Buckstone, the original "Knatbrain," who dried those same eyes when he appeared on the stage, and then caused them to overflow with laughter, have both played, recently, in the very same piece, got up in aid of the "Jerrold Testimonial," and exercised the old charm over audiences as numerous, as enthusiastic, as critical, and as refined, as in the old time.

"*Black-eyed Susan*" opened the doors of all the theatres to Douglas Jerrold; and in 1831 he produced "*The Bride of Ludgate*," at Drury Lane. It was at once acknowledged to be a brilliant performance, and gave promise of that great popularity which Jerrold's plays afterwards achieved. The critics recognised in it the touch of a master, and pronounced it worthy the elder dramatists, on the model of whose productions it was founded. From this success sprang many of the best dramas of the modern stage; and "*The Housekeeper*," "*The Schoolfellow*," the "*Hazard of the Die*," the "*Wedding Gown*," "*Beau Nash*," "*Nell Gwynne*," and the world-known "*Rent Day*," suggested by Wilkie's famous pictures, appeared in rapid succession. Jerrold's fame was secured; and the ball of fortune seemed to lie at his feet. "The best part of many years of his life," says the before-quoted writer, "was given up freely to these dramatic tasks; for his genius was dramatic—his family belonged to the stage; and his own pulpit, as he thought, stood behind the footlights. His father, his mother, and his two sisters, all adorned the stage; his sisters, older than himself, had married two managers,—one, the late Mr. Hammond, an eccentric humourist, and unsuccessful manager at Drury Lane; the other, Mr. Copeland, lessee of the Theatre Royal, Liverpool. He himself for a moment retred the stage, playing in his own exquisite drama of '*The Painter of Ghent*.' But the effort of mechanical repetition wearied a brain fertile in invention; and he happily returned to literature and journalism only to re-appear as an actor in the plays performed by the amateurs at St. James's Theatre and Devonshire House." A little rest from dramatic labour, and then we find Douglas Jerrold throwing scintillations of his remarkable genius into the periodical press of the day. It may be well, however, that we should, in this place, enumerate the plays produced by him, at longer or shorter intervals, in his maturer years.

"*The Prisoner of War*" was produced, and had a great run, a few years since. In it Mr. and Mrs. Keeley won their brightest laurels. It was followed by "*Bubbles of a Day*," a comedy without story, and which charmed the audience by the pure force of capital writing; and then came the famous play called "*Time Works Wonders*," produced by Mr. Benjamin Webster, at the Haymarket Theatre, and which brought not only fame and honour to the author, but money into the manager's treasury. At the same teatro was produced "*The Cat's Paw*," a piece

which is really almost too brilliant in wit and repartee for popular representation, and which can only be fully enjoyed in the privacy of the study. Jerrold's last two comedies, "*St. Cupid*," and "*The Heart of Gold*," were brought out by Mr. Charles Kean, at the Princess's Theatre. "*St. Cupid*," however, had the honour of being first played before Her Majesty and the court, at Windsor Castle, where the "Dorothy" of Mrs. Kean was pronounced to be one of her best and most tender impersonations. Our readers will remember some disagreeable incidents connected with the production of "*The Heart of Gold*" by Mr. Kean; incidents which, we regret to say, have carried their sting beyond the grave, for Mr. Charles Kean is the only manager in London who has refused to join in the late testimonial performances, got up by the personal friends of the dramatist. It is understood that Douglas Jerrold has left behind him a five-act comedy entitled "*The Spendthrift*."

Turn we now to another aspect of Douglas Jerrold's character,—that of a prose writer and satirist. On the establishment—in 1842, I think,—of our witty contemporary, *Punch*, Jerrold was abroad, with his family. At first the work was anything but a success; and its projectors—Mark Lemon, the brothers Mayhew, Henry Grattan, and an engraver—had some fears that it would die of pure atrophy. But Messrs. Bradbury, the well-known printers, took it in hand, and Douglas Jerrold, with other famous writers, came to its assistance, and saved its life. In *Punch* some of Douglas Jerrold's most capital writings have appeared; and it was while the "*Story of a Feather*" was creating a perfect sensation in the public mind, that the present writer had the honour of making its author's acquaintance. "*Punch's Letters to his Son*," modelled after the celebrated Ciceronian epistles, followed in the pages of the same work, in which the famous "Caudle Lectures," and other capital writings, also first saw the light. In "*Punch's Almanack*" for the present year the reader will recognise Mr. Jerrold's vigorous though tender touch, in that beautiful series of sketches entitled "*Fireside Saints*."

Nearly all Jerrold's most capital efforts have been made in the pages of the periodical press. "*The Chronicles of Clovernook*," for a time sustained the "*Illuminated Magazine*," a serial work projected and edited by Jerrold. "*St. Giles and St. James's*" appeared in the "*Shilling Magazine*," which bore his name. "*Men of Character*," appeared in "*Blackwood's Magazine*," in 1838; and many of the earlier efforts of his pen saw the light in the *Athenæum*, and other high-class periodicals. On the establishment of the "*People's Journal*," he was announced as a contributor, but on the miserable squabble between Howitt and Saunders, its proprietors and founders, Jerrold withdrew his support, and we believe that no single article from his graphic pen ever appeared in its pages. In the recent edition of his collected works will be found the most famous of his magazine articles. One only, we believe, of his works—"The Man Made of Money"—was published separately. It appeared as a monthly serial, and was completed in six parts. Though inferior to none of his former writings, it certainly did not achieve a success like that awarded to the monthly issues of Dickens or Thackeray. It is, nevertheless, considered by many as the most complete of his prose works.

But not as a dramatist and novelist alone was Douglas Jerrold content to be known. He also aspired to the character of a political writer, and for the last seven years of his life he devoted himself to the dissemination of liberal opinions of the broadest calibre, in the pages of a well-known newspaper. Many years before, indeed, he had printed a political pamphlet that was too liberal for its age, and could not find a publisher bold enough to put his name on the title-page. It was therefore circulated in secret,

and is now to be found only on the shelves of a few select libraries. When, in 1830 or thereabouts, Mr. Wakley, the coroner, started a weekly newspaper called the *Ballot*, he engaged Douglas Jerrold to write the leading articles; and, after its death, our author was engaged as sub-editor of the *Examiner*, under its present proprietor, Mr. Fonblanque, the bankruptcy commissioner.

But it was not till Jerrold had made his fame as a satirist, in the pages of *Punch*, that he was extensively known as a political writer. When "The Story of a Feather," and other sketches, had drawn public attention to their author, several gentlemen united in starting a newspaper which should not only be edited by Jerrold, but should also bear his name. Accordingly, on the 17th day of July, 1846, the first number of *Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper* made its appearance. At starting, in consequence of its outspoken liberalism and the fame of its editor, this paper was a great success; but in about a couple of years, from causes not necessary here to mention, Jerrold's name was omitted from its heading, and the original projectors retired from it with a loss. For some time it was carried on as a separate publication, but was eventually merged in the *Weekly Chronicle*, and is now published under the title of the *News and Chronicle*.

From this paper Jerrold retired without adding to his fame or filling his purse; but the cause of its non-success cannot certainly be laid to his charge. It was about this time, also, that his "Illuminated Magazine" made its appearance. It passed through several volumes, and at last died,—having, however, fulfilled its destiny, being made the vehicle through which the world made the acquaintance of the "Hermit of Bellyfulle" and the "Chronicles of Clovernook," which may be reckoned among the most original efforts of Jerrold's genius.

During the earlier years of *Punch*, too, it was that the "Heads of the People" were hit off by the facile pencil of Kenny Meadows, and illustrated by the no less ready pens of Jerrold, Thackeray, Horne, Percival Leigh, Leman Rede, Howitt, Peake, and Laman Blanchard. This work appeared in monthly parts, each containing two illustrations by Kenny Meadows, and under the literary superintendence of Douglas Jerrold. In the two volumes of which the work now consists, we find no fewer than eighteen articles from our author's pen, besides a pair of prefaces, which, in their way, are models of terse and pungent pleasantry. The "Heads of the People" has since been brought out as a monthly serial, and continues to be one of the stock works of every bookseller, and without which "no library can be complete." Since the death of Jerrold, his contributions to this work have been collected and published under the title of "Douglas Jerrold's Portfolio of Well-known Characters," with a biographical sketch by my friend E. L. Blanchard. By a strange oversight, or in consequence of that blind stupidity which actuates some publishers, the fact of these contributions having previously appeared in another form is nowhere mentioned in the book: as if it were at all likely that modern readers could be deceived by so transparent a ruse!

We come, now, to quite a late period of Jerrold's history. In 1851 he was requested to take the management of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*. He found it in almost the lowest state of literary destitution, and by his efforts he raised it almost to a level with the best of the weekly organs of public opinion. He continued from that time to devote his whole energies to the paper, writing but seldom in *Punch* or any other of the periodicals of the day, and died in harness at last. The paper is now conducted by his eldest son, W. Blanchard Jerrold.

Of Douglas Jerrold as a writer the world has already pronounced in

accents of unmistakable applause : of Douglas Jerrold as a man opinions are divided, just in proportion as those who speak of him either enjoyed his acquaintance or were admitted to his friendship. To his mere acquaintance he was a hard man, a sarcastic man, an unsympathetic man—one who would have his joke though he lost his friend. Numerous are the anecdotes current of his merciless wit, his daring sarcasm, and his pitiless repartee ; but those with whom he lived in terms of intimacy knew him for a warm friend, a cordial sympathiser in their sorrows, an uncompromising advocate for the rights of the weak against the strong, a stern upholder of the truth in all things, and a steady and indignant hater of oppression. He was an enemy to all shams and hypocrisies, and a foe to every kind of meanness and illiberality. He held up folly, assumption, and pretence to deserved scorn ; but he was ever the first to recognise true merit and simplicity of heart. In matters of money he was a mere child, and liberal to a fault. Many a young writer knew him not only for a generous critic but as a kindly helper in necessity ; and numerous, we doubt not, were the eyes that wept in secret when the sentence went forth, and Douglas Jerrold had rested from his labours.

The character of no writer is more clearly seen in his works than is that of Douglas Jerrold. Though it has long been the fashion to consider him a rather underrated man, the time will come when full justice will be done to his merits. At this moment we remember too many flashes of his wit, too many sparkling sayings current in literary society, to look calmly on the brighter and better side of his character. He was a wit, and something more ; for he was a large-souled philanthropist ; a man of clear thought, with no small amount of learning and knowledge ; a philosopher in modern broad cloth, and a refined and subtle reasoner.

Who can take up one of his books and not perceive the sort of man he was ! Who does not recognise the kindly human nature that breathed through his pungent periods, and catch something of his spirit as the palate becomes accustomed to the ripe, rich flavour of the fruits he set before us ! Who does not perceive the depth of his insight into human nature, the truth of his analysis, and the quaint earnestness of his exhaustless humour ! Though an inveterate punster in conversation, he seldom or never descended to that species of wit in his writings. In them the humour was of a more deep and subtle character. He was something more than a mere comic writer—for while his readers laughed they moralised. When he drew a character he drew a type of a class, as in the case of Mrs. Caudle, and did not fix upon small peculiarities of person or mind, as is too often the case with modern comic writers. With *them* you have the man and his little peculiarities noted with all the ugly minuteness of a shilling photograph ; with *him* you recognise a portrait by its broad resemblance to the original, its depth of colour, its distinctness of outline, and its breadth of drawing. It is, undoubtedly, true that in the writings of Douglas Jerrold we find fewer prominent characters than in those of Dickens or Thackeray—fewer of those pure creations, like Pickwick or Sam Weller, Becky Sharp and Captain Costigan, that have become, as it were, familiars in our households, and whose sayings are quoted, like proverbs, by the people ; but, then, it must be remembered that Jerrold's genius was peculiar, and as original as it was peculiar ; and that he found his heroes and heroines among people less marked in their eccentric characteristics than the sort of folk delineated by the authors of "Vanity Fair" and "Little Dorrit." And the last sentence reminds us, too, that Jerrold was not so generally happy in his choice of names as are the authors mentioned, with both of whom he possessed many kindred qualities. To be sure, the "Hermit of Bellyfulle" expresses coarsely the character of the man, as does "Mrs. Caudle" that of the woman ; but we miss the fine touch

of humour which stamped a class by a name and an institution by an epithet, as Dickens has done with the Tite Barnacles of the Circumlocution Office; the hypocrites and pharisees of society branded for ever as Pecksniffs; the adventurers as Montague Tiggs; the aristocratic greenhorns as Verisophts; and the purse-proud as Dombey's. Indeed, there is great art in the proper selection of titles for tales and names for characters—titles which shall tell something of the character but not all, and names which shall just indicate peculiarities without descending to farce or caricature. In these last particulars Douglas Jerrold has not, it must be confessed, been very successful. But in touches of pure wit he is unsurpassed. What, for instance, can exceed the humour of describing "dogmatism as simply puppyism come to its full growth," or in ridiculing over-kind people by saying they are so good that they would "pour rose water over a toad?" The truth is, with regard to names for his characters and titles for his fictions, the moralist was superior to the artist; and hence we find him contenting himself by such ordinary and obvious cognomens for his creations as Lord Skindeep, "the friend of his species;" Job Pippins, "the man that couldn't help it;" Sir Arthur Hodmadod, who was never certain he was right in anything; Mrs. Jericho, Messrs. Candituft, Brown, Pigeon, and so on. These names do not, certainly remain in the memory like those of Mr. Carker or Rawdon Crawley, nor do their possessors stand out from the general story in such bold relief as do the heroes of the writers alluded to. But, then, the general scope of Jerrold's stories does not require such minute treatment, and we remember the sayings and doings of his actors rather than the actors themselves. And this was a necessity of the writer's nature. He looked rather to the effect which his *whole* story made on the minds of his readers than on that of any *part*, however brilliant.

Jerrold was a master of words. He never used the wrong phrase; and it would be difficult to take any sentence of his and alter a single word without destroying or weakening its effect. The wit and humour of his writings, however, lies less in what is generally known as "fun" and comic treatment than in some deep strain of irony, some rich conceit, or some genial perception of what is humorous and mirth-provoking. We laugh less at the wit of Jerrold than at that of some writers of far less power or richness of fancy; but, then, we *think* more, and our minds are more deeply touched by a simple semi-jocose expression, or some sharp allusion of his, than at a whole chapter of the puns for which his friend and compeer, Gilbert & Beckett, was so famous.

Two or three extracts, taken at random from his various works, will show of what consisted Jerrold's comic vein:—

"We know the common story runs that nature has peculiar visages for poets, philosophers, statesmen, warriors, and so forth: we do not believe it: we have seen a slack-wire dancer with the face of a great pious bard, an usurer with the legendary features of a Socrates, a passer of bad money very like a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a carcass-butcher at Whitechapel so resembling Napoleon, that Prince Talleyrand, suddenly beholding him, burst into tears at the similitude."—*Cakes and Ale*, vol. 1, p. 269.

"The ostrich is labelled for his gluttony. Believe what is said of him, and you would not trust him even in the royal stables, lest he should devour the very shoes from the feet of the horses. Why, the ostrich ought to be taken as the one emblem of temperance. He lives and flourishes on the desert, his choicest food a little spikey shrub, with a few stones—for how rarely can he find iron, how few the white days on which the poor ostrich can, in Arabia Petreæ, have the luxury of a tenpenny nail,—to season, as with salt, his vegetable diet."—*Story of a Feather*, p. 3.

"Yet, for all this, Jericho was ordinarily a dull, matter-of-fact man. Talk to him of Jacob's ladder, and he would ask the number of the steps."—*Man Made of Money*, p. 8.

"I declare, Mr. Goldthumb, it seems you have read everything. 'Why, ma'am, after working thirty years as a trunk maker, 't would be to my shame if I didn't know something of the literature of my country.'—*Time Works Wonders*."

"On no topic," says one of his reviewers, "is Douglas Jerrold more fierce than on that of war. Burnt into his mind, it would seem, by certain powerful youthful impressions, and deepened still further by his mature reflections, his hatred of war is intense and unmitigated. No partizan of the peace movement could go farther than he in his denunciations of the folly of the sword, and the delusion of military glory. There is scarcely one of his writings that does not contain some passage of satire against the occupation of a soldier. Here, however, his superior intellect, and his generosity of sentiment, preserve him from a certain gross and narrow mode of thinking, to which men of less cultivation are liable—a mode of thinking which reveals itself in the constant and indiscriminate use of sweeping phrases of condemnation against all characters of the past that have acted on the condition of the world by any other than a peaceful instrumentality. The madman Alexander, the monster Cæsar, the handt William the Norman, the wholesale butcher Napoleon—it is not in such phrases as these, alike braggart and untrue, that Mr. Jerrold finds it necessary to couch his just sense of the horrors of international warfare."

But all this by the way. Our space will not permit us to attempt an analysis of Jerrold's peculiar powers: all we can do is to draw attention to some of the more obvious characteristics of his mind. As we have already said, he was no mere wit,—no mere satirist or maker of funny jests and amusing conceits;—he was far more than all this. He was a man possessed of keen susceptibilities, of a highly emotional nature, ever alive to the calls of humanity upon a heart schooled in that best school for the affections—the real world. And not in purple and fine linen, but in everyday garments, mingling with the hot and living crowd, he elbowed his way through. For all that was base and mean he had a ready scoff; but for the true, and real, and beautiful, he showed a reverence worthy a spirit that could, even in comparatively declining years, kindle at the mention of a heroic deed, a great name, or a fine saying, with as true a fire as that which warmed the breast of the little middy who was employed in getting up private theatricals on board His Majesty's good ship *Namur*, for the amusement alike of his inferiors and superiors.

One other phase of Douglas Jerrold's character may be mentioned ere we close. His native sympathy with all that was high and noble in our common nature, and his real seriousness of mind, made him a severe censor of the rich, and a sharp rebuker of all those errors of our social system which tend to keep them apart from one another. Hence it was natural for him to rebuke niggardly wealth, and uphold virtuous poverty; to revile at the inordinate love of money, and to advocate wide charities, social ameliorations, and extensive reforms. His efforts for the establishment of clubs for the middle classes, his constant desire to remove the inequalities of fortune, less hard to bear by the teaching of high principles, and his inculcation of faith and patience; his detestation of the base; his horror at the violent taking of human life by the law; his fierce dislike to war and its attendant atrocities, strengthened, it may be, by youthful impressions; his high character, unblameable life, and somewhat sudden death;—all these have yet to be enlarged on in a biography worthy of the man and the place he held in the literature of his country. But he is gone, and his place knows him no more. Let us, then, gather quietly together, and hang above his grave, with reverent hands, the quaint old legend—

DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM.

There is yet another word or two to say. On Monday, the 15th of June, his mortal remains were committed to its mother earth, in the cemetery at Norwood. The place of his grave is immediately opposite that of his dear old friend, Laman Blanchard. May the turf lie lightly on their breasts! His funeral was attended by a large concourse of literary men and artists, and his pall was borne by his old friends and fellow-labourers, Dickens, Thackeray, Horace Mayhew, Mark Lemon, Charles Knight, and Monckton Milnes, while in mourning coaches came his immediate relatives and the medical men who attended him in his last and fatal illness—disease of the heart. He was sensible to the end, and his last words were—"I am waiting and waited for!"

Directly after the funeral, a committee, consisting of many of his old friends and *collaborateurs*, was formed, for the purpose of raising some fitting testimonial to his memory. It was at first thought that he had died poor, and the report was contradicted, but we believe it was correct in the main. Our readers know with what enthusiasm the public responded to the call made upon them—how they flocked to hear Thackeray's lecture and Dickens' reading of his "Christmas Carol;" how they crowded into St. Martin's Hall to listen while Mr. Russell, the *Times'* reporter in the Crimea, told again the story of the war; how the celebrated company of amateurs, of which he was only lately a member, played again, to a delighted audience, the piece he had assisted to "get up" at the house of Charles Dickens, the manager, with Clarkson Stanfield again for scene painter, and the friends of his youth and manhood grouped affectionately about his chair; and how, in memory of his great services to the stage, every manager in town and country—except one—freely placed his theatre and company at the service of the committee, happy in being able to pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of so worthy a man. From these "Testimonial Performances" the sum of £2,000 has been secured, after the payment of all expenses; which sum has been invested in the purchase of an annuity for Mrs. Jerrold, with remainder to his daughter.

We might moralize on the startling fact, that within a very brief space of time three of the most brilliant of our modern writers, all of whom were engaged on *Punch*, that wittiest of periodicals, namely, Jerrold, & Beckett, and Angus Reach, have been snatched from our midst; but, alas! *Dum loquimur, fugerit irrida aetas*.

No good portrait of this witty writer is extant. Many photographs have been taken, but none of them are pronounced successful. The best likeness is the bust of Baily, in the Art Treasures' Exhibition at Manchester. In person, Douglas Jerrold was rather below the middle height, a fact rendered more observable from a slight stoop, contracted within the last dozen years. But to know the man was to see him once, as he might be seen any day these last twenty years, walking down Fleet-street; his bright eyes searching everywhere, and his iron grey locks hanging like a mane about his lion's head. And yet he was a fair child once, and a mother's face of beauty looked down upon him in his tiny cradle as he slept. As he lived, so he died; beloved and peacefully,—with faithful friends—true mourners—grouped about his bed.



## Mary Hartley, or the Odd-Fellow's Wife;

A TALE OF A WORKING MAN'S FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

BY CHARLES HARDWICK.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE LAST.

FROM the mountain-side, where the first fall of the water dug out a fearful chasm, to miles below, the torrent either overleaped or swept away every obstacle in its wild course down the steep and narrow valley. Many buildings on the lower level, near the margin of the brook, were thrown down. The "town bridge" was lifted from its rocky foundation; and the large heavy stones that formed the rude battlements were hurled by the force of the current to an improbable distance! The locality had often been visited by sudden and devastating floods, but none so fearfully destructive as this had occurred for nearly a century.

Mary Hartley, gazing from her bedroom window, saw with horror a body of rushing water intervening between their dwelling and the nearest rising ground. Several neighbours, suspecting the dangerous position of the Hartley family, had congregated upon this spot.

The storm had entirely subsided, and the cloudless and starry heaven smiled in sad contrast to the desolation that raged below.

Various were the projects broached for the purpose of rescuing the family from their perilous position. Two or three stout swimmers essayed to breast the current; but the force of the stream was so great that they were compelled to return.

A peculiarly high pitched voice, or rather an odd compound between a *falsetto* and a shrill whistle, announced the arrival of a new volunteer on the dangerous service.

"Whew! whew! get out o' the way. Uncle Ned will save Harry Hartley! Stand out o' the way! Whew! whew!"

The new comer was a very singular character. He was about four feet six inches in height, but strong and massive in the limbs. His matted hair, which was of great length, floated in wild disorder about his face and shoulders. No entreaty could ever prevail upon him to place a hat upon his head. The few fragments of clothing that protected his "outward man" were patched, ragged, and dirty! His whole appearance most eloquently announced the utter contempt in which he held all such luxuries as soap and water ablutions. "Poor Uncle Ned," as he called himself, was, notwithstanding his filthy and repulsive appearance, nearly everybody's favourite. He was a simple, half-witted, but harmless lad, a poor ballad-singer, who pursued his vocation in the villages in the neighbouring valleys.

I am going far away, far away fra poor Jeannette,

he screamed out in a shrill though not exactly unmusical tone, as he threw from his brawny shoulders a large coil of strong rope.

The spectators laughed at the idea of "Uncle Ned" being of any service in such a business, and they therefore did not attend to his instructions. The poor fellow became fearfully excited. He fastened one end of the cord about his body, and with an instinctive ingenuity sometimes exhibited by individuals of his class, ran about twenty yards higher up the stream, calling loudly upon the others to follow and hold the rope at that spot. The wisdom of the "idiot's" advice was instantly apparent to three or four persons, who rushed immediately to his aid and seized the rope, though not until after the poor fellow had plunged into the tide.

He breasted the current with a prodigious power, and in a short time was drifted beneath the window where Mary Hartley was shrieking aloud for help.

"Whew! whew! jump out and stick to me! Be sharp! Whew! whew! It hails, it rains, it snows, it blows."

Mary Hartley, however, declined to attempt her own preservation in the first instance. Her eldest boys were twins, about fourteen years of age. One of them took a younger child in his arms and descended from the window. He fortunately caught hold of the rope, and called out lustily to the parties on shore to "pull for their lives!"

In a very few minutes the strong swimming of the ballad-singer, assisted by the rope, landed them safely, though at a point considerably lower down the stream.

"Uncle Ned" rushed instantly to the place from which he first embarked, threw himself into the water, and again returned in safety with the twin brother and a little girl about five years of age.

A third time he plunged heroically into the stream.

Now the greatest difficulty presented itself. Mary Hartley had fainted with the infant child in her arms!

The building was evidently giving way, and therefore no time should be lost;—Uncle Ned's instinct taught him this quite as soon as the intellect of his more rational companions. He instantly seized upon a wooden spout, and climbed to the roof, from which he soon gained the bedroom window. Mary Hartley was partially recovering from her swoon, and convulsively clasping her child to her bosom. "Uncle Ned," without the slightest ceremony, took her up, and literally leaped through the window! The parties on land redoubled their efforts, and in a few minutes more Mary Hartley was saved. She uttered a piercing, heart-rending scream, and sunk into the arms of one of the bystanders.

It must have been a strong, relentless wave, that had the power to wrest from the mother's grasp her youngest, sickliest, and therefore most beloved child!

"Uncle Ned" lay gasping upon the bank; the poor fellow was nearly exhausted.

"Where's Harry!" was now the eager inquiry.

"Save my poor husband for Heaven's sake!" shrieked the distracted woman; "he was in the kitchen when the flood came."

"Then he's lost!" cried a dozen voices.

"No, no, no!" screamed his wife, with agonizing energy. "Save him! save him!"

This cry aroused "Uncle Ned." He sprang to his feet.

"Whew! whew! I'll save Harry Hartley. Collier lads would hurt poor Uncle Ned, but Harry wouldn't let 'um."

The voice of the half-witted lad was drowned in the splash of his falling

body into the water. The force of the current was considerably lessened; but the building toppled upon its foundation. One portion had already given way, and the furniture was fast floating down the stream.

Five or six persons seized the rope for the purpose of dragging the poor fellow back to the land, for they felt fully satisfied of the inutility of any effort to rescue Harry Hartley alive.

"Uncle Ned," however, resisted with all his might; and yelled like a madman. Once they dragged him near to the shore; but as he threatened, and even attempted, to unfasten the rope from his body and venture without, the opposing party were compelled to yield.

The water had fallen considerably, and the upper portion of an open door in the lower story was now distinctly visible. The grateful lad swam towards this opening, and entered the house. A few minutes afterwards the building gave way, and the whole mass fell before the force of the current.

In about an hour after the rupture of the waterspout the flood had subsided to nearly the usual height after very heavy rains. On clearing away a portion of the ruins of Harry Hartley's dwelling, the body of "Uncle Ned" was discovered firmly embracing that of his protector; for it was perfectly true that Harry had on more than one occasion saved the poor minstrel from the rude and even violent jests of the "collier lads."

Some said "Uncle Ned" was more knave than fool; for when once shown a sovereign and a halfcrown, and requested to take his choice, he had very innocently intimated that "as he was not a greedy chap he would take the *little 'un*!" But others could tell that the poor semi-idiotic ballad-singer had, on more than one occasion, dropped a sixpence into the poor's box at the chapel door; and it was notorious that many an unsuccessful beggar or wandering minstrel had shared his humble meal on the hill-side. Poor "Uncle Ned!" Thy life was a passing strange one, as thy death was truly heroic! Many a brighter intellect, many a prouder name, many a more ambitious spirit, after years of fretful toil, has passed from off life's stage with a glory far inferior to thine.

It is not pertinent to our story that the harrowing details of this sad catastrophe should be further described.

The funds of the various benefit societies suffered severely. The old sick and burial club had not money sufficient to meet the demands upon it; consequently, like scores that have preceded it, it was broken up, leaving sixty members who had subscribed during the best portion of their lives totally unprovided for.

The loss fell more lightly upon the Odd-Fellows' society; for the funeral fund was not a "lodge," but a "district" insurance—the amount being equally levied upon the nearly two thousand members of the twenty-four lodges in the neighbourhood; the great majority of which were otherwise unaffected by the catastrophe. Several other clubs suffered severely, though not to such an extent as to cause their immediate dissolution.

Three days after the flood, the bodies of Harry Hartley, his infant child, and his half-witted friend, were buried in the same grave.

About a week after the funeral, Mary Hartley, utterly prostrated beneath the weight of her affliction, lay upon a sick bed in a humble apartment that had been freely placed at her service by a kind-hearted neighbour. Mr. Charles Allen was in attendance upon her. He had evidently ministered to the heart-stricken woman all the consolation which his amiable nature could suggest; for Mary had dried her tears and was listening attentively to the observations that fell from his lips.

"It was unanimously voted last night, Mrs. Hartley, that the £5 which your husband had unsolicitedly returned should be handed over to you as your rightful property under the circumstances. And I am desired by the 'Widow

and Orphans' Fund' committee to inquire of you in what way you think they could best assist you."

After some conversation, it was ultimately agreed that the committee should purchase for her a "patent mangle," by the assistance of which she felt confident she could win her bread without further relief. Her two eldest sons were each in the receipt of four shillings weekly from their labour at the mill. As a portion of the furniture had been recovered, though in a damaged state; and as the £10 due to her on the death of her husband had not been wasted in unnecessary expenses at the interment, the poor widow began to fancy herself a tolerably rich woman. The comparatively contented state of her mind had a happy influence on her bodily health, and she sensibly improved every day.

* * * * *

About four years after the "great flood," Mr. Charles Allen was seated in his study. A large quantity of paper covered with figures, lay upon the table. He had evidently been explaining to another gentleman present, the nature of some calculations, in the result of which both appeared deeply interested. They had been in communication for upwards of an hour, during which time their debate, if not absolutely "warm," had assumed a rather more "eloquent" character than usual.

"I am perfectly willing to acknowledge, my dear sir, that you are much better acquainted with both sides of this question than I am," said Mr. John Arrowsmith. "I am sure I should be most happy to assist the working men in their efforts to improve their societies, and cheerfully concede to them the right to manage their own affairs, providing I felt satisfied that there existed no reasonable probability of secret conspiracy against employers being carried on in the lodges."

"I assure, upon my honour as a man," exclaimed the surgeon, emphatically, "that is, as nearly as may be, an impossibility. The laws of our society forbid all allusion to disputed points in either religion or politics; and even trades' unions are not countenanced by them. No travelling relief is allowed to any member who may have left his employment owing to a strike. This may be one reason why some trades' unions have a kind of friendly society of their own incorporated with them. But, Mr. Arrowsmith, you may soon be your own judge upon this question. You can be admitted as an honorary member of the lodge here, and the proceedings will be thrown open to your fullest investigation."

At this moment, the surgeon's assistant announced that Widow Hartley desired to speak to Mr. Allen.

"Widow Hartley?" inquired Mr. Arrowsmith. "Was not Hartley one of the poor fellows injured at the destruction of the mill? I think he never made any application to us for assistance. Yet we relieved several parties, I recollect well, notwithstanding the gloomy prospect our affairs presented at the time."

"No," said the surgeon, smiling; "I told him of your serious losses. Besides, he was a member of a friendly society, and did not absolutely require your assistance. It was not the case with the other poor fellows, who had made no such provision."

Mr. Arrowsmith reflected deeply for a moment.

"If your business with Mrs. Hartley be not of a confidential nature, would you permit me to see her?"

"Certainly," responded the surgeon. "John, tell Mrs. Hartley to come in."

The widow entered, followed by two tall lads, just verging into manhood, who bore a strong resemblance to each other.

Mary curtsied, but on perceiving Mr. Arrowsmith she hesitated to speak.

"You can tell me your business," kindly said the surgeon, "Mr. Arrowsmith wishes, I believe, to say something to you afterwards."

The poor widow fumbled a moment in her pocket, pulled out an old leathern purse, and counted the contents upon the table, in two distinct heaps.

"I have saved it every penny myself!" triumphantly exclaimed the poor widow. "This is the three pounds fifteen the secretary said they had given for the mangle. I never could have been happy but for the thought of paying it back some day. Here take the money, and tell the committee I did not know them as well as I do now when I said they were all a set of drunken scamps."

The poor woman's tears choked her further utterance.

"My dear Mrs. Hartley," exclaimed the surgeon, "you are not expected to pay for the mangle, I assure you. While it is of service you can retain it free of any charge. Afterwards, it may perhaps accommodate some other poor widow. Take up your money, and make yourself happy. Your honest industry, and truly independent spirit, deserve all praise. So, dry your tears at once."

"Well, doctor, will you let Widow Birket have the mangle, then? I know she could like one, but she is ashamed to ask for so much; and I can do without it now, because George and Harry have got able to earn better wages."

"You can arrange that as you please with the secretary. He will report to the committee."

"Well, but doctor, this is not all I have come for," continued Mary. "I have had twenty-four shillings put by in this old purse for two years, waiting till the lads were eighteen years old. It's their birthday to-day. You must propose them to be members next club-night. I don't know what else I could do to show them I am grateful for all their goodness to me."

The widow's face brightened with a flush of motherly pride, as she gazed, through her tears, at the well-developed forms of her sons.

"Look at them, doctor! They'll do, wont they?" she proudly demanded.

"Well done, Mrs. Hartley!" exclaimed the surgeon. "Your truly grateful heart has instinctively pointed out to you the only effective and legitimate manner in which its gratitude could be practically exhibited. It is probable enough that these two healthy young fellows may eventually compensate the club for all the expense which their poor father's misfortunes entailed upon it. Mary, from this moment you owe the society nothing but your good wishes."

"Then, I wish every wife would *compel* her husband to enter," emphatically exclaimed the widow; "and that every young woman would say 'No' to her sweetheart, unless he would join a club, too."

"Bravo!" ejaculated the surgeon. "I see you are completely converted, Mary; and, like all converts, a great enthusiast in the cause of your new doctrine."

"Mrs. Hartley, I think your husband was injured at the fire at our mill!" mildly asked Mr. Arrowsmith.

"Yes, sir."

"Where are your sons employed at the present time?"

"They are working under you, sir."

"Indeed! I am glad of that. I admire your honourable, self-relying spirit, Mrs. Hartley; and I will not hurt your feelings by the offer of any money, as a recompense for your husband's kind intentions towards me on

the night of the fire. But I will do something better for you. I will take care your sons shall have the best and most remunerative work in my establishment."

The widow and the orphans looked the thanks they could not speak.

"And, Mr. Allen, you have another convert to dispose of yet," continued Mr. Arrowsmith. "You will not feel offended, I am sure, when I tell you that this poor widow's case has had more influence in effecting my present determination than all your arguments; though I by no means wish to dispute what you have advanced for a single moment. I will become an honorary member of your society; and what is more, if you will complete the necessary calculations for the purpose of placing the club in a sound financial position, you may call upon me for a handsome subscription towards the funds for the redemption of past errors. This will materially decrease the practical difficulty you spoke of."

"Mr. Arrowsmith," replied the surgeon, enthusiastically, "you need take no further thought of the threatened turn-out. The operatives of Lingfield already love you for your previous kindness; but when I announce the course you have taken on this subject, not a single man will leave his work. Sympathy and kindness form an infinitely stronger link than force and terror in the chain which unites the employer to the employed."

A short time afterwards, Mr. John Arrowsmith and Mary Hartley's two sons were initiated into the mysteries of "Odd-Fellowship!"

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## The Peasant Girl of St. Mandé.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH, BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

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### CHAPTER V.

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WHEN Claudine came to her senses again she found herself lying on a large bed, the curtains of which were of rich material but a good deal worn; the room was on the ground floor, and splendour and dirt strove for the mastery. There were arm chairs covered with velvet, but the horsehair stuffing appeared through numerous rents; some plants that had died of neglect stood on a discoloured rosewood cabinet; and a Venetian mirror, starred and cracked, decorated a dirty dressing-table; on a rickety stand, in one corner, were a dish of meat, some bread, and two or three chipped plates! Beside the bed was seated a stout woman, whose scarred features and coarse expression were of a piece with the dilapidated appearance of the chamber. The sight of this sinister face painfully affected Claudine, and she closed her eyes to shut out the impression, but recollecting the violence that had been offered her, she opened them again, and sitting up on the bed inquired hastily where she was. "In a safe place," said the woman, "where you need want for nothing. I have received three pistoles in advance on your account. Will you take anything to eat or drink? Wine is to be had,—and you may live, and sleep, and do just as you like here; everything but go away." These words increased Claudine's fear instead of

calming it. The woman perceived their effect, and resumed her meal, which had been interrupted, while Claudine burst into a flood of tears. After a few moments' silence the hag spoke again: "What did you mean," she said, "by refusing Monsieur de Buc? Is not he good looking enough for you! A peasant girl like you need not mince the matter, I think, particularly after having sold herself before!" "It is a base calumny," exclaimed Claudine with indignation. "Nonsense," said the woman. "Don't tell me such stuff. That silk dress and lace collar made the whole thing clear enough. You deserved the lesson you have had, but you won't die of it this time. Only be good-natured to Monsieur de Buc and he will forgive you over a glass of wine." In the midst of her tears Claudine listened attentively to all the woman said, each word she uttered tending to show her what vices existed in that great world which she had fancied was the abode of every virtue. Two persons, however, survived the general wreck of her opinion,—the hero of Rocroy and the unknown princess. As the recollection of the latter rose to her mind she kissed the bracelet, which was still on her arm, exclaiming "Ah, dearest princess! would that I could confide to you the defence of my honour!" "Princess!" said the woman with a sneer. "A pretty princess! Monsieur de Buc has told me all about her. She is no more a princess than I am!" "What do you mean!" said Claudine, "the lady that—" "Lady! Don't you know who she was that gave you all those fine things!" "A princess, named Marie," replied Claudine. The woman burst out laughing. "A pretty fool they have made of you," she cried. "This princess of yours is Marion de l'Orme, every man's mistress in Paris, who has money enough to satisfy her extravagance."

The name of this celebrated personage was known even to the peasants of St. Mandé, and on hearing it Claudine was lost in shame and amazement. The substitution of Marion de l'Orme for a being whom she had believed to be angelic, wrought such a change in her feelings, that she could even have suspected the prince himself of being other than he appeared. The result of her reflections was as determined as it was prompt. She dried her tears, and rising from the bed, asked for something to eat. For the first time in her life she had resource to stratagem, and suffered her gaoler to suppose that she was willing to follow her advice,—a feint by which she learnt what were the intentions of her persecutor, the woman telling her that Monsieur de Buc, occupied during the day by military duties, would not be there till the evening; before which time she resolved if possible to effect her escape. Without betraying her purpose she closely scrutinized the interior of the apartment, and listened to the sounds outside as a guide to the sort of place in which she was confined. The voices of men led her to imagine that a part of the house was occupied by a barber or bath-keeper, and a sign hanging near the window confirmed her in this idea. Such localities were commonly infamous, and the spot had without doubt been selected in order that violence might be offered there with impunity. Still the number of people who frequented the place offered some, though a feeble, assurance of safety. Glancing round the room, Claudine's eye fell upon an old knife which, blunt though it seemed, was capable of being used as a formidable weapon of defence. She seized it, and rushing upon the woman, who was totally unprepared, threw her backwards from her stool on the floor. "I will kill you on the spot," she cried, "unless you promise to let me out." "Holy Virgin!" returned the hag, "you are in jest. But we must not play with knives, my dear. I have no means of letting you out. We are both shut in." "You lie," said Claudine. "You have the key of the room; open the door, or I stab you to the heart!" "By everything sacred," cried the woman struggling, "I swear to you I have not the key." "You shall die then!" exclaimed Claudine, and in

her eyes there shone that light which declared a fatal purpose. A moment more and the blow had fallen, but the woman averted it by promising to open the door. She rose from the ground, drew the key from her pocket, and moved towards the door, Claudine following with the raised knife. The lock slowly yielded, the door turned on its hinges, and with one bound Claudine darted down a few steps and found herself in the barber's shop, where a number of persons were playing a game of chance. Their oaths and noise were silenced, and the rattle of the dice was suspended, at the unexpected apparition of a lady so richly dressed. But the master of the den, who knew all, threw himself before the outer door. "You don't pass this way," said he. You are under my care, and I have to answer for your safety. Besides, I don't know what you are; you may have got some of my property." "I have, indeed," answered Claudine, "this knife is yours, and unless you make way this instant, I plunge it in your throat!"

"I have seen this passionate damsel somewhere before," said a hump-backed young man, richly dressed, rising from the gaming table. "Monsieur de Boutteville," cried Claudine, instantly recognising him, "you here, in such a vile place! Perhaps an accomplice in this plot against my honour!" "No, Mademoiselle," he replied, "I assure you I am not; I was ignorant you were in the house, and if they keep you here against your will, I will compel them to set you free." Claudine paused. "Ah, Sir," she said, "times are sadly changed since the day when I sat at the same table with you! Your kind mother and sister gave me lessons of virtue; others have taught me to detest in them the vice of perfidy. Adieu, Sir! we shall meet again and I trust in better company. Out of the way, wretch!" she added, contemptuously, turning to the barber. The fellow shrunk back, and Claudine breathed freely in the open air.

#### CHAPTER VI.

In the execution of his design, Monsieur de Buc had not taken his measures so securely as not to awaken some suspicions in the village. On hearing the noise of the carriage several of the inhabitants went to the windows, and by the precipitate character of its departure, and other indications, they judged that something wrong had taken place; this quickly resolved itself into a knowledge of the fact that Claudine, whose return to St. Mandé they had witnessed, had disappeared, and they no longer doubted of her abduction. While they were discussing the question, Claudine's mother arrived, and was shortly followed by Pierre Simon. The neighbours suggested that something should be done at once, and advised Pierre, as he was not quite so far gone as usual, to try and see the Prince de Condé, with whom he used to boast he stood so well. It was not a moment to deny the influence of which he bragged, and putting on his Sunday clothes, he set off immediately for St. Maur, on the other side of the Bois de Vincennes, where the prince, who was now the soul of the new Fronde, had established his head quarters.

In spite of the counsels of his wife and friends, Pierre Simon had not failed to refresh himself from time to time on his journey. It was late when he reached St. Maur, and he was somewhat the worse for drink. Everybody seemed very busy at the Château, lights were in all the windows, and supper was preparing for a large party, the retinue of the prince being on a scale of great magnificence. The sentry at the gate laughed in Pierre's face when he asked to see the illustrious leader of the popular party. Reflecting, how-



ever, that even a peasant might be the medium of communication in such a crisis, the soldier thought it advisable to interrogate the applicant for admission. The efforts which Pierre made to conceal the fact that he had been drinking, gave him precisely the air of a man who kept something of importance in reserve, and the vague way in which he spoke of a daughter carried off, in whom the Prince was interested, imparted a political significance to his errand in the opinion of the sentry, who accordingly admitted him and sent up his message.

It was conveyed, in the first instance, to Monsieur de Gourville, the prince's secretary, who went out to see what sort of a person was the bearer, and soon returned, highly amused at the idea of a drunken peasant having been mistaken for a secret agent of the cabal. He laughingly spoke of it to his friends, and in all probability the message would never have travelled farther if the Duchess of Longueville, the Prince de Condé's sister, had not overheard what de Gourville loudly related, and joked with her brother about an abducted peasant girl from St. Mandé having appealed to him for protection. But Condé's memory was remarkable, and hearing the name of Pierre Simon, he remembered instantly to whom the request referred, and immediately desired his secretary to send for the messenger and show him into a private room. When Pierre was brought before the prince, the latter addressing him in his usual sharp, abrupt manner, inquired if he was the father of Claudine Simon? The answer was in the affirmative. "What has happened to your daughter?" "I can't exactly say, Monseigneur." "Then what do you want with me?" "I'll tell you, Monseigneur. I left home early this morning to see Monsieur Perrot, whom my wife has served with milk these five and twenty years,—that's a good long time to deal with the same person,—so I think I had a right to ask him to lend me some money, for this war, you see—" "Suppress all these useless details and come at once to the fact." "The fact, Monseigneur,—I know it's not a fact of any consequence, that a poor peasant more or less should be ruined, provided nothing happens to Monseigneur, or the King, our master; but the fact is, I went out in the morning and came home again at dusk, and I was not the worse for drink, as my enemies always say—we all have our enemies, your highness. Well, what do I hear when I do come home? That my daughter, Claudine, has been seen dressed out in fine silk, with a gold bracelet on her arm, and all sorts of gay things upon her—that a coach, like those that are let out for hire, has stopped at my cottage door, and soon gone away again, and since that time nobody has seen anything of my daughter." "Well my friend," said the prince, who had listened very quietly to this story, "I can do nothing for you in this affair. Claudine has failed in her duty and been seduced. I make no doubt she strove to preserve her virtue, but love, I suppose, conquered her scruples. We must be indulgent to poor girls. If your daughter returns, pardon her. I excuse and pity you, but I cannot help you. I don't say so because I am indifferent to what concerns Claudine, for I liked her very much, but because I find that she is no longer virtuous." "As to being virtuous, your highness, I never said she was not." "Stupid fellow!" exclaimed the prince, "can't you speak plainly? Has your daughter been ruined or not? Did not you tell me that she had quitted your house on her own accord?" "Not at all, your highness. One neighbour says that she was dragged out by the head and feet; that's not like being willing." "That, indeed, is a different story—explain yourself. She has been carried off; who is the ravisher?" "I accuse nobody." "Speak without fear. Do you know who has done this?" "Would to heaven I did; I then should know where to look for her!" "Well, that shall be my business. Go home again, and try to get sober, for your enemies are not far wrong when they call you drunkard."

I shall have inquiries made respecting your daughter, and if I find she has been violently taken away, the man who has committed the crime shall suffer for it; but to tell you the truth, I have very slight hopes of her innocence. That silk dress and that golden bracelet don't argue very well for her virtue." "That's what bothers me, your highness. Is it right that a daughter should wear jewels, when her father is dressed as I am? I am an honest man, but even if my daughter was restored to me, should I be the richer for it?" "You could console yourself, then, with money, for her loss!" "I should like to have my daughter first and the money afterwards." "I'll tell you what," said Condé angrily, "you are a scoundrel, Master Simon. Listen to me: if you are practising on my credulity, if I find out that you know where your daughter is, and that all you want to secure is the price of her dishonour, I'll have you beaten till not a bone unbroken remains in your skin!"

The peasant instead of protesting against so depraving a supposition began to snivel and pity himself, and the prince in utter disgust desired him to be gone, and turning his back upon him, left the apartment. When he returned to the gallery, where his friends awaited him, Condé related in a few words the subject of his conference with Master Simon. Amongst his auditors was the President de Bellièvre, one of the leaders on the parliamentary side, who took a note of the name of Claudine Simon, and promised that a search should be made after her by the lieutenant of police. A gentleman—whom we have met with before—heard what he said, and quitting the group amidst which he was standing, approached the president and observed to him: "Take care, Sir, what you do, you may start two hares instead of one." "De Buc," said the prince, "you are bad enough for anything. I will be bound you know something about this peasant girl." "Quite true," replied the courtier, "I have the very latest news of her; she has taken a fancy to the gay world and made acquaintance with Mademoiselle de l'Orme, who has given her some lessons. I saw them both together this morning, dressed alike; nothing could be finer,—no doubt they had been winding up some party of pleasure." "Ah, indeed!" cried the prince; "my little peasant, then, has gone to a good school! My protection is at an end; I shall trouble myself no more about her. I am sorry for it—I had a real esteem for her character; let us think no more of the subject. But what do you mean about a second hare!" "The second," returned De Buc, "is an old peccadillo of the late President de Chevry. Mademoiselle de l'Orme received from that magistrate a bracelet of fine pearls of great value: that bracelet now figures on the pretty arm of Claudine." "We have had quite enough of this," said Monsieur de Bellièvre; "let us draw a veil over the errors of the Court of Accompts. Forget your peasant girl, Monseigneur, and let us beg de Buc not to write her memoirs."

While this conversation was going on, at the expense of Claudine, Master Simon was making his way back to St. Mandé; not in the speediest manner, however, for he made a point of stopping to drink at every cabaret by the road-side, and when he reached his cottage he was in no state of mind to understand how it was that his daughter had got there before him. He began, at once, to brag of his interview with the prince and told a hundred lies about it; but he was not sufficiently master of his tongue as not to reveal the suspicions the prince entertained respecting her. "Unhappy man!" she exclaimed, "you have ruined me by this fatal embassy. I had saved my honour, but you have destroyed my reputation." On this the drunkard got into a great passion; then he became maudlin and began to cry, and then he took himself off to bed, abusing everybody and everything.

Claudine passed the whole night reflecting on the best way to repair the mistake her father had committed, but reflection only added to her pain. The misfortune that had befallen her appeared the greater from her not being aware of its full extent; and, harassed by intolerable thoughts, she rose at the first streak of daylight. Her mother heard her pacing up and down her room, and entering to see what was the matter, found Claudine up and dressed,—but in her peasant's costume. "Mother," she said with a gloomy, resolute air, "I am going away. I must learn what has become of my reputation. Until I regain it, I never return to this house; and if it has perished, I will perish with it. Make no attempt to dissuade me from this step, for I am resolved to take it. I shall not leave you in ignorance of my fate. Here is a large sum of money: take half of it, and buy what you want; and live in peace, far from the brilliant and deceitful world into which I foolishly threw myself." As she spoke, she drew forth the hoard of gold given her by Mademoiselle de l'Orme, and dividing it into two parts, one for her mother and the other for herself, she made up a small packet of linen, put it under her arm, and turning abruptly to Marie, said in a firm voice: "Good bye, mother,—no sadness; that would take away my courage. I go to the field of battle to recover my honour, which has fallen to the ground like the *bâton* of the prince in the midst of the fray at Rocroy." Marie, astonished at Claudine's resolution, had no power to reply, but remained silent and immovable. She went to the window and followed her daughter with her eyes, as she hastily took the direction of St. Maur. As Claudine passed beneath the trees which skirt the Wood of Vincennes she turned to take a parting glance, raised her hand to her lips, waved her handkerchief, and disappeared.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE court-yard of the château of St. Maur was full of horses and grooms, and every one was preparing to set out for the Louvre to dictate terms to the Queen and Cardinal Mazarin. Condé, who had not the slightest foreboding of the issue of the interview, descended the grand staircase of the château with Monsieur de la Rochefoucauld, and was about to mount, when a peasant girl, who had forced her way through the crowd, stood before him. "Pardon me, your highness," she said. "You are covered with glory; I have nothing but my poor reputation: you will not suffer me to be deprived of it by one of your friends?" "My pretty damsel," said the prince, "this is a council of war, and not a court of love. We will look into your complaint by-and-bye. It is some affair of gallantry with Monsieur de Buc, is it not? That will keep. Return here to-morrow. I promise to consider the matter with all the attention and indulgence you can possibly desire; but if I am to judge from appearances, your conscience, I fancy, is scarcely clear. Mademoiselle de l'Orme and a certain bracelet, the history of which is somewhat obscure, are not very creditable witnesses. Your father, too, held a kind of language with me which I don't very much admire; and I think it would be better for you to be silent than attempt to outface certain acts for which, after all, nobody would hang you." "It is no question," returned Claudine, with energy, "of an affair of gallantry, nor of a crime which the law makes capital. I beseech you to listen to me, and suffer me to confound the traitor who has lied away my honour after attempting violence against my person. Your highness is, moreover, deceived in supposing that I shall not call for the testimony of Mademoiselle de l'Orme. On the contrary, I shall

entreat her to come forward, and you will soon learn the true history of the bracelet." "Indeed!" exclaimed the prince, "are you so much in earnest about it? De Buc, I advise you to be prepared with your defence, for I shall rigidly inquire into the business. Not to-day, however, for we have other and more serious matter in hand. Adieu, then, Claudine, till to-morrow, and rely upon me. Now, gentlemen, to horse, to beard this Mazarin." He mounted as he spoke, and in a few moments the courtyard was empty.

The last words of the hero of Rocroy, and his kind manner, restored something like hope to the heart of Claudine. He, at least, amongst so many who were faithless and unscrupulous, still preserved the greatness of his character, and held in some esteem the virtue of a poor peasant girl. To turn to account the interval till the next day, Claudine resolved to assure herself of the favourable evidence of Mademoiselle de l'Orme, and at once set out for Paris. It was a long and toilsome walk, for the road was bad, and a cold, penetrating rain was falling; but, sustained by her purpose, she heeded neither. It was late in the day when, after losing herself twenty times in the streets of the Marais, she arrived, worn out with fatigue, at the house she sought, and had no difficulty in gaining admission. Marion was greatly amazed at her pitiable plight, and laughed heartily at seeing her. "Why what a state you are in!" she cried. "Nothing but the most perfect virtue could go about in such a draggled condition! What new misfortune have you to relate? Does any body accuse you again of theft?"

As briefly as possible Claudine related her adventure, the violence of De Buc, her confinement and escape, the ill-advised interference of her father, and the promise of the Prince de Condé. In order not to wound the feelings of her auditor, she suppressed all she felt about Marion's suspected position, and urged her, in simple and earnest language, to give the testimony of a friend who knew the purity of her conduct. Marion, who could insolently have braved the haughty glance of a Queen, cast down her eyes with shame before the peasant girl who had come so far, in spite of all obstacles, to defend her reputation. "Alas!" she said, with a sigh, "it is out of my power, then, to do even the least good. And yet I adopted every precaution, even to renouncing the pleasure of contemplating the act and listening to expressions of gratitude. My gifts are fatal, it seems, to those who receive them, and in trying to help this poor girl I have done her infinite harm. But," she continued after a pause, in a more animated tone, "console yourself, Claudine. I am determined not to allow my presents to bring you ill-luck; neither shall you be deprived of one of them. We will show these good-for-nothing gallants that an honest girl may wear fine clothes and yet be virtuous. Take off your wet things: I will dress you like a princess. We will pass this evening together, and to-morrow I will take you in my coach, with the bracelet on your arm, before this terrible tribunal at St. Maur. I will bring them all to their knees, the judge as well as the accusers."

At eighteen years of age the heart readily opens to hope and confidence, and encouraged by this language, Claudine allowed herself to be dressed as Marion desired. She had scarcely completed her toilette when an extraordinary tumult was heard in the street. A number of gentlemen were galloping along, carrying their hats on the points of their swords in token of rejoicing. Marion de l'Orme ran to the balcony and, seeing by their dress that the horsemen were officers of the Cardinal's party, suspected that something had gone wrong with the Fronde. Seeing one amongst them whom she knew, she called to him to tell her what was the matter. "The Princes de Condé, de Conti, and de Lougueville have been

arrested and conducted to Vincennes. Their friends waited to rescue them at the Porte St. Antoine, but they were taken out by the Porte Richelieu, and by this time they are safe in prison." A few minutes afterwards another band of horsemen belonging to the prince's party came flying through the street pursued by a detachment of musketeers, who fired on them as they fled. Some dropping shots were heard, and then all was quiet again. "Poor child," said Marion, "the trial of your cause is adjourned." "Alas!" returned Claudine, weeping, "I fear it is for ever lost!"

Marion tried to console her, and, while thus occupied, voices were heard on the staircase. It was the company who were in the habit of frequenting Marion's apartments. She asked her friend to remain and be presented to these gentlemen, but Claudine was afraid or unwilling to meet them, and took refuge in Marion's *boudoir*, where she could hear their conversation unseen. The greater part of this company consisted of young men who were almost ruined by play and dissipation, but they set the fashions, and the prevalent one at that moment was a ridiculous emulation as to which could most distort the French language by the most absurd pronunciation; independently of this folly, their whole conversation was silly in the extreme. At first Claudine paid little attention to the nonsense they uttered, but by degrees her curiosity was awakened when she heard Mademoiselle de l'Orme abandon her natural manner of speaking, which was perfectly charming, and talk to them in their own style. The young men seemed delighted with her: they begged of her to sing and play on the lute, and applauded vociferously; they asked her about the newest comedy—what she thought of the author, and how she liked the actors, and listened to her opinions with the profoundest deference. Claudine began to reflect on this scene, the novelty of which very much impressed her. "It cannot," she said to herself, "be very difficult to become the idol of such people as these: if I had been brought up in a world like this I could have shone in it without much trouble." Before Marion had ceased speaking, the young fops tried to show off their erudition, and talked about history, making such palpable mistakes that again Claudine soliloquised on their deficiencies: they did not even know what the curate of St. Mandé had taught her.

In the *boudoir* of Mademoiselle de l'Orme, the walls were decorated with long Venetian glasses, which reflected the figure of Claudine as she reclined on one of the sofas. She gazed at her own image and felt an indescribable pleasure in observing the magnificence of her dress and the agreeable aspect of her person thus richly attired. The transformation was so complete that at first she almost imagined she was admiring someone else, but suddenly a new sensation awoke in her bosom, a new ray enlightened her mind. "I, too, am beautiful," she said. "It rests with myself alone to conquer the world. With such attractions as I see there, what is there to prevent me from dazzling like others? I will learn the use of the weapons they employ, and turn them to the discomfiture of those who now despise me. As long as I remain a peasant I am at their mercy: I will become a fine lady and they shall be at mine. I shall then no longer stand in need of the prince's acquittal. It is not enough that I escape calumny, I will be revenged on my calumniators. No more exculpation and defence when I am innocent and unjustly accused! In my turn I will judge and condemn the guilty, force them to sue for pardon, and punish them if it please me to be pitiless."

## Catalina of Segorbe.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 191.

"My parents," commenced Catalina, "were, like myself, of Valencian blood. It is something, *Senor*, to say that for many generations our family had been resident in Valencia, 'that Paradise' which the envious Catalans cannot deprive of its significant name, but which they revenge themselves by asserting is 'inhabited by devils'! Often has the reproach been sounded in my ears,—

'En Valencia los legumbres son agua  
Los hombres son mugeres y los mugeres nada! " " *

I was about to assure the beautiful Valenciana that she refuted the malicious saying, at least so far as the latter clause went, in propria persona, but she went on without giving me time for my remark.

"In my country we still adopt many of the old Moorish customs, and our love, and our hate, like theirs, endures till death. I am about to give you an instance of this:—

"My dearest friend, for many years, was Clotilde, the daughter of a neighbour; her father was a German who had married a girl of Segorbe.

"It was Clotilde, my friend, who sat with me at the sparkling fountain of La Palaza, or who wandered with me in the evening when the sun was low, and we had put on our best attire to commemorate some saint's day, through the Prados and Vedos, or by the river Marvedro.

"It was Clotilde who shared with me the pleasure of listening to the guitar of Pedro Bellona, the handsomest paysano of my native place. Young Pedro was a distant relation of the bishop's, and, though poor, was much esteemed by him,—the bishop being unaware that he was anything but a zealous or believing catholic. He had a splendid voice, and sang at the Church of Santa Cruz.

"Clotilde was fair; she had inherited delicate blonde locks and a white transparent complexion from her German father. I had but the olive skin, the oval countenance, the dark hair and eyes, of a true Valencian girl.

"We were both so young that for a long time we joined at our leisure with Pedro and his companions in the dance and every gay pastime, emulating each other in our execution of the cachuca and bolero, the seguidilla and fandango, without thinking of love. The warmest nature, that of the true Valencian, was smitten first, how, it matters little; nor will I inflict upon you the long narrative, so often told and so minutely, of the heart's awakenings. But I loved Pedro passionately, ardently, as the Germans never can—with all the warmth and devotion of a Segorbian."

"Thrice happy Pedro!" I could not help exclaiming, en parenthèse.

"Caramba, *Senor* Veajante, he *was* happy, thrice happy as it appeared to me; no jealousy then entered into my spirit; the days and the weeks

* In Valencia the melons are watery,  
The men are women, and the women nothing.

passed by, crowned with music and festooned with flowers and songs. We were like children, Pedro, Clotilde, and I."

"The pastoral age again.—The golden age of the poets."

"No golden age, compañero mio, as men phrase it now. Perhaps it might be the summer time of the heart, which has afterwards to endure so sad a winter, as one of our great men has written, so they tell me, and I have often cause now to repeat his verses:—

'En fresca sombra, en yerba florecida  
Buscando voy reposo vanamente  
A mi dolor y pena encrudecida  
Quando uoro, conmigo juntamente.

'Se lamenta la tórtola afligida,  
Y enturbio con mi uanto la corriente.  
Pero! Ay! que en monte, en bosque, en prado, en río,  
No puedo hallar alivio al dolor mio.*

"Surely there is relief to all troubles, Senorita Catalina,—time and patience, kindness and forgiveness! What is the teaching of your church?"

"Time! forgiveness!—speak not to a Spanish maiden of the former; tell not a Valenciana of the latter; and especially say nothing to me of the teaching of the church!

"To resume, however; I had some cause for my want of suspicion for my belief in the sincerity of Pedro, he courted my society; and as for Clotilde, she was prouder than I, and looked higher; she professed not to think of the peasant, because, though handsome, he was but poor, and a distant relation of the bishop's, and she aspired to riches.

"We were to be married, Pedro and I, at the Yglesia de Santa Cruz. It was the church to which I had been accustomed every morning to go, with my offering of a simple bouquet for the shrine of Santa Catalina, our patron saint, and the saint, singularly enough, of my name.

"The image of Santa Catalina was a masterpiece of sculpture. How unlike many of the painted dolls one finds reproaching the devotion and the faith of the unhappy people of this barbarous land we are now so wearily traversing. The saint was represented with outstretched hands, in the attitude of benediction, the face bent downwards.

"It was a reminiscence of the time, as our parents told us, when, many years ago, the whole district was grievously afflicted with the plague, and the good saint, fearlessly going about from house to house among the sick and dying, showered health and other blessings wherever she went. But when, through her intercession, the terrible disease was stayed, there was no longer any office sufficiently honourable for Santa Catalina on earth, and the blessed Virgin translated her, so it is said, to paradise.

"The statue of this patron saint had been carefully and expensively embellished with many precious stones by the wealthy and pious of the neighbourhood, and in addition, the Conde de Aranjuez, who had a country seat near Segorbe, in token or acknowledgment of a great service which the saint had in former times rendered to his family, hung, three years ago, around the neck of the image, a marvellous necklace or bracelet, which had been cunningly fashioned at Berlin, of great value, both on account of the richness of the work, the beauty of the metal, and because the model had been destroyed, so that a duplicate should never be made.

* Vainly I go to seek repose in the cool shade, upon the green herb, from my sorrow and rankling pain. When I weep the afflicted turtle dove laments, joining with me, and the current flows below muddy with my grief. Oh! neither on mountain or forest, in walk or in river can I find ease to my grief.—"La Galeota," by Cervantes.

"Segorbe sustained a sad loss when the Count de Aranjuez died. His relatives, who had large estates in La Mancha, suffered the chateau to become deserted, and its beautiful garden was soon nothing but a wilderness. But all this has nothing to do with my story.

"Picture to yourself one memorable morning, Senor Viajante, when the lightning of heaven was suffered to scathe all the happiness of my life, to destroy that serenity and tranquillity which, up to that time, dwelling on the banks of the shining Marvédre, I had enjoyed.—

' Ah ! sweet Marvédre ; gentle river,  
On thy sunny golden sand  
I ever long to lie.  
Hear these my vows to thee, the giver  
Of happy hours. In thy dear land  
Oh may I die ! '

"Ay de mi ! the days when we used to sing those canciones are all over."

There was a pause.—"For ever," the Senorita murmured, "for ever gone now;" and then, as I was searching for some sympathising remark, as if unaware that she had interrupted herself, she proceeded rapidly—

"It was very early, I had been accustomed to visit the shrine of the saint the first thing in the morning frequently, but this was even earlier than usual. The church seemed entirely deserted as I entered. The aspect of that vast building usually produces on the mind a deep impression.

"Those numerous light shafts or columns fretted so gracefully; those rosace windows from which various colours are flung far beneath upon the marble pavement; the effect of the paintings and the sculpture which abounds in such profusion.—Ah ! Senor, till you have seen the Iglesia de Santa Cruz you have not seen one of the marvels of the world.

"When I approached noiselessly near to the chapel of the late Conde, close to which was the image of the patron saint, to my surprise I perceived that there was a figure before it, that of a man. Cielo ! it was that of Pedro, my beloved one. Love struggling for the mastery over other emotions, I made a step forward, but checked myself on observing that his posture was not that of devotion as I had anticipated, but that he was doing something on the ground. At last he made a movement as if of adoration. I was about to spring forward with a cry of joy when he again arrested me by rising to his full height and endeavouring to unclasp from the neck of the Santa Catalina the beautiful necklace ! That sacrilegious act so astonished and perplexed me, that, doubting the evidence of my reason, I silently withdrew, trembling, and concealed myself behind a pillar, from which position I could watch unseen Pedro's motions, and ascertain his errand and his object.

"As I anticipated, it was not possible to unclasp the necklace, which had been previously fastened in some tolerably secure manner ; after a few more trials, during which I looked around in the greatest fear lest some peasant should come in or priest pass by, Pedro used a little file, which, when I first saw him, he must have been getting ready, and in a few moments, to my horror and consternation, I beheld him deposit the bracelet amongst his clothing, and with a mock reverence turn to depart from the church.

"Scarcely could I credit the testimony of my own eyes ; I half believed the whole scene to be a delusion from the father of lies. Amidst the nightmare-like feeling that possessed me, the path of duty was, however, perfectly clear and open to me. I went straight to the corregidor and



told him what I had seen. The alguazils were summoned, they speedily arrested Pedro, found the necklace upon him, and in course of time he was brought before the tribunal of justice at Segorbe."

"My poor girl, you must indeed have suffered much."

"You may well say so, companero. It is impossible to describe to you my feelings when I found myself compelled to be the accuser of the one whom I then loved more than life itself, and the witness against him."

"Was there no method by which"—

"Oh, Senor mio, what else could I have done? Cielo, dare I ever have entered the church again; could I ever otherwise have raised my eyes to the angel of my name? never, never. The very name of Catalina obliged me to reveal the injury done to the angel de mi nombre; but oh, Santa Maria, it was a hard trial to bear witness against my betrothed, and it has turned my heart to stone."

"And the trial ended, of course, in the conviction of Pedro,—no doubt he was sentenced to heavy punishment for so extraordinary an act; but what excuse did he make?"

"Ah! there it was, Senor Viajante, it is only the most favourable part of my story that you have yet heard."

"Think you, would the circumstances I have described have been sufficient to drive me forth from my native country a wanderer over the earth, with but one purpose for which to live, and that, perhaps, an unholy one."

"You excite my wonder, Senorita; what new misfortune happened! what more terrible event could occur to a maiden than the dread necessity imposed upon her, by religion, of accusing her betrothed of sacrilege!"

"To inform you fully I must return to the time when the trial took place. To my astonishment, so far from endeavouring to deny his crime, or even to extenuate it, Pedro openly confessed, stating that not only had he committed it, but that he could not have done otherwise. Matters took a turn for which I was totally unprepared. Pedro unblushingly declared before the Corregidor of Segorbe that the Santa Catalina had actually spoken to him, and commended him for his piety and his zeal in the service of the church."

"But what zeal and piety! Pedro was not a priest."

"Carramba! the zeal of singing on feast days; the piety of having an excellent voice and being a poor relation of the bishop's. The paysanos could understand all that."

"And Pedro declared that the marble statue, a second Iphigenia, had spoken."

"Ah, Senor Viajante, what see you so wonderful in that assertion? It was the speech and not the manner of speaking it which confounded me. Pedro told us quite simply, and with an affectation of sincerity which deceived all but me and one other, that the Santa Catalina, bending forward, had with her one hand presented him with the precious necklace, while complimenting him on his zeal, as a reward for his piety."

"And this transparent artifice succeeded; where were the proofs?"

"I know not and care not, it is enough to tell you that they were considered amply sufficient. Who appeared to support the faithless Pedro in the detestable crime, who confirmed the falsehood of a sacrilegious wretch by unblushing perjuries in the open court of justice, but my friend, my companion, my confidant,—Clotilde!"

It is impossible to give, in this simple description, the force and energy, the pathos, with which Catalina uttered, in her significant language, these extraordinary revelations.

"But your accusation, Sendrita, and your own proofs?"

"Were treated as nothing, were disputed, denied. I, the doubly injured

Catalina, was accused of having fabricated a false and cruel tale. The bishop himself interfered.

"Segorbe doubtless wanted a miracle, and this was proclaimed as one, blazoned abroad as a wonderful portent from Heaven !

"Special honours were showered upon Pedro, and fêtes given to the saint ; and as for me, sick with terror and disgust, neither my mind or my body could withstand the influence of such strange and unexpected events ; I fell into a dangerous illness, and was long unexpected to recover."

"Then, at least, I hope your trials were over."

"Nothing shocked or confounded me any more, companero ; at first I heard with apathy that, some days before, Pedro and Clotilde had departed together for Berlin, then by degrees the whole network of artifice, the web wheel which had caught a poor unsuspecting girl, extended itself before me.

"Do not ask that I shall relate to you, Señor Viajante, how, little by little, I traced out the perfidy of Clotilde, and proved to myself the faithlessness of Pedro. How I heard that the bishop had solemnly decided that since the bracelet had been presented miraculously to his relation, he ought to retain it ; and how I discovered his object in going to Berlin was to obtain that reward for the design of the workmanship which Clotilde alone waited for to become everything that Pedro could wish."

"Alas, poor Catalina, all was indeed then over !"

"You do not comprehend me, Señor, you do not know that my every inquiry, all further information that I gained, changed my apathy into quite another feeling.

"Here am I, Catalina of Segorbe ! The Valencianas never love or hate by halves ! You know that I have loved,—how much who can tell. Now I say to you that I no longer love, but hate,—how much, this dagger shall one day tell. (Showing me a long keen knife with a twisted black handle, which she wore concealed in her drapery.) Santa Maria ! one day you may hear, perhaps, of a tragedy at Berlin worthy of my history. Then remember pobre Catalina de Segorbe, and the evening journey in Bavaria, towards Lichtehausen !"

At this moment came borne on the night wind the voices of muleteers, and the jingling bells of a cavalcade ascending the hill, which had just departed from the valley, where we could see the welcome lights, far down, of the little village which was to be our halting place, and distinguish, as the moon rose, the peaked houses and the steeple of Lechtehausen.

So fatigued were we both with our long day's journey that rest was indeed much needed, and further relations were stopped by the pleasant duties of repose and refreshment.

I slept heavily, and on arising somewhat later than usual the next morning, and inquiring of my host respecting the "fraulien," as he styled her, I was surprised and somewhat disappointed to learn that she had departed, almost as soon as the sun had risen, towards Wurzburg, with a German farmer who was going some miles on the road, and had promised to assist her in her journey as far as he could.

I never saw La Catalina de Segorbe more, or in my researches in German newspapers could I ever find that threatened conclusion of her history. But I would much rather be safe in a whole skin, as the voracious narrator of this little episode, than the hero of her story, Pedro Bellona, or his wife, Clotilde !

## The Book of the Clouds.

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AN old man sat at his cottage door,  
 In the autumn twilight grey,  
 An open book in his hand he held,  
 But his thoughts were far away.  
     His silver hair like a glory gleam'd  
     In the sunlight's parting rays,  
 As his calm still eyes were upwards turn'd  
     With a solemn earnest gaze.

"Good even, old friend," a blithe voice said,  
 And a light step echo'd near;  
 "Your studies are deep, I pray you name  
 The book that you hold so dear!  
     Is it a tale of a bye-gone age—  
     Some record of sin and woe,  
 Or the stirring thoughts of some master-mind,  
     That can make the rapt heart glow?"

"The book that I read," quoth the vet'ran sage,  
 "Is penn'd by no mortal hand;  
 And its leaves stand open night and day,  
 To the humblest in the land.  
     Full many in vain may seek for truths  
     Which a mystic meaning shrouds;  
 But the simplest heart may read and learn  
     From out the Book of the Clouds!"

"Read me, I pray, from that wond'rous page,  
 What tempests are brewing there;  
 And oh! when the morrow's sun has dawn'd,  
 Say—will it be foul, or fair?"

"A storm may arise," the old man said,  
 "But I know no cause for fear,  
 For my glance hath pierc'd beyond the clouds,  
 Where the sunlight shineth clear.  
     A message of love is all I hear  
     In the wind's most piercing blast;  
 To me it seems but a soothing shade  
     When the sky is overcast.

"Time was when that book seem'd hard to read,  
 And its lore was hard to learn;  
 But oft, when my faith is waxing dim,  
 To its pages now I turn;  
     And I read how the clouds that darkest  
     In my youth's unthinking day,  
 Were charged with blessings that were not seen  
     Till the storm had pass'd away.

" And now I turn to the last lines grav'd  
 In letters of living light ;  
 Telling of realms that never were dimm'd  
 By the dark'ning shades of night.  
 The heav'n-lit ray of that golden cloud  
 That is floating gently past,  
 Seems sent to breathe in the ear of faith  
 That 'twill all come right at last !"

" That the time shall be—if not on earth  
 At least in the realms above—  
 When all shall see that life's darker days  
 Were shadow'd for aye in love !"  
 Such was the tale that the old man told,  
 And I tell it now to you,  
 With prayers that your darkest cloud of woe  
 May prove that the tale is true !

Y. S. N.

## Mr. Candour's Defence of Tobacco.

BY ALFRED ALARIC WATTS.

" When I hear a character abused, I never think it in so much danger as when Candour undertakes its defence."—*School for Scandal*.

My attention has been directed to a movement recently set on foot by some narrow-minded, but I dare say well-meaning, enthusiasts,—and which is gradually acquiring a considerable hold upon the public mind—for the suppression of the wholesome and edifying practice of smoking ; and although I entirely agree with worthy Sir Thomas Browne that every man is not a proper champion for truth, which may suffer in the weakness of his patronage, " I feel bound," as the lady says in the play, " in candour to undertake its defence." Nay, so satisfied am I of the result of these my exertions, that if any one, after reading my remarks upon the subject, should entertain any doubts that the practice is alike warranted by the examples of antiquity, sanctioned by the eulogies of wisdom, invulnerable to the attacks of censure, and advantageous to the morals of humanity, I will hold no further arguments with them, but recommend them to join the movement without delay.

The time-honoured aphorism, "ex fumo dare lucem," affords evidence of the extreme antiquity of the practice, and the valuable intellectual effects which it has been considered calculated to produce. That many of the illustrious men of antiquity were familiar with the use of tobacco, it is impossible to doubt, though my researches have only enabled me to bring the habit of smoking home to one of them. Polyphemus—whom I

regret to be unable to cite as a pattern of morals in any other respect—is thus described by Virgil :—

“Faucetus ingentem fumum mirabile dictu  
Evomit ;”

which puts the matter beyond a doubt. “Mirabile dictu” might at first sight seem to indicate that the practice of smoking was not common in Rome in Virgil’s day ; but any candid mind will at once see that it was intended to convey a not unnatural surprise, on the part of the poet, at such an evidence of the advanced civilization of the Cyclops.

Leaving the question of the more remote antiquity of this fascinating pursuit, there is satisfactory evidence extant that the practice existed in the middle ages, in our own country, among a class whose use of it affords conclusive proof alike of its wisdom and morality. When the tower of Kirkstall Abbey fell, in 1779, Dr. Whittaker, the author of the well-known History of Craven, discovered, *embedded in the mortar*, fragments of several little smoking pipes similar to those now in use, showing clearly that, long before the days of Sir Walter Raleigh, the monks of old—who of course were not the men to do anything wrong—gained illumination in their varied labours from the fumes of tobacco, or something like it.

It is, however, upon the evident appreciation of the value of the fragrant weed, exhibited in the writings of the wise men of later days, that I am disposed to lay the greatest stress, in my arguments in its favour. Very soon after the introduction of tobacco into England by Raleigh (whose ultimate execution by order of the author of the Counterblast against it was no doubt the result of that benefaction to his country), we find Francis Beaumont, the dramatist, devoting his muse to an address to ale and sack, pointing out, with justice, the superior virtues of tobacco in effecting the usual results of those beverages :—

“Nay soft, by your leaves,  
Tobacco bereaves  
You both of the garland, forbear it,”

begins the Ode, though I confess the last two words have always rather puzzled me, as seeming to convey a suggestion to do without it.

Francis Quarles, in his “Emblems,” honourably devotes one especially to it, giving a woodcut of a small boy sitting upon a globe, holding a pipe in one hand, and a torch, apparently to light it in case of its going out, in the other. The first lines of the verses by which this design is illustrated might almost lead one to infer that he desires to censure the practice of smoking. He describes it as—

“A new found vanity, which days of old  
Ne’er knew. A vanity that has beset  
The world, and made more slaves than Mahomet.  
That has condemned us to the servile yoke  
Of slavery, and made us slaves to smoke.”

But as he proceeds to demonstrate that all the ambitions of life are but smoke also, he thus, as he doubtless intended, elevates instead of depreciates it.

Cowper distinctly eulogises the use of tobacco as—

“the drug the gardener wants,  
To poison vermin that infest his plants.”

Not smoking himself, he was not aware of, and could not therefore be ex-

pected more particularly to eulogise, its higher properties in this respect as regards human beings.

It is, however, the testimony of Beattie to the use of the pipe by the virtuous and intellectual, that I most highly value, as justifying that universal adoption of it by the gentlemanly youth of the present day which is so generally, and I am bound here to maintain, unjustly, deprecated. In describing the Minstrel, in his beautiful poem bearing that title, he distinctly tells us that

"Edward was no vulgar boy."

Not a vulgar boy, mark!

"Deep thought would often fix his infant eye;  
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy,  
*Save one short pipe*"

Something is added about "tuneful minstrelsy;" but no candid person, I am sure, after reading the passage (verse 16), can entertain a moment's doubt what sort of "pipe" is meant.

As, however, the opinions of others, however much we may esteem them, must be always received with qualification, I will proceed to demonstrate, by actual argument, that the imputations hurled against this fascinating pursuit are as frivolous and vexatious as modern objections to the administration of the army, or the catalogue of the British Museum, or any other time-honoured institution. Glancing at a lecture delivered at Oxford by the Secretary of the British Anti-Tobacco Association, and published by Houlston and Stoneman, of Paternoster Row, I find the principal arguments against smoking to be—

First. That it has a tendency to induce a habit of drinking.

Upon this point it is only needful to observe, that as, as every smoker knows, tobacco possesses, itself, all the intoxicating properties of ardent spirits, any recourse to the latter, on the part of the votary of the fragrant weed, is wholly unnecessary.

Secondly. That its properties are poisonous, and therefore injurious to health.

In support of this position the lecturer notices the fact, that two drops of the essential oil of tobacco, rubbed on the tongue of the largest dog, would kill it in a few minutes.

The fallacy of such an argument as this is obvious; because, in the first place, we do not rub the oil on our tongues, but merely inhale it into our lungs—which of course makes an important difference; and, in the second, a man of course is not a dog, and therefore the analogy falls to the ground.

Thirdly. That the smell of smoke is offensive, especially to ladies.

This, of course, is a matter of taste; but this argument is an absurdity. No person can, of course, enjoy two gratifications wholly inconsistent with each other; and as it may reasonably be inferred that those of us who are in the habit of smoking prefer that indulgence to the pleasure of ladies' society, they must of course be prepared, as they doubtless are, to forego the lesser gratification to secure the greater.

Fourthly. That it is an expensive habit.

This allegation might at first sight appear to be not without foundation; but, like everything sophistical, it falls to the ground upon examination. It is quite true that a man who smokes much will puff away as much money in smoke in a week as would pay the wages of an agricultural labourer for the same period; but as the effect of smoking is notoriously to destroy all appetite, he will doubtless save, in eating, as much as he consumes in smoke, and the result, therefore, is precisely the same thing.

Fifthly. That it doesn't look well.

This is a most absurd argument, because the practice of smoking is one that can be discontinued in an instant; so that if a gentleman, when indulging his *chuddeem*, should encounter a lady friend, he has, of course, only to put his pipe into his pocket, and thus exhibit his consideration for her feelings, and at the same time impart to his costume that scent to which, it may fairly be inferred, he and his associates are most partial.

Sixthly, and Lastly. That it has a direct tendency to lower the tone of morals; and is against the principles of civilization because against the principles of common sense.

To this argument I think a sufficient answer is given by a fact mentioned by Dr. Barth, at a recent meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Learning,—that among the inhabitants of Timbuctoo the practice of smoking is a capital offence. If such be the law of a nation of savages, we have a right to assume that the permission afforded in England to indulge it in the streets and squares of the metropolis, affords the best evidence of the advanced civilization at which we have arrived.

With these remarks I will leave the Anti-Tobacco Association to its labours; wishing it, in the words of worthy Sir Oliver Surface in the play from which I have taken my epigraph, "all the success it deserves."

## A Plea for Woman.

BY J. CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

It is well that beauteous woman  
Has the quickest sense of wrong;  
That the tenderest traits of feeling  
To her faithful heart belong.  
That her pure, heroic nature,  
Made to soften and prevail,  
Wins its way to truth and justice,  
When our ruder efforts fail.

Has she not, from earliest ages,  
Borne the heaviest load of life?  
Suffered in the silent conflict,  
Struggled in the rudest strife?  
Has she not, with patient meekness,  
Won and worn the martyr's crown?  
Even by her seeming weakness  
Pulled the strongest tyrant down!

Day by day she has encountered,  
In her own domestic round,  
Sharpest griefs, severest tortures,  
All for language too profound.  
Trembled through her woman's nature,  
Lest the outward world should know;  
Single in her calm endurance,  
Loving in her lofty woe.

Pestilence has not appalled her;  
Dungeons have not driven her back;  
She has smiled upon the scaffold,  
And been silent on the rack.  
She, a mistress of mercy,  
Has gone forth from door to door,  
'Swaging sickness, soothing sorrow  
In the chambers of the poor.

All unselfish, she has pleaded  
With an angel's earnest grace,  
'Gainst the brand-mark and the bondage  
Of old Afric's dusky race.  
And not only for the alien,  
(If an alien there can be)  
But for all who shrink and suffer  
On her own side of the sea.

Pleaded for her sister woman,  
Moiling through the joyless day;  
Hungry, hopeless, ever trembling  
Lest she swerve from virtue's way.  
Pleaded for the little children,  
Growing up to dangerous youth  
For the want of wholesome knowledge,  
For the lack of genial truth.

And she has not been ungifted  
With the mind's superior powers,  
But has brought us bloom and fragrance  
From the muses' magic bowers.  
She has stirred our inmost natures  
With a true and graceful pen;  
Even snatched a wreath of honour  
From the bolder brows of men.

Then let this dear mediator,  
This companion of our way,  
Have her natural power and province  
In the great work of to-day.  
Let her go upon her mission,  
If she have no wish to roam,  
Nor to break the ties that bind her  
To the sacred bounds of home.

Let her have unstinted knowledge,  
That hereafter she may be  
Teacher of serenest virtues  
To the children round her knee.  
Foresight, faithfulness, forbearance,—  
Charity, and all good things  
Which prepare the human creature  
For its future angel wings.

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## The Up-Hill Way.

### A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER III.

BUT Nicol Forbes had need, many times within the next few weeks, to recall Grant's story, to bid him, indeed, thank God that his lot was cast in no sterner mould than he had proved it. Far away, at Aberdeen, he made his essay in the difficult task of finding his way into the workshop of life, without a helping hand to lead him over the threshold. But to some, even there, his name was eloquent with reasons for repulsing him; and others were too cautious and "canny" to employ anyone without a recommendation.—"Which every honest lad had an unco guid right to claim frae them he had served weel."

At Insch and Huntly the like fortunes befell him; and often, often he had to call the kind, cheering words of his strange friend to his mind, and press the sweet letter of Helen Ogilvie to his heart, to prevent hope deserting it altogether. He came at length to Elgin, where a change seemed to brighten over his prospects, perhaps—he thought at first—because that, dispirited by the frequent fatal effects of his name, he had concealed it, and under that of Nicol obtained employment. Here, then, he thought, unknown, unmarked, he might live on, and, beginning life anew, pass from out the shadow of the cloud that overcast his real name.

On the morning after his entrance on the duties of his new situation, a gentleman came into the room with his employer. Nicol glanced up to perceive it was a person he had seen many times in Glasgow; then bent lower over the desk, in the hope that he might pass unnoticed. But they needed a paper which was with him, and he was obliged to rise and give it.

The moment Macpherson's eye fell on him, he was recognised, and with a nod to him, and a smile to the merchant, the inopportune visitor remarked:—"I see you have got a young acquaintance of mine here—Nicol Forbes."

"Not Forbes, I think you'll find," said the merchant laughing, "Its just James Nicols we have gotten here."

"No," replied Macpherson bluntly, "I am not mistaken, whatever you may be. So the lad may as well own at once that his name is Nicol Forbes."

"It is my true name," stammered Nicol, colouring like the culprit he felt himself, and trembling all over with that vain eagerness for the floor to yawn or the ceiling to drop, which besets us in dilemmas whence there seems no escape.

"Young man," said his employer gravely, "it is strange you should have come here calling yourself other than you are. At best it demands inquiry and explanation, and if you wish to assign your reasons, I am ready to hear them."

There was a deep silence. Nicol could more easily have died than broken it; though everyone seemed waiting for him to speak. It was evident his

story was unknown—how then was he to tell it, and protest innocence that would be sneered at!—He knew what would come before the merchant said—

“As you say nothing, I’m free to think the truth would be little to your credit, so I must be so prudent as to tell you, Mr. Forbes, that nobody, under such circumstances, can remain any longer in my employ.”

Forbes would have given a good deal for the power to have spoken a few words—to have told the worthy man that for the concealment he had merited dismissal, yet told him, also, that never, never should he have had cause to repent his confidence in the friendless stranger, whom he had taken into his counting-house. But not one syllable could he have uttered; not, it seemed, had life depended on it. An unrelenting hand seemed grasping his throat, and a burning chain compressing his temples, as though they would have driven him mad, or choked him; and without one word in self-defence, he bowed at once to the sentence and the speaker, and went out into the fresh air, which, chilly as it blew over the north sea, felt like the desert’s hot breath to his burning cheek.

For hours he passed from street to street, like a man in earnest pursuit of some object, then arriving, through a birdlike instinct, at his lodgings, sat down to *think*. It was not a pleasant exercise; for to his other embarrassments was now added his funds having dwindled down to shillings, and there were but few of them. And as in this buying and selling world of ours the circulating medium is as necessary to existence as the circulating fluid in our veins, it was a hard thing to count the few days which might elapse ere he was penniless. Nor was he longer cheered by the hope of obtaining employment such as he sought. Men would not receive into their offices, or warehouses, or shops, strangers of whose probity they were unassured. So he put that thought away, and then the truth stood forward that for anything else he was little fitted;—he could not dig, and to beg he was ashamed. However, he resolved to turn from the busy haunts of men, where they congregated in hundreds and thousands, and plunge into the wilder portions of his native land; and amid the little hamlets and lonely glens, whose few inhabitants had scant intercourse with the world beyond the hills where they had played in childhood, and where their fathers slept in death, seek some means of earning his bread by man’s allotted doom—labour, which, blessing and curse in one, is often, because it is a blessing, denied by one to another,—and find there some path to climb the hill whence he had fallen, or live and die unregarded and unknown. For as to coming as a suppliant to those who once were proud of him, and throwing himself on the mercy of his father, or the love even of his kind, dear, trusting Helen, that idea never had resting-place for one moment in his thoughts.

That same day Forbes quitted Elgin, and before another sun had set he was within the broad shadows of Tarnaway, listening to the roar of the Findhorn, as it rolled on with its burden of waters to the sea; seeming ever to tell of flowers and trees torn from their quiet homes in the silent valleys, and carried down to the ocean, to be tossed about for evermore by un pitying winds, and fierce eddying currents which never rest.

Two weeks of wandering passed. In them Nicol Forbes had trod many a mile of heathclad mountain, and bleak, barren moor; had traced the dancing torrent to its birth-spot, and followed the track of the red deer to the silent pool, where he and they alike were glad to drink. But in that time he had learned other lessons than to judge when the storm threatened, or the winds were moaning themselves to rest. He had learned more than he had ever dreamed of the true kindness and open hearted hospitality of his countrymen, whether shown by the shepherd on the hillside, who shared his solitary bannock with the stranger, or the guidwife who received him, faint and weary, at her cottage door, welcomed him cordially to the homely meal, and spread

his humble bed beside her son's, and when morning came, and he went on his way, refused all payment, save the thanks which he so freely gave her.

Yet, for all this, he found no place where his shoulder might help to turn the wheel of the social carriage. The world was a fair, a good one, but seemed everywhere to go on equally well without him, and there was no gap in any spot which he might fill.

These reflections were but sorry companions, as with them alone he sat gazing, half unconsciously, on the silver lake which was glancing at his feet in the valley of the Tummel,—for he had wandered back thus far across Perthshire. The distant mist-capped Shecallion, the sloping hills with their bright green fields and clustering birchwoods, and the white sails gliding over the loch, formed a fair picture to the eye, but could not dull the remembrance that his last shilling was keeping solitary state within his purse, where it could not stay much longer.

He was trying to make up his mind to go back to town life, and endeavour to find something—anything—to do, though it might be far from what he would have chosen at a happier moment. While he thought thus, two horsemen rode up the little ravine at his side, talking and laughing as gaily as if they had never seen a shadow on their path; and soon after another person followed on foot. But their passing caused no break in his musings, which flowed on in their own dark channel; and having at last resolved on going to Dunkeld, he rose at once to put the resolution into practice.

Forbes had gone but a few yards when something greener than the grass arrested his eye, and he stooped to pick up a purse, which was far heavier than his own had been for many weeks. His first sensation was of delight glowing through every vein, and he sat down on the bank to examine its contents. They were chiefly gold, and amounted to nearly eighteen pounds—in his eyes now, after his sad wanderings, an almost exhaustless treasure. The gordian knot of his difficulties was brightly severed now; surely, he thought, it was thrown in his way, to save him from the despair that was beginning to fix her harpy-grasp upon him.

For one brief ten minutes these thoughts endured; but the thrill of pleasure was still trembling on every nerve, when Grant's words seemed breathed in his ear as distinctly as though the speaker were now by his side.—“Strive by fair means to win a fair name.”—“Struggle onward, but always in the right path, however difficult it may be to tread.”—And with the power that voice ever had over him, it checked at once the throb of joy, while, as if in answer to it, a pale, faint lamp within his heart, lit by a mightier hand than dwells on earth, grew and spread, and brightened, until by its light he could see clearly that, though cast there in that lonely spot, the gold which he had found was not his, but had another owner whom it was his duty to seek out.

It was a bitter moment in which he found himself again a beggar; but there was a blush on his cheek to think he had ever dreamed otherwise; and instantly considering that the purse must belong to one of the persons he had seen, he resolved to lose no time in following them, feeling that his heart would beat more calmly, and he should feel more safe, when this terrible temptation was out of his path.

By inquiring of those he met, the travellers where easily traced, and he found that they had pursued the road towards Blair Atholl. But he had not gone far when the sunshine vanished, the sky darkened, and one of those quick gathering tempests, so frequent in the Highlands, was ready to burst upon him. Still he went on, in spite of the wind which swept along the road as though it would have driven him back, and the rain which began to beat against him, and shroud all surrounding objects in uncertainty. There was a wayside inn some distance farther on, he had been told, and there he thought it was likely those he sought had taken refuge from the threatening storm; so drawing his shepherd's plaid more closely around him, he pressed on.

The storm had begun in earnest before Forbes reached the little hostelry, in whose kitchen a dozen humble wayfarers were already gathered, while in the room opening from it he found the two horsemen, watching from the window, the commencement of the tempest, cheerfully as man can often regard the brewing of troubles which are not for their own drinking. At the fire sat the foot-traveller, who had but lately arrived.

One of the horsemen gaily accosted Forbes.—“You are well housed before this is on us fairly. We should have been up and away to Blair Atholl an hour past, but that we saw what was coming, and it is pleasanter to have a roof above one's head than the best tree shelter rain ever pelted on.”

“I am glad to have found you all here, gentlemen,” said Forbes, “for I do not know which I have been in search of.” All stared at him inquiringly. “But I have reason to believe,” he added, “that one of you dropped a purse some hours ago beside Loch Tummel.”

“Not that I know of,” replied the first speaker.

“Nor I,” added his friend, as the hands of both dived into their pockets.

But the pedestrian said quickly—“That have I since the morn, but I had nae guess o' where. Sae let's see it, laddie, I'se warrant it's my ain.”

Forbes had put his hand into his bosom to draw out the purse, when his first welcomer exclaimed—“And I have lost mine also, though I never found it out till now. It was a green silk purse my sister wrought for me, and I would rather have lost the money than it.”

“Then I fancy it is yours, sir,” said Forbes, producing it, and as he did so, there came—or so he fancied—a baffled expression in the pedestrian's face.

“No;—you should never part with property so heedlessly,” said the gentleman who had lost the purse, laughing as he drew back. “I ought to make my claim to it much stronger, and so I can if it be mine. For there should be A. L. for Alan Lindsay, on one of the rings.”

“The initials are here,” replied Nicol, after looking at it, “so the purse is yours.” And while Lindsay thanked him over and over again for the trouble he had taken to restore it, the traveller by the fire remarked:—

“Aweel it's no mine, for that was a guid strong leather ane, wad hea lastit oot twa sic gimcracks, and mair siller in it than I weel can spare.”

“I wish I had been so fortunate as to find it also,” said Nicol kindly; while looks passed between Lindsay and his friend betokening their belief that there had been none to find; and he was inclined to suspect the same when the loss was not again alluded to. Yet the thought came in his mind, “God alone knows what may be this man's necessities!” and he could not judge him harshly.

“Forbes dined with his new acquaintances; and for an hour after they watched the last footsteps of the tempest, as it passed away from the brightening sky and mist-freed hills, on which the setting sun at length beamed with a tearful smile. Then he prepared to go, and was laughed at by his companions.

“Nonsense,” said Lindsay, “it will be dark before you can look about you, and you'll be left to the mercy of some bothy six inches deep with water. Come, Grant and I have made up our minds to stay all night where we are, and you are a young traveller, indeed, if you don't do the same.”

But he was determined to go, and left them astonished at his obstinacy. Little thought they of the true circumstances of the gentlemanly young man, to whom no one could think of proffering reward; or that Nicol's last shilling, the most valuable he had ever possessed, was far too precious to be bartered for a night's lodging.

A spot of heather, which a sheltering crag had kept dry through the storm, was Nicol's bed that night, and on the morrow he resumed his way

to Dunkeld, sad and desponding, yet more at peace with himself than he had felt for months. He was still some miles from the town when he was overtaken by Lindsay, who had seen by chance the previous night the very person he was going to Blair Atholl to visit.

"So your road is mine," he said, throwing his horse's bridle over his arm, and walking on besides Forbes. "Do your travels end at Dunkeld?"

"Probably not," said Forbes. "For I go to seek what I have found no where else, so 'tis not likely I shall find it there."

Lindsay's gay manner changed in an instant. "What do you seek?" he asked, kindly.

"Employment as a clerk; or bookkeeper; or as anything!" added Nicol, with an emphasis which spoke volumes to his astonished listener.

"If that is your only object, you need not look farther," said Lindsay, after a moment's pause. "I did not yesterday suspect I could be of service to you, but am very glad to-day to find I can—that is if my offer suits you. There is a vacancy in my employ, of but seventy pounds a year 'tis true, but a little while may make it better, and I should be happy if you would accept it."

The sudden lighting up of Nicol's face, and the trembling voice which tried so hard to keep firm, spoke his gratitude so well that there had been little need for words. Such joy as the drowning man feels when he grasps the rope thrown out to save him, was in his heart, yet after a minute he became silent, as a torrent of different feelings swept over him. His determination was formed instantly, but it was one painful and hard to execute, and a hand seemed casting loose the rope, as he said in a low and altered tone—

"It is right to tell you, Mr. Lindsay, that I can produce no testimonials—that, in short, I have no character."

Mr. Lindsay turned sharp round, and bent on him a searching look; yet there was no sternness in it, and Forbes bore it patiently.

"Never mind," said Lindsay, laying his hand kindly on Nicol's shoulder, "there needs nothing of the sort between you and me; and be assured I feel no hesitation in placing the fullest confidence in you. No—do not thank me, for it is but the justice which is due to your conduct yesterday."

But Forbes did thank him, and yet more earnestly when he discovered that the avowal of his name wrought no change in those feelings, though Lindsay knew all that had been said against him, being, as he found, the junior, but managing partner, in one of the leading houses in Glasgow, whither Nicol was now to return with him. Truly the most rugged portion of the hill was climbed at last, and firmly Nicol Forbes pledged himself to himself to go on as he had begun, and lose no step which he had gained.

#### CHAPTER IV.

LINDSAY'S favour, William Grant's friendship, and Helen's love, these certainly were three blessings, but they were all that Forbes possessed; for he had the constant mortification of seeing his companions shrink coldly from him, and of reading in the looks of all he knew—"Stand aloof, for I am better than thou!" From his father he never heard, nor could Helen say the old man's heart had softened aught towards him.

A few days after his return to Glasgow, one of the clerks of his late employers came to transact some business. "What, Nicol Forbes here!" he said, with a start of surprise.

"Yes, I am here," replied Forbes in a peculiar tone, and regarding him steadily. The young man coloured deeply beneath his look, and turned away without another word; but Nicol's tone and look lived long in the memory of Lindsay, who chanced to be present, for it was the only occasion in which he ever saw him treat any one with contempt.

A year passed away, and another, yet brought no change. There had not been wanting efforts, from those who thought it their duty to the firm, to shake Lindsay's confidence in Forbes. But he was true to himself, and Lindsay was true to him. The head clerk was Nicol's greatest enemy. He was one of those who see no shades, no degrees in error; all who sinned were sinners alike; and to be suspected was equivalent to being guilty. No spot had ever touched his name; and therefore he considered he had no sins for Christian charity to cover—so never tried to wear it.

After a time Forbes discovered that this man was throwing every possible temptation in his way; surrounding him with duties, and placing him in positions where a false step, if taken, would not readily be detected. He felt, but did not appear to see the motive; yet took care to make everything he did so plain that there could be no misconstruction. It required no small amount of labour, and considerable clearness of mind, to accomplish this, but it was done, and the snare had merely the effect of raising him to a higher post in the establishment.

And now his fellow clerks began to treat him more courteously, and those who he met at Lindsay's table, where he had always been a frequent guest, grew more friendly to one who so evidently possessed their host's esteem; and, but for his father's unabated anger, and his exile from that beloved spot besides Loch Fyne, Nicol Forbes might almost have fancied himself content.

But even in his dreams the wild sea loch was glittering again before his eyes; and the pleasant dells, the quiet streams, and the once happy home where his boyhood passed so brightly, all were glowing in the light of summer sunshine as they used to do of old; and Helen looked on him with her smile of cloudless joy; and her sweet voice, with its tones of glad music, was in his ears; and then he would awake, to find all dark and silent, and to feel himself an outcast from the presence of those he loved.

Would it always be so? he often asked himself. Was there no ledge on the rocky hill he was steadily though slowly climbing, whence he could look once more on the objects and faces that were so dear to him, and see them beaming with a little, were it ever so little, of the kindness and love of former days?

Such a dream, and such an awakening, with the painful thoughts they never failed to call into more active existence, ushered in one of Nicol's saddest days, one on which only two or three hours' attendance was required of him, leaving the remainder at his own disposal. For occupation was most beneficial to him; and gloomy fancies, vain regrets, and all of memory that was most repulsive, came like birds of prey to feast upon the leisure moments. He was too miserable even to seek the companionship of Grant, who had lighted many a dark hour by his kind encouragements and advice; and rode alone to a little village some ten miles distant, along one of the loneliest roads diverging from the city.

That was its greatest attraction to him, and yet the beauty of the quiet valley whither it led, where some score of cottages clustered either side of a gentle stream, that wound like a silver thread through its green meadows, might have drawn thither many a weary and troubled spirit. Forbes felt, though he did not recognise, the tranquillising influence of the scene; and, leaving his horse at the village, he sauntered up along the stream to where the valley narrowed into a glen, down which it glanced and glittered.

The scenery was wilder here, though still as beautiful; and a roof, seen above the holly-brake, showed that the charms of the spot were not overlooked. But Nicol's attention was soon absorbed by a figure that sat much nearer on the bank. It was that of a girl; she had been reading, but the book lay closed on her knee, and her head leaned on her hand as she gazed on the bright current that rushed sparkling at her feet. Her face was hidden, but the form—the general air—she could be no other than his cousin Helen.

Forbes hurried forward; and, startled by his step, she turned her head; and, before she had perceived him, his quick, anxious glance read the change that grief had wrought in the face which once had been so joyous. It was lovely as ever; sweeter, even, in its expression; but paler, graver; telling of suffering, and himself the cause! Then, as she saw him, a glow rushed over it, and a smile of heartfelt gladness beamed forth her joy at the unexpected meeting.

"Helen, my dearest Helen! ever the same—ever good and kind. My best and truest friend!" exclaimed Nicol. "I have not dared to seek you in the home that was forbidden to me, but now that we have met, you do not—you will not—turn from me, or scorn me!"

Helen had not spoken, nor did she speak now; but, bowing her face on the hands he had relinquished, she wept silently. After a few minutes she raised her head, and holding out her hands, said, with a sweet, sad accent,—

"Forgive me for this apparent unkindness, but, indeed, I could not help it. Your words grieved me, and I had no power to tell you that through every change I am, and always will be, the same to you. And as to scorn or avoidance, Nicol, dear Nicol, do not speak of it! You should have known Helen Ogilvie's heart too well."

"And my father!" asked Forbes, sadly.

A shade crossed her brow—"He is well," she answered; "and believe me, Nicol, though he does not say it, the accounts he receives of you give him pleasure. Come, sit down beside me on this bank, and we will try and talk, as we used to do of old, of all the gifts the future would bestow on us. You know how good we were at dreaming, and it always seemed to make us happier."

"I scarcely wish to dream now," said Nicol, with a sigh. "That time has passed away, and left me only the reflection that my fondest dreams never, never can be realised!"

His voice and manner were sadly altered from the gay fearlessness of former days, and Helen was grieved to mark the change. "How know you that?" she asked cheerfully; "happier days will come, and the hopes and dreams of your boyhood may still prove true prophecies."

"No, Helen, never!" he said, low and rapidly. "I dreamed other dreams than I told you of;—I dreamed that a time might come when you might be nearer to me, dearer you never could be. But now, never more dare I dream of it; the bond of kindred has brought shame enough upon you. Helen, forgive me these wild words! I know how wrong they are: forgive, and, if you can, forget them! And above all, do not drive me from you, for such shall never pass my lips again. Believe me I know too well the distance there is now between us; but there was bitterness or madness in my heart, and I knew not what I said."

"Hush, Nicol, my dear cousin!" interrupted Helen. "You indeed know not what you say, when you speak of distance between us.—What distance was there ever! what can there ever be!"

"The distance between a fair fame and a stained;—the distance that must for ever prevent my asking you to share a blighted name.—There!"

he cried, springing to his feet, "I have said it, Helen, do not hate me because I love you too well!—Do not think I dare——"

"To say and think much you should not," said Helen, rising also. "Am I not your cousin Helen, who has loved you from her childhood, unchanging and unchangably?"

"Yes, with a cousin's—nay, with a sister's love," said Forbes, looking sadly on the beautiful face which was upraised to his.

"With no other love, dear Nicol?" asked Helen timidly.

Nicol's answer was a wild torrent of broken thanks for the gift, only to be followed by yet more earnest gratitude when he learned that she was willing to share his lot; to cling to him through good report and evil report; and make his path brighter by the love which can shed light through the stormiest sky.

"And how could you doubt me?" she whispered. "Never, for one moment, has my trust wavered—never have I doubted that you were guiltless, even as myself, of any knowledge that the firm was being defrauded."

"But if it were otherwise?" asked Forbes. "If I could not say I was as guiltless? Oh, then, Helen, you would speak very differently!"

Helen turned very pale. Never till that instant had such an idea stood before her as the truth; and not even the first tidings of the accusation caused her such intense suffering as these few trembling words of Nicol. But she saw the agony written in her own face mirrored in his, and she soon recovered herself to answer, with all the strength and devotion of a love which dated earlier than she could tell:—

"No, dear Nicol, if it were so, I would reply that I am ready to be a help, and, I trust, a comfort to you in every sorrow and every trial; to pray with you that evil may be forgiven, and, I hope, to tread with you the path to right. For sure I am that path is yours; and it is not one false step should make us think the foot will stray for ever. The past cannot be undone; but for the present there is, I hope—I know—repentance; and for the future there may, perhaps, be restoration."

"Helen! Helen!" exclaimed Forbes, "you do not, you cannot believe that one shilling—one farthing—of my employers' money ever stained my hands! yet I let you think it. But no—I was weak, faulty; I was not faithful as I should have been; and I have been sorely, yet rightly punished.—Sit here, Helen; surely I may tell you, without infringing my word, how I have been bowed this low."

And she listened in trust and sympathy, while he told her, how, having discovered the dishonest conduct of one of his former fellow clerks, he had been won over by the culprit's prayers for mercy and silence, and promises of reformation, to pledge himself to secrecy; and so allowed his employers to go on trusting one who was unworthy of their confidence, without any certainty that it was not further betrayed. Yet he had not thought it was, until the conviction came on him with the charge brought against him of having robbed the firm to a considerable extent. And then he felt that the broken reed, which he had left for others to lean upon, had pierced his own hand. Yet his lips were sealed, both by the recollection of his pledge, and the consciousness that he could only blacken his own seeming guilt by an accusation of which no proof, save his own valueless word, existed. And often had his assertions of innocence been weakened and paralysed by the feeling that he had been in some sort a participator in the guilt, though not in its fruits; and he could not look boldly in anyone's face, and say,—“I am free as thou art from deserved odium of this charge!”

So Nicol's tale was told; and Helen wept, and soothed, and cheered, but



did not blame, the time was passed for that; and he parted from her happier than he had been for years, though he knew, that, her short visit being ended, she was to return to her home he dare not yet approach.

It was late when Nicol reached his lodging; to his surprise he found Lindsay there. "How long I have waited for you!" said the merchant, "but I suppose you have not heard the news for all that! Well, there's been another disagreeable affair at Byrne and Gordon's."

"There has!"

"Yes—just like the last, only I hope that this time suspicion has fallen on the right man."

"What is his name, sir!"

"What is the name of the clerk who spoke to you that day, you know, long ago!" Lindsay looked keenly at Forbes, and saw that there was a secret concerning that clerk.

"Robert Cochrane."

Lindsay's countenance fell.—"It is not he but one Maclean, I hear, and Cochrane is the principal evidence."

"No, there shall not be another victim sacrificed, if I can save him!" cried Nicol vehemently. "No promise, no considerations shall bind me now; the truth shall be told, let who will disbelieve it!"

And first to Lindsay, then, and after, on the morrow, to the crowded court, the truth was told and received, not as it might have been in former days, but as testimony which deserved to be weighed and considered. It opened a new and undreamed-of channel for suspicion; and long, strict, and patient investigation ended in the exoneration of Maclean, and in Cochrane's being committed for trial. A few weeks brought the day which witnessed his conviction of the delinquencies charged severally on Forbes and Maclean; and Forbes's error and weakness were censured, yet gently, as it was seen how severe had been their punishment. But his name was once more clear; and as this ran in murmurs through the crowd, an old man, who sat where Nicol could not see him, bent his head and wept, as if it were over a child long lost and just restored to him.

"Go home," said Lindsay, as he pressed Nicol's hand outside the court. "Come to me as early as you can to-morrow; but go home now."

Yes—it was home at last! For the loving and the loved were there to welcome him; and Nicol half feared it was one of his wildest dreams, when he felt the warm embrace and heard the blessings breathed over him, and saw proud affection beaming once more in his father's glance, and Helen, with mingled smiles and tears, kneeling by their side. Another kind voice was also there to bid him joy, and Grant stood looking at their happiness until he felt almost happy in the sight.

"Thank God for this day!" said old Forbes fervently. "Thank God for the knowledge that my beloved boy never fell as woefully as I feared!"

"Yet even if he had fallen," said Grant gently, "he might have risen again. Not half who fall, would fall for ever, if their fellow men allowed their rise. And even your son, though but slightly erring, yet, crushed and thwarted in his strivings after good, he, too, might have turned to evil, as many another man has done, in whose heart there was a bright spot lingering, until the hard hand of the world shut out the sunlight, and left all dark."

It was but a month after this, when Helen Ogilvie gave her hand to Nicol, according to Scottish custom, beneath the roof which had sheltered their happy childhood. Lindsay was there, and Grant, though it was reluctantly, for he always seemed fearful that his presence would cast a blight wherever he went.

The ceremony was concluded, and all was mirth and gaiety, when an unbidden guest entered the room, but not as to a bridal, for he was dusty

with riding, and flushed with haste. Lindsay at once greeted him by the name of Grant, and Nicol recollected him as the merchant's companion at the little inn near Loch Tummel. William Grant folded his arms, and drew back, with a countenance whose very composure told Nicol who the new comer must be. The latter glanced round eagerly, and the instant his eye fell on the returned convict, he went towards him.

"William," he said, "I have been seeking you everywhere for weeks, and until this moment I feared I had not succeeded in tracing you."

Grant's look seemed to ask—"Wherefore all this anxiety?" yet he did not speak a word, but stood in silence, and as if unmoved; while forgiveness was asked for coldness, harshness, and injustice, and it was told to him that the real criminal on his death-bed confessed himself guilty of the forgery for which William Grant had been long years before transported.

Then Grant flung himself on a seat, and hid his face in his hands, while his powerful frame shook with emotion. At length his brother laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Will you not forgive me, William?" he said. "Will not you even look at me?—I know we acted cruelly, heartlessly, by you, but openly as the wrong was done, I ask forgiveness."

"I do forgive you," said Grant, looking up and extending his hand. "I always forgave both you and James, for it was perhaps natural to act as you have done, however deeply it wounded at the time."

"But now, now, William," pursued his brother eagerly, "we are most anxious to make all reparation for the past, and render the future happy. Friends, station, again are yours——"

"They come too late," said William sadly. "Every year of that terrible past added many to my real existence, though but one to my age; and so I have outlived the capability of receiving pleasure from what might once have given it. I thank God humbly and sincerely that I have lived to see the day when my innocence is acknowledged; but the time has gone by when the restoration of name and fame could shed through my heart a glow of joy, which has so long been a stranger there that there is no place left for it. The heart that has suffered as mine has suffered, the spirit that has been crushed as mine has been, cannot rise again, buoyant and happy, at the bidding of the social world which cast them so coldly from its bosom. I do not murmur, for I was thought guilty: yet had I met some sympathy, I might have felt differently to-day; and often have I thought how pure and sinless should those be who look so sternly and unpitying upon the sinners."

## Happy Death.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

I AM quite dead,  
No thought have I,  
As by love led  
In's arms I lie.  
I am aroused to finest bliss  
By the heart-thrilling of its kiss;  
By its dreamy o'erpowering grace,  
By its heavenly-shining face.

W. G.

## My Sebastopol :

A STORY OF A CAMPAIGN.

*Written from a Chair in his Library.*

BY ATHANASIVS SYDNEY SMYTH, ESQ.,

Author of "Rejected Love-Addresses,"

AND ADDRESSED BY HIM TO CUTHBERT BEDK, B. A.

"——the siege of loving tears."

*Romeo and Juliet. Act I., Sc. I.*

*To the Editor of the Odd-Fellows' Magazine.*

DEAR SIR,—As Mr. Athanasius Sydney Smyth is altogether unknown to me, I cannot conceive why he should have addressed the following communication to me. Permit me, therefore, to hand it over to you, since the extraordinary narrative proves that the author (who can coolly write himself down an A.S.S.) has claims to be considered (though not precisely in *your* sense of the word) as rather an odd fellow.—I am, dear Sir, very truly yours,

CUTHBERT BEDK.

Now, I dare say, that, by "My Sebastopol," you imagine I am referring to that demolished, and now nearly-rebuilt, city, which so long proved a puzzle of strategy to the allied armies, and which, at length—though not before many of the Flowers of our Forest had faded away—fell so gloriously before the bravery of France and England. (I beg to remark, that I here make a pause for the purpose of relieving my loyal spirits by whistling the national airs of the two countries.) If you think that I am alluding to that celebrated Crimean fortress, you were never more deceived in your life; for I don't allude to anything of the sort.

No, sir! *my* Sebastopol is nearer home. Perhaps, sir, I may as well state to you (of course, in the strictest confidence) that *my* Sebastopol's stronghold is usually in Dorsetshire; but, at the present time, is (to use the penny-aliner's periphrasis) "not a hundred miles from" Cheltenham,—in fact, in that City of Salts. And I may further divulge to you, sir—under the seal of secrecy, and in the envelope of confidence,—that my Sebastopol is not made up of stone and earthwork, but, is mere clay. And yet, not *mere* clay; for, as Imogen says—

"Clay, and clay, differs in dignity;"

and my Sebastopol is a piece of the most "beautiful clay," formed in the finest mould. And her name is Anna Maria.

And why do I call Anna Maria "my Sebastopol?" Yes, sir, why? and Echo answers, why, indeed. Yes, sir; "there's the rub," sir; as our friend, the divine Williams, says. In the explanation of that epithet lies "the summary of all my griefs."

I don't suppose you ever met Anna Maria, did you, sir! You have lost a rich treat, sir. You should see

"The lily tincture of her face,"

sir, as the poet says. You should see her sun-bright eyes, "as grey as glass;" you should see her damask cheeks, in which the roses of York and Lancaster have kindled such a brilliant war; you should see "the kissing cherries" of her lips. (I feel, sir, that I am growing poetical; but the poetry of my subject takes me away from the prose of every-day life.) And, then, her nose, sir! I don't think there was ever such another nose!

"I have seen a lady's nose  
That has been blue,"

as the little boy, Mamillius, says, in "*The Winter's Tale*;" and I have seen noses that have been "red and raw," like Marian's, in the song; and I have seen "cherry noses," like that of Pyramus; and "whipstock" noses, like Malvolio's; and noses "sharp as a pen," like poor old Falstaff's; but I have never yet met with such a nose as Anna Maria's. It is not positively Grecian; it is not exactly *retrousee*; it is decidedly not Roman; but it is a well-studied mixture of all three. It is just the sort of nose, sir, that—if you suppose Paris would have had to choose between the three orders of noses in nasological architecture,—he would have triumphantly got over the difficulty by presenting the apple to Anna Maria. In short, you may take my word for it, sir, that my Sebastopol is perfection.

"She is, indeed, perfection!"

like Desdemona; and, like her, "a most exquisite lady." I met her first in Shropshire; it was at a pic-nic. You may conceive, sir, that, if I was her s'avre be'ore dinner, I must have been still further her s'avre after the iced champagne. But I will not enlarge on these feelings: they are common to humanity. We were wandering in the extensive nobelman's—or rather, the extensive gardens of the nobelman's seat where our pic-nic was held; I was her companion, and we were temporarily separated from the rest. She was speaking of the happiness of two of the party, who were affianced to each other; and she sighed as she murmured that she could not judge of their bliss from her own experience.

Now, what should you have done, sir? I will tell you what I did. Regardless of the gravel, I at once went down upon my knees, and to'd her, in the most impassioned language, that I lived but for her, and that existence would be a burden to me unless she smiled upon me.

She *did* smile upon me, sir; in fact, she *laughed*, and bade me at once rise from my knees, unless I wished the gardener to be a witness to the ridiculousness of my position. Of course, I obeyed her; if she had requested me to sit in the cucumber-frame I should have done so! I should have done anything that she wished me to do; and I told her so. In reply, she asked me never again to speak to her in language like to that I had just used. Of course, this was her maiden modesty, sir; and, of course, I said I would not; and I said this truly, because I intended to use

language doubly as strong when I next resumed the subject. There is nothing like rising to a climax in these sort of affairs; piling Pelion on Ossa, and going up steadily in the warmth of your expressions, like a thermometer in the dog-days.

Well, sir! we walked, and talked; and Anna Maria told me that she wished to be my friend, and that she would advise me never to — but just then, most provokingly, two or three of the party came round the corner of the walk, and she joined them without concluding the sentence. But, it was very evident—to me, at least—what she meant. She only wished to check my ardour, and to be won by degrees; and she did not like to say “Yes” all at once, but wished to receive a lover’s attentions for the usual period,—and, until that time had elapsed, she would be my friend. Don’t you think that was what she meant, sir? I think so: but I had no further opportunity of renewing the interesting conversation. But, it was tolerably sharp work for a first day’s acquaintance; was it not, sir? I rather flatter myself that it was a success. That was my Alma, sir.

Did you ever meet Anna Maria’s guardian, sir? If not, you have been spared the sight of a beast. Yes, sir! Though he is my solicitor, and might take legal proceedings against me for defamation of character, yet, I repeat it on calm reflection—you have been spared the sight of a beast.

Don’t suppose, sir, that I am indulging in language that is unnecessarily strong and uncalled for; the word does not half express the nature of my feelings towards that individual,—feelings which the aggravating nature of his conduct sufficiently justify me in cherishing.

Yes, sir! I say this, although I have so often visited him, and partaken of his hospitalities. In fact, to confess the truth, it was on one of these festive occasions that I unburthened my soul to him. It was over our wine, sir; after *she* had left the room. I had held open the door for her, and, as she sailed past me, like any swan, she gave me a look in which I thought I could read the language of her heart. On that look I spoke. I mounted my subject, and made a dashing charge. The beast repelled it; he met me on every side, and scarcely left me a leg to stand upon. I was forced to retreat. I ought to have succeeded, but did not; my cause was good, but my antagonist, for the present, was too strong for me. I was brave, but injudicious. That was my Light-Brigade charge at Balaklava, sir.

Shortly after this, I met my Anna Maria at an evening party; and I danced with her, and made myself as agreeable as I could. Being beautiful and attractive, she met with many admirers; and received marked attention from a Captain Simmy, of the Heavy Baboons—a very supercilious young man, with more moustache than forehead. When supper was announced, I sought her out, and came to her side at the same moment with the Captain. We severally claimed the honour of leading her to the supper-table. For three long minutes she kept us in suspense. She had evidently been flirting with the Captain, and seemed anxious to increase his ardour, by exciting his jealousy. At one moment I thought that it was all over with me; but I stood my ground manfully. The enemy used all his arts, but with no ultimate success. Anna Maria took my arm. That was my Inkermann, sir!

But, sir, although Anna Maria has given me so many encouragements; although I have obtained my Alma and my Inkermann—not to mention other successes—yet, sir (unlike that other Sebastopol), she still holds out. I have not yet conquered and taken possession; she is almost as inaccessible to me, as she was on the day of our first acquaintance.

And that, sir, is the reason why I call Anna Maria “My Sebastopol.”

How long she means to hold out I have no idea. It may be that she

intends to carry me on through all the horrors of a winter campaign, and that I shall have no chance of subduing her until the next spring. One does not like to raise the siege, and confess oneself vanquished. After bestowing one's time, anxiety, labour, and, I may add—money—upon her, one does not like to walk away, and leave someone else the master of the field, and of Anna Maria. No, sir! perhaps something may be done by a *coup de main*. The fall of the other Sebastopol has given me new courage. The guardian has to be vanquished; and—though he may prove a Redan to me—yet, perhaps, I may be more fortunate with the Beast, on a second attack. I may yet be victorious, and my Sebastopol may yet be mine indeed.

She has come to Cheltenham for the winter. The City of Salts will be the scene of our winter campaign; for I have followed her there. We take the water daily;—

“Many an evening by the waters —,”

as Tennyson says; though, of course, sir, in those public places I have no opportunity for practically illustrating the next line of the poet.

I shall feel much obliged to you, sir, for any advice on this “momentous question.” A letter addressed to “A.S.S., Post-office, Cheltenham,” will reach me, and will be gratefully received. And, in return for your kindness, I shall feel the greatest pleasure in inviting you to our wedding-breakfast, so soon as I shall have won “my Sebastopol.”

*Note by Printer's Devil.*—

[A. S. S. is informed, that, the proper person to consult in all these delicate and dubious cases of the heart, is the Editor of the *Family Herald*.]

## Sonnet. .

SPIRIT of Air! I love and welcome thee!

Not only when thou stirr'st the leaves to play

And sing with thee a summer roundelay,

And the way-wearied form beneath the tree

Touchest with new and most delicious life;

But when, in March, upon the open plain

Or hill-side bare, opposing thee, I gain

Fresh sense of vigour from the healthful strife;—

And when I seek the shore, to see thee fight

A fiercer battle with a stronger foe—

Old ocean's host of waves,—a glorious sight!

Nay, when of some mysterious depth of woe

Thy mighty moaning seems the tale to bear,

Still art thou welcome, changeful Spirit of Air!

PICA.

## Literature of the Season.

ONE of the chief characteristics of the London Season is the never-failing appearance of some work, in several volumes, containing matter on which every newspaper lives from April to August;—reviewed by all, quoted by all. Great fund of anecdote, and plenty of jokes—especially those which have a historical bearing, and referring to eminent politicians or writers—form the indispensable ingredient of works of this class. One season produces its *Barham's Life of Hook*, a succeeding year *Pepys' Diary*, another *Sydney Smith's Life*, and now we have not been able for months to take up a review or a newspaper without seeing some notice of Mr. Thomas Raikes. (1)—*Selections from the Journal of the late Thomas Raikes, Esq., from 1831 to 1847*, (Longman and Co.), have enabled old gentlemen of the reform era to brush up their recollections of that exciting time;—how Brougham thundered, and Eldon wept, and William R. yielded; while young Liberals chuckle over the victory and pluck of their fathers; and young Conservatives stand aghast at the shortsightedness and folly of theirs. Mr. Raikes, in his individual capacity, is a person of little interest; doubtless some future Macaulay, with a fondness for breaking a fly upon a wheel, may turn the garrulous old retailer of small-talk into ridicule, as the great *Edinburgh* essayist gibbeted Boswell; but Boswell, and, similarly, Raikes, have each his value, as giving us an insight into the inner life of the giants of the time—Talleyrand and Dr. Johnson, Wellington and Oglethorpe, Canning and North. This is the view we take of Mr. Raikes and his note-book of the events of an important period—short indeed, just sixteen years,—but comprising within its history the Reform Bill, the death of William IV., the repeal of the Corn Laws. Mr. Raikes was a Tory,—unattached, as far as office was concerned, but with his mouth wide open for it,—on pretty intimate terms with the Duke of Wellington, Sir R. Peel, Lord Alvanley, and all the great men of his party, and well acquainted with French politics and statesmen from a half-compulsory residence in Paris during the latter portion of the time which his diary embraces. All who wish to read history as made intelligible by the individual character of great men, will find ample material for reflection in these four volumes.

That General Sir Charles Napier was one of the ablest and bravest of that wonderful family few will be inclined to deny, especially after the events of the last few months in India, which have verified the old soldier's wrathful predictions in many important particulars, and brought up his name once more, raised now cent. per cent. in the public estimation, to the surface of popular attention and discussion. (2)—The history of the conqueror of Scinde, as given in the volumes called *The Life and Opinions of Sir C. Napier, G.C.B.*, by Lieut.-General Sir W. Napier, K.C.B. (Murray), is interesting, but painful, reading. No doubt the biographer believes his brother to have been underrated by politicians who neglected, and ill-treated by the East India Company who hated him; but he is much mistaken if he thinks that the English people sympathise with his own untiring abuse, and his contemptuous innuendoes against his superiors. Sir C. Napier made enemies for himself by his unpolished rudeness, which

frequently became downright insolence, and his intolerable egotism. That instances of these faults should have been paraded by an enemy we can understand; but what are we to think of a brother who retails, with an approving chuckle, the outpourings of an angry man's ribald wrath against Lord Dalhousie, Sir F. Adam, Colonel Outram, and nearly every man with whom the general had the ill-luck to be connected? Nothing can redeem the biographer from a charge of grievous want of taste and good feeling; and the brave old Indian general is injured materially in his posthumous fame by this wilful publication of the ebullitions of a temperament as hot and stifling as that of the Black Hole at Calcutta. Setting aside this detraction from their merits, the volumes before us well deserve the attention which they have engrossed of late. (3)—By their side may be placed *India and Europe Compared*, by General John Briggs, of the Madras Army (Allen and Co.), for the benefit of students of Indian politics, as written by one of the old school. This work has a double value, as, although it was not written for the present crisis in our East Indian dominions, it throws a most valuable light upon it, in consequence of the writer's long intercourse with the natives. His views of India's military and financial resources, public works, civil service, education, future prospects, &c., are most ably developed. (4)—Written in a lighter spirit, may be mentioned *Six Years in India*, by Mrs. Colin Mackenzie (Bentley), a reprint of *The Mission, the Camp, and the Zenana*; to which are prefaced some interesting remarks, written within the last few weeks, in reference to the events which have horrified England and startled Europe. The work is well-written, barring a tinge of Caledonian Puritanism which pervades it. (5)—Captain Rafter's *Indian Army* (Bryce and Co.) has appeared opportunely. It is a well-written and popular description of the constitution of that great army, one section of which has just been lost to us. Captain Rafter is well known as the translator of *Lamartine's History of the Restoration of the Monarchy in France*.

We turn with pleasure from the interesting, but depressing, subject of India, to travels in other countries. Let us give the place of honour to Lord Dufferin, a son of one of the three beautiful Sheridans, and, in point of ability, not unworthy of the most high-minded and eloquent of them,—his aunt, the Hon. Mrs. Norton. Lord Dufferin takes us with him to "fresh fields and pastures new,"—even to Iceland. (6)—His *Letters from High Latitudes* (Murray), detail the account of his voyage in the little schooner yacht *Foam*, to Iceland and Spitzbergen, in 1856; and the narrative of this enterprising lord-in-waiting to the Queen is given with the same spirit and animation which led him and his "frail bark" a *Journey due North*. (7)—In a region not far distant were the travels of a lady extended, who describes them in a clever little work, called *Unprotected Females in Norway* (Routledge and Co.). (8)—Coming to warmer latitudes, we are taken in hand by Mr. R. S. Charnock, who has published his account of a pedestrian tour made in Tyrol, Corinthia, and Salzammerzut, under the title of *A Guide to the Tyrol* (Adams). All who are desirous of rambling through a lovely country, this autumn, and exploring a field for observation but little known in the pre-Charnock era, cannot do better than adopt this indefatigable pedestrian and shrowd admirer of nature as their guide on the road. Is old Dame Seacole to be classed among travellers,—the unrewarded attendant on the poor soldiers with her welcome womanly ministrations? Poor old lady! Sorrow has once more come upon her,—once more, for in her *Adventures in Many Lands* (9), just published for her benefit by Mr. James Blackwood, we see that her lines have not been cast in very pleasant places,—once more, for after all her toil and philanthropy in the Crimea, a few unlucky adventures made shipwreck of all her little



savings ; and how lately, when she reckoned on a handsome sum from her benefit at the Surrey Gardens, she finds the treasury of that unlucky place empty, and herself in the position simply of a creditor of a bankrupt estate, who must dance attendance in Basinghall-street, on the hope of a few shillings in the pound. Poor old lady, say we once more ! Extend thy travels to India, and the blessings of the soldier follow thee thither, and back again when the mutiny is quelled ! Mrs. Seacole's book, to which a kindly preface has been contributed by Mr. W. H. Russell, is full of adventure, well told and highly interesting. She is the daughter of a soldier and a creole woman who kept a boarding-house at Kingston, Jamaica. The old lady herself, after her husband's death, kept an hotel at Cruces, Panama, in which she was not very successful, and then speculated, with the same results, in the gold mines of New Granada. Her subsequent history is well known. (10)—*Tallangetta, or the Squatter's Home*, by William Howitt (Longman and Co.), is a story of Australian life which has many elements of interest in it, and did not need a recommendation in the shape of a foolish preface from the pen of Mr. Charles Reade, who has never been to Australia himself, and who seems bent, by these foolish escapades, on throwing away the high position which he had gained in literary society. *Tallangetta* consists of vivid and simple pictures of colonial life. The story relates to an old English family, who, being deprived of their possessions at home, emigrate to Australia, and remain there until they are reinstated in their ancestral property. (11)—In Mr. Frederic de Brebant Cooper's *Wild Adventures in Australia and New South Wales* (J. Blackwood) we have a book of a different, but still interesting character, in which personal adventure is mingled with sketches of life in the mining districts of those colonies, in an easy and unpretending way. The work also contains a glossary of the Neungir dialect, spoken by the northern tribes inhabiting the Australian continent. (12)—In 1848, Viscount Falkland was made governor of Bombay, and in 1857 his clever helpmate presents us with a memorial of her Indian experiences, in a graceful and amusing little volume called *Chow-Chow* (Odds and Ends), including selections from her ladyship's journal, kept in India, Egypt, and Syria.

The most remarkable biographies of the season have been *The Life of George Stephenson*, by Dr. Smiles ; *The Life of Andrew Crosse, the Electrician*, by his widow ; and the *Autobiography of Lutfullah Khan*.

(13)—George Stephenson was born at Wyham, eight miles from Newcastle, June 9th, 1781, the son of a fireman to a colliery ; he died a Knight of Leopold (and might have died Sir George, had he pleased)—a man of great wealth—the friend of Sir Robert Peel—the benefactor of his country—August 12th, 1848. The various methods by which he mounted the successive steps on the social ladder, are graphically related by his admiring biographer, to whose narrative we refer our readers ;—How, when eight years old, and minding a neighbour's cows for twopence a day, he invented reed-whistles, and clay engines with hemlock steam-pipes ;—how at fifteen he was made a fireman on fifteen shillings a week, and exclaimed that he was a "made man for life ;"—how he taught himself reading, cobbling, writing, shoemaking, arithmetic, and clock cleaning !—how he improved his position, gradually, from July 25th, 1814, when an engine of his making was placed on the tram-road at Killingworth Colliery, drawing coals up a considerable gradient at the rate of four miles an hour, until, in two years after the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, he had caused the construction of 321 miles of railways in England, at a cost of £11,000,000 ! (14)—*Memorials, Literary and Scientific, of Andrew Crosse, the Electrician* (Longman and Co.), present us with a different history in many points, but one like Stephenson's in the courage and indomitable persever-

ence of its hero. Mr. Crosse was the representative of an old Somersetshire family, and therefore did not rise into fame from a state of poverty; on the contrary, it was said of him that he could "turn anything but a penny." His life is drawn up with good taste and some literary skill, by his widow. (15)—*The Autobiography of Lutfullah Khan*, edited by E. B. Eastwick, F.R.S. (Smith, Elder, and Co.), is a curiosity in its way. The Munstri, who traces his pedigree up to Noah, through Ishmael, is a real personage, and tells his story in a very amusing style. About 1806 he runs from his wealthy father-in-law, after the birth of a half-brother, when Lutfullah is degraded from a child of the house to a servant,—and makes his way into the English camp. His transactions with his fellow-creatures are interspersed with piquant and shrewd remarks on the habits, customs, and character of the people with whom he had to deal.

(16)—*Little Dorrit* (Bradbury and Evans) is now finished, and we commend it, in its complete state, to our readers. It is not one of Mr. Dickens' best—far from it,—there are the gravest faults, both of style and tone, in it; but it contains passages such as only Dickens can write, and incidents such as only Dickens can imagine.

(17)—*The Aphorisms of George Horne, late Bishop of Norwich* (Parker and Son), are a collection of witty sayings, mostly uttered by the bishop—some being simply reported by him. Horne was one of the most amiable men, and most orthodox prelates, of his time; and it is a pity that his works are not more studied than they are, especially by the clergy.

(18)—*Sketches*, by the late Rev. John Eagles (Blackwood, Edinburgh), appeared originally in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and have been reprinted since the death of their accomplished author—once a curate and fellow-wit of Sydney Smith—a prose-poet and artist of the highest order. (19)—*The Elements of Drawing*, by John Ruskin, M.A. (Smith, Elder, and Co.), is a work designed for beginners, and was suggested by the position the author has benevolently taken upon himself as teacher in the "Working Man's College;" for which all honour to him. For his disinterested zeal in promoting, by his gratuitous services, middle class education, we can pardon a thousand paradoxes and a thousand impertinences of talent.

There died at Puttyghur, in the East Indies, in 1854, a brave servant of Her Majesty—one who was a soldier to the backbone, and to whose character sufficient testimony was borne by the late Miss Edgeworth when she declared that "if Armine Mountain were cut up into a hundred pieces every one would be a gentleman." (20)—*The Memoirs of Colonel Armine Mountain, C.B., A.D.C. to the Queen* (Longman and Co.), as edited by his widow, form a pleasing sketch of a brave Christian soldier, unflinching in his devotion to his profession, and succumbing only to disease at last.—We are not about to afflict our readers with a narrative of the late newspaper war between Miss Julia Kavanagh, the well-known authoress, on the one side, and Mr. T. C. Newby, the bookseller, and Mr. Kavanagh, the lady's father, on the other. It is sufficient to say that *The Hobbies, a Novel* (21), by Morgan Kavanagh (T. C. Newby), about which the unseemly dispute arose, is a pretentious piece of absurdity, containing as great an amount of trash as can be met with in a dozen novels of the *Laura Matilda* school. No wonder Miss Kavanagh objected to the unceremonious use of her name as editress in the prefatory advertisements.—The Society of Arts has done good service in diffusing a knowledge of the liberal sentiments and philanthropic schemes of the Prince Consort among the people in general by the publication of (22) *Addresses delivered by H.R.H. Prince Albert* (Bell and Dalby), eighteen in number, and bearing on subjects relating to agriculture, commerce, the propagation of the gospel, the Servants' Provident Society, &c., &c.; all indicating sound

sense, good healthy moral feeling, and a laudable earnestness in promoting schemes of religion and benevolence in the country of his adoption, such as the two first Georges and the fourth also would have thought it beneath their dignity to advocate.—The name of Mrs. S. C. Hall is so well known, and her works are so universally appreciated for their gentle and womanly feeling no less than for their interest and their descriptive powers, that we need say no more of her last—(23) *A Woman's Story* (Hurst and Blackett)—than that, on the whole, it is equal to any of her former productions.—Two remarkable novels, of another class, have appeared during the season, which have attracted some attention, as being, apparently, the works of beginners in the school of fiction, and as indicating considerable powers—(24) *Cuthbert St. Elme, M.P., a Narrative of Political Life* (Hurst & Blackett), and (25) *George Livingston* (Parker & Son).—The gentleman who chooses to adopt the pseudonym of "Cuthbert Bede, B.A.," and who has rendered himself, under that saintly designation, amazingly popular among that merry class of undergraduates who are neither as holy as St. Cuthbert nor as venerable as St. Bede, by the clever *Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green*, has produced in his new work—(26) *Nearer and Dearer* (R. Bentley)—a more sustained story, and one, of course, appealing more to novel readers in general than his funny Oxford skits could affect to do. In this novel he has shown greater knowledge of character, and there is some powerful writing in parts of it.—The novel-reading world are indebted to Mr. J. Blackwood, of Paternoster Row, for a reprint of the best novels of Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Trollope, and other standard writers, under a cheap form, which will render them accessible to a larger circle of readers than they could hope for at the stereotyped novel price of a guinea and a half. They appear to be carefully edited, and the curtailments rendered necessary by their reduction in size and price have been judiciously and successfully made. Among the works thus reproduced in an eighteen-penny form, we may mention (27) Mrs. Trollope's *The Three Cousins*, Cornelius Webbe's (28) *Man About Town*, and Robert Plumier Ward's (29) *De Oliford*. To Mr. Blackwood also are our children indebted,—in addition to his claims on novel readers, "children of a larger growth,"—for a series of excellent little books, designed especially for their delectation and instruction. Among the best of them are *The Little Traveller* (30), and (31) *Stories About Birds*. On behalf of the little "encumbrances," we tender our anticipatory thanks to Mr. Blackwood for his promise of a *Christmas Tree for 1858* (32), similar to that nicely got-up volume under the same title which two previous Christmases we have seen on our nursery table. To Mr. C. H. Clarke we are also indebted for an edition of *Willis the Pilot*, (33) a capital boy's book, a sequel to the *Swiss Family Robinson*, by the same publisher.—The mention of children brings us, by an easy transition, to schools—children's books to school books. Probably our readers are not much interested in the *Choephore* of Æschylus, and, therefore, we will simply say of the edition of that famous tragedy (34), just published by Mr. John Conington (J. W. Parker and Son), indicates scholarship and critical acumen of the highest order, such as might be expected from the accomplished Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford, whose edition of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, with a translation into English verse, met with a decidedly good reception some years ago.—A want of long standing among schoolmasters has been supplied in a way that leaves nothing to be desired, by the publication of a school (35) *History of England* (Longman & Co.). Mr. C. D. Yonge, B.A., the author, is one of the most distinguished Eton scholars of the day, and the services he has rendered to sound classical literature by his *Gradus*, his *Verse Book*, his *Phraseological Latin Dictionary*, are incalculable. We welcome him now on new and higher ground. The *History of England*

is not a compilation of materials from all other historians by a hack writer, but an original book by an accomplished scholar, truthfully eloquent, learned, and thoughtful, and, as such, we cordially recommend it "to parents and guardians."—To this gentleman's brother, the Rev. John Eyre Yonge, one of the masters of Eton School, we are indebted for a very excellent school edition of (36) *Horace* (Longman and Co.), which shows judgment and sound criticism in the edition of the text, and scholarship and taste in the notes. The first part, containing the odes and epodes, has just been published.

The season has been singularly barren of poetry. Rhymes are everywhere to be gathered together by the "snapper up of unconsidered trifles"—as plentiful as marigolds, self-sown, useless flowers of soul. These rhymesters, how they beset our path! Puling and picking, star-gazing and wool-gathering verse-factors. Where is the much-enduring critic who would not

Rather be a kitten, and cry "Mew,"

than one of these same metre ballad-mongers! Mr. Alexander Smith's new venture (37), *City Songs*, would secure the first place among the poets worth our notice, but as we only received his volume on the eve of our going to press, we are compelled to defer our report of it until our next issue. (38)—Mr. J. A. Heraud's new edition of *The Judgment of the Flood* is an epic in twelve books; and, in the teeth of the tastes of the age—*blat* and vitiated, blunted to any novel enterprise in poetry, as in music or painting—we venture to speak of it as a work of extraordinary merit; gloomy, perhaps, in parts, but therefore impressive; beautiful in its poetical feeling, elevated in its philosophy, and touching in its devotional tone.—Mr. D. F. Mac Carthy is no new venturer on the *Gradus ad Parnassum*, and therefore we can merely hail the reprint of his pieces, under the title of *Bell-Founder and other Poems* (39), as a proof of the good taste of a large portion of the public.—*The Wayside Fancies* of Frances Freeling Broderip (40), are allowed on all hands to be worthy of the daughter of Thomas Hood; and *King Edward VI., a Historical Drama*, by the Rev. Tresham D. Gregg, D.D. (41), is, in its pompous platitudes, stilted imbecility, and affected "religious" fervour, worthy of the Dublin Orangemen, and of the atrocious yet contemptible newspaper with which its author's name is associated.—To clear up our rising bile we take up, with the happiest effect, an unpretending little volume entitled *Poems*, by Edward Wilberforce and Edmund Foster Blanchard (42), inheritors of great names, of which they are not unworthy. The poems of Messrs. Blanchard and Wilberforce form a pleasing mixture of the pathetic and amusing, and all give promise of considerable literary reputation.

We have been favoured with a copy of Mr. William Dalton's (F. Marlborough and Co.) book (43) called *Adulteration Detected*, which takes us on a wearisome journey through all the tricks of trade which have startled *mater-familias* and the world in general for some two or three years. It is a great pity that nothing came of Mr. W. Scholefield's Committee on Adulteration, in the House of Commons, for its report, so conclusive of the dishonesty of numberless "respectable" shopkeepers in all trades, ought surely to be embodied in some legislative enactment to protect our families from such practices. Mr. Dalton's book is well and carefully got up, and will repay perusal, although it is not, "for obvious reasons," pleasant reading.

From a casual glance over the first part of Mr. C. W. Smith's treatise (44) on the much-neglected art of *Elocution* (T. H. Lacy, Strand), we are enabled to pronounce that it is written by one having authority to treat of the subject, and we look with pleasure for another instalment, when we may be able to enter at greater length into the art to which it refers.

Dr. F. H. Ramadge's book (45) on the *Curability of Consumption*, (Longman and Co.), is simply a puff of himself and abuse of those who do not agree with him. It cannot be recommended, either for the matter it contains or the doctor's manner of handling it.

(46)—*Across the Channel*, by Theophilus Oper (Ward & Lock), is a series of sketches, that have apparently been written for a magazine, of what the author saw and did during a brief visit to Paris, hung upon the very slenderest thread of narrative. Theophilus Oper is a bold, almost too bold, sketcher; but his book is an amusing shilling's worth, tolerably well illustrated.—The same publishers have, we perceive, reprinted (47) *The Pic-nic Papers*, a collection of sketches by many hands, edited by Dickens, and illustrated by Cruikshank and others. The book was worthy reproduction, if only for Dickens's "Last of the Lamplighters."

We have only sufficient space left to call our readers' attention to an excellent comic serial (48) called *The Life of Sir John Falstaff*, by Robert B. Brough, with Mr. George Cruikshank's engravings (Longman and Co.) The drawings are of a high order, while the accompanying letter-press is clever and witty. We wish the work every success, for the names of Messrs. Brough and Cruikshank, "on the face of it," are sufficient to prove that their joint bantling deserves it.

The appetite of the religious world in its various sections, for books of a devotional, doctrinal, and controversial nature, continues in full craving, if we may judge from the works on our library table. Happily we have nothing to do with religious controversy, and we can merely indicate the nature of a few of the books before us, leaving our readers to select from that class which embodies their own opinions.

First on the list stands (49) *Bishop Blomfield and his Times*, by the Rev. G. E. Biber, LL.D., Perpetual Curate of Roehampton (Harrison, Pall Mall), a work which will prove very acceptable to churchmen at this time, when their communion has lately lost the able and energetic prelate of whom it treats. Dr. Biber's work is not of an ephemeral kind, but has a historical value, and we have no doubt will be a valuable book of reference to the ecclesiastical annalist many years hence. Its style is good, and its calm and dispassionate tone cannot be too much commended. (50)—Mr. Spurgeon gets a few hard raps from "an Oxford Layman," in a pamphlet entitled *Pulpit Dialectics* (W. E. Painter and Sons); great objection being taken to the alleged want of argumentative powers, and self-sufficiency, in the popular young Baptist. (51)—Among devotional tracts we can mention *An Examen of Conscience*, and *The First Catechism of Christian Doctrine* (Painter and Sons), as having a useful object in view, but displaying such strong Romanising tendencies as to be distasteful to Protestant feelings. (52)—*A few plain words as to what every Christian should know, &c., &c.* (Jenkin Thomas, Plymouth), seems a harmless little school-book, and no doubt will find buyers. (53)—Messrs. Seeleys, of Fleet-street, have taken the trouble to get a short-hand report of the Twelve Sermons preached at Exeter Hall, during the present summer, by clergymen, bishops, deans, and rectors of the evangelical section of the Church of England, and have published them in a little volume. As the movement which produced them was of a narrow and sectional character, we cannot give it very hearty commendation; but most of the sermons, especially Mr. Cadman's and Dr. Miller's (who, by the way, is not a canon any more than Mr. Stowell or Dr. Mc. Neile) will repay perusal.

## Odd - Fellowship.

*To the Editor of the Odd-Fellows' Magazine.*

SIR.—In accordance with the precept “that no man lighteth a candle and placeth it under a bushel,” and in order that the benefits inseparable from the Order may be prominently brought before your readers, I am induced to send you an account of what happened to a brother of ours not long since.

Robert Allen Hawes, a blacksmith, aged twenty-five years, a native of East Reedham, Norfolk, and a member of the Wellington Lodge, No. 2461, M. U., held in that village, being in want of employment, left home to seek work. After travelling for some time, he found himself at South Shields, Durham; where I believe he succeeded in obtaining work; but had scarcely commenced, when he was seized with intermittent fever, and reduced to complete helplessness. He was, as may be supposed, not provided in money for such an emergency, and, for a youth unused to travel, as completely among strangers as if he had been in Australia or America. He was, however, an Odd-Fellow! and he inquired of those about him if there were any Odd-Fellows in South Shields. A message was eventually sent to the George M'Cully Lodge that an Odd-Fellow was laying ill at such a place. In consequence of this, one of the officers of that lodge went to visit him, and found that he was what he represented himself, a brother in distress. The officer at once communicated with me, and in the mean time procured the best medical assistance, and whatever else appeared necessary; and more than all, spoke kindly to the poor fellow. Now the effect of this kind word to the sick stranger, is stated by himself at our recent anniversary meeting: “It did me more good than all the physic, for I had made up my mind that I should die, and I felt miserable; but when the gentleman came and told me to ‘cheer up!’ for they would see after me, I felt better directly.” These visits were made repeatedly, especially on a Sunday, when they would come and sit with him and help to pass the weary time. And be it remembered these were working men, whose Sunday is dear to them as a day of rest. All honour to them for the use they made of it. When our brother was sufficiently recovered to be able to walk out, they invited him to their homes and pressed him to partake of any little delicacy they had; and when he fancied himself able to attempt the journey home, the surgeon of the George M'Cully Lodge, not content with simply doing his duty in attending to him while there, provided him with medicine and the necessaries for his journey. I am happy to say that he reached home in safety, and is now well and hearty, and most grateful for the kind treatment he experienced.

Well, some may say, this is no more than all Odd-Fellows ought to do, and would do, under like circumstances. I certainly never heard of Odd-Fellows being behindhand in relieving according to the laws of the Order; but, after all, it is the spirit and manner of doing it, which makes the difference. We often hear from the pulpit and the platform, aye, and from our own lecture book, the beautiful theory of philanthropy and brotherly love; but the officers

of the George McCully Lodge have practically, in this little event, set an example to the Unity, which will be, as it deserves to be, appreciated by its every member. I will only add that, like all truly great men, their modesty is equal to their worth; for, in reply to a letter from our lodge, they observed: "We are much pleased to think that we had done that small amount of good to a stranger and brother Odd-Fellow."

I am, Sir, yours in F. L. and T.,

ROBERT MINNS LANE,

July, 1857.

Sec., Wellington Lodge, East Rsedham, Norfolk.

### Anniversaries, Presentations, &c.

**INAUGURATION OF A COLUMN TO MR. WILLIAM CORK, LATE P.C.S. OF THE POTTERY AND NEWCASTLE DISTRICT.**—On Monday, August 24th, the inauguration of a column, erected over the grave of the late Mr. William Cork, took place. At half-past two o'clock a procession was formed, headed by the Rev. Dr. Vale and Samuel Goddard, Esq., to St. Paul's Church, Burslem, where a suitable sermon was preached by the Rev. Doctor, to a very large and respectable audience; after which the ceremony of inauguration took place, wherein the worthy Doctor spoke in eulogistic terms of the life and character of him to whose memory the column had been erected. The memorial consists of a broken Corinthian column, with a garland around it, placed on a pedestal several feet high, on the north side of which is the following inscription:—

"Sacred to the Memory of the late William Cork, of Burslem, who departed this life September 23rd, 1856, aged 53 years. This column is erected by his brethren, the members of the Loyal Perseverance Lodge, of the I. O. of O. F., M. U., and the Court Royal Waterloo, of the A. O. F., as a testimony of their high esteem for the integrity and sterling worth of a departed brother, and as a public tribute to the many valuable services rendered by him to the above societies."

The west face also bears these words:—"The issue of the late William Cork were, Mary, Martha, Samuel, Benjamin, and Elizabeth, all deceased, and William, who survives him."

A weeping willow has been planted behind the grave. The stone for the monument was, we understand, very carefully selected; while the monument, which is a chaste structure, was neatly executed (after an able-drawn design by Mr. Ralph Eardley, of Audley Street, Tunstall,) by Mr. Reece, stone and marble mason, of Burslem. The cost of the work will be about £36. Mr. Cork was an active member of the Odd-Fellows in the Pottery and Newcastle district for 34 years, 12 of which he was C.S. of the district.

**ANNIVERSARY: DUBLIN DISTRICT.**—On Tuesday evening, September 1st, the anniversary dinner of the Loyal Shamrock Lodge took place in the lodge room, Black Lion Inn, Host Egan's, Richmond, and was numerously attended by members and many respectable visitors. The chair was filled by P. G. James O'Malley, and N. G. Michael Duffey occupied the vice-chair. After the usual loyal toasts, the chairman proposed—"The Independent Order of Odd-Fellows," which was responded to by C. S. John Quigley, who gave a brief history of the society, and detailed the benefits it had conferred upon its members and others. To the toast "Prosperity to the Dublin District of the Odd-Fellows' Society," P. P. G. M. George Mark McCormack, Esq., M. D., responded, and fully explained the independent nature of the principles of the Order, its stability, and its superiority over every kindred society. Several other toasts having

been given, the company separated, highly gratified with the evening's entertainment.

**ANNIVERSARY.**—On Whit-Monday, the members of the St. Hilda Lodge celebrated their anniversary by a public tea party and an amateur concert. Upwards of 250 sat down; and after tea, the chair was taken by Thomas Robson, Esq., ex-mayor, who addressed the audience at great length on the benefits of Odd-Fellowship,—the great desirability of young men joining such self-helping societies,—the many blessings they conferred on mankind, on the widow, and on the orphan,—and the great effect the Order had in bringing men forward in the world, and making them ornaments to society. The management of this anniversary festival was entrusted to P. P. G. M. J. Reynard and P. P. D. M. J. Taylor; and we are happy in being able to state that it was in every sense successful.

**ANNIVERSARY.—PRESENTATION.**—On the 6th of July last, the Mechanic's Lodge, York, celebrated their 20th anniversary, on which occasion a beautiful Lever Watch was presented by their esteemed surgeon, in the name of the members of the lodge, to P. P. G. M. Wilkinson, as a token of their regard for his long and meritorious services as permanent secretary of the lodge.

**PRESENTATION.**—On Monday, the 27th of July, a handsome Patent Lever Watch was presented to P. Prov. G. M. Samuel Mason, at the William IV. Lodge, of which he is a member, by the members of the Wigan District, for his meritorious services as a district officer. The watch bore the following inscription :—

“PRESENTED BY THE WIGAN DISTRICT I: O. F., M. U., to P. P. G. M. SAMUEL MASON, JULY 27TH, 1857.

**PRESENTATION.**—The members of the King of England Lodge, Eton, in the Windsor District, at their meeting on the 7th June, presented a Silver Watch and Chain, with an inscription upon the former, to P. G. M. Hall, for the satisfactory manner in which he has filled the office of permanent secretary to the lodge for the last eleven years.

**PRESENTATION.**—CLAYTON WEST, August 3rd, 1857. — Presented to Mr. John Kaye, by the members of the Loyal Robert Burns Lodge, No. 243, Clayton West, a handsome Gold Pencil Case, as a mark of esteem for the valuable services rendered by him to the lodge, as trustee.

**PRESENTATION.**—SOUTH LONDON DISTRICT.—On the 10th of August, a very handsome Silver Tea Service was presented to James Pallett, Esq., as a mark of respect for his services as treasurer of the district.

The City of London Lodge, on the same occasion, presented Mr. Pallett with a Past Officer's Certificate, framed and glazed, as a token of their personal esteem, and their appreciation of his valuable services as treasurer of the lodge.

**PRESENTATION.**—KENDAL.—The members of the Prince Albert Lodge have presented to Joseph Matthews, a handsome Timepiece, as a token of respect for his valuable services as treasurer, during a period of thirteen years. The presentation was made by Mr. Brumwell, the medical officer of the lodge, in a congratulatory speech, to which Mr. Matthews briefly but feelingly responded.







yours respectfully  
B. J. Davies

THE

# ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

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No. V.]

JANUARY, 1858.

[Vol. I.]

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## Memoir of B. G. Davies, P.P.G.M.

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To record the dates of a man's birth and death ; to say that he was born, and suffered, and died ; is perhaps all that is required of the majority of biographers. In the case of the subject of this brief notice we can say something more ;—he has done good in his generation, and still lives for others, Mr. Davies, who is now on his way to Australia, or has perhaps just arrived at his destination, was born on the 4th of November, 1822, in the parish of Llanstephen, on the banks of the Tong, in the county of Caermarthen.

At the time of his birth, his father was an extensive farmer ; but overconfidence in the integrity of a friend, for whom he became bond for a large amount, led to the breaking-up of his establishment, and his removal to Merthyr Tidvil, the place in which his son first exerted himself in behalf of the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows.

At the time of his father's removal from the place of his birth, the

child was too young to comprehend the gravity of the calamity that had befallen his family. His first teachings were received at his mother's knee, after which he was sent to a Church National School, and in due time was apprenticed to Mr. H. G. White, letterpress printer, of Merthyr. In this, the largest printing establishment in Wales, he served, with credit, as apprentice, journeyman, foreman, and manager, till the time arrived when a desire for change of scene led him to quit, for a season, the land of his birth.

At the earliest period at which he could then be admitted—the age of twenty-one—Mr. Davies became a member of our Order. He was initiated in the Loyal Charlotte Lodge, Merthyr District, on the 13th of April, 1843; and from that time to the present has taken a most active part in all that concerns the progress of the Unity.

Mr. Davies soon began to manifest great interest in the Order, and successively passed through every office in his lodge and district. Nor have his brethren been unmindful of his valuable services, and characteristic self-abnegation. He attended the Annual Moveable Committees of Bristol, Dublin, Durham, Lincoln, and Norwich, and was appointed one of the directory at Durham. After serving his year of office, he was re-elected at Durham, and would have again filled the important post but for his resolution to leave England. At Lincoln he resigned his trust, and announced his determination to visit Australia, when it was unanimously agreed that his portrait should be given in the present number of the Magazine.

For his various services, and in token of the estimation in which he was held, the Aberdare District presented him with an elegant gold pencil-case. On his announcing his intention, at the last A.M.C., at Norwich, to leave his native country for the gold colony, the gentlemen representing the Unity passed an unanimous vote of thanks for his valuable services. This record of the good opinion of his compeers, beautifully engrossed, with the names of the officers, directors, and trustees of the Order attached, has been handsomely framed and glazed, and is now in the possession of his family. When Mr. Davies rose to reply to the cordial vote of thanks, his heart was too full for him to say much; and many an eye was moist at the idea of losing one whom but to know is to respect.

Just before his departure for Australia, a public dinner was got up in his native town, at which G. Overton, Esq., presided. At this parting festival Mr. Davies was presented with an elegant gold watch and chain, and a purse of gold, towards the purchase of which all classes, from the magistrate to the miner, had cheerfully subscribed.

The true test of a man's worth is the estimation in which he is held by those who have known him and worked with him—his public connections and his private friends. The following sentences, written by the editor of the *Merthyr Telegraph*, will best prove in what esteem he was held by his employers and friends :—“ Mr. B. Davies, the friend to whom we allude, has left

this town sincerely regretted by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. If he erred whilst with us, it was in neglecting private for public interests—ignoring self, and devoting his energies and abilities for the good of his friends. But these, not unmindful of his worth, have shown, by their acts, the high estimation in which they regard him; and predict a career of honour for him and his native town, and a high rank amongst the intellectual worthies who are carving out, in another land, the vast machinery of human progress and achievement."

When, in 1849, the cholera raged all over the country, Merthyr suffered severely. In this period of distress, Mr. Davies was instrumental in raising a sum of £200 for division among the widows and orphans of those who had fallen victims to that terrible disease.

Mr. Davies has taken an active part in the debates at our annual meetings, and what he says has always been marked by strong good sense, and a thorough knowledge of the laws and workings of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows. In his far-off island home we can only hope that our friend may pursue the same honourable career of usefulness which has endeared him to so many in his mother country; and these sentiments will find an echo in the bosoms of all who had the pleasure of knowing the manly form and sentiments of P.Prov.G.M. Benjamin. G. Davies.

## Move On!

BY MRS. A. H. THOMAS.

The murm'ring river hastens on,  
Seeking its ocean home;  
Tides, ever-surg'ing, ebb and flow,  
Winds o'er earth ceaseless roam,  
Winter scarce leaves our sea-girt isle,  
Ere the life-giving sun  
Beholds the smiling infant, spring,  
Untiring—all Move on!

Move on!—fair summer quickly flies,  
Autumn with sere decay,  
Soon spreads o'er all.—Night soon enshrouds  
The longest, brightest, day.  
Along the wondrous chain of time,  
Links added one by one,  
A bridge from earth to spirit-lands,  
We soon must pass—Move on!

The mighty mission of the soul,  
Oh ! were it understood !  
Then would our dreary world appear,  
Like paradise the good.  
Blest be the man ! that can uplift,  
The plodding weary one  
From earth, point out it's heritage,  
Shall we not try ?—Move on !

Let us the blinding gold-dust wipe,  
Friends, from our care-worn eyes ;  
Waken the soul from trance-like sleep,  
For much within us lies.  
The highest rank earth can bestow,  
Fame, glory, to be won ;  
Is far beneath the lofty soul,—  
Earth is not home—Move on !

The God-like, king-soul of all time,  
Over above us now,  
Beckoning us on to twine a wreath  
For Freedom's noble brow.  
The eternal flashing star of truth  
O'er darkling earth shines on,  
Bidding us follow in the track  
Of mighty spirits gone.

Ah ! from afar, I see the dawn  
Of a bright glorious time,  
When earth shall smile in radiance sweet,  
Unmarred by sin and crime ;  
When strife and hate shall pass away,  
Like mists 'fore morning's sun,  
The immortal principle of Right,  
Rule over all—Move on !

For that good time the clarion cry  
Calls us, "uprouse ye then !"  
With lightning thoughts, with thunder deeds,  
Labour with Press and Pen,  
Untiringly.—There's rest in Heaven  
When the bright goal is won.  
The watchword of the brave and free,  
Should ever be—" Move on !"

## Elfen-Mere; or The Witch Child.

A STORY FOR CHRISTMAS.

BY EDWIN F. ROBERTS.

"ELFEN! Elfen! my bonny bird, my darling, where go you!"

No answer; only a white shape tripped to the great ballustraded steps which led to a garden—a wilderness of flowers and bushes—all very forlorn.

"Elfen! come to your old nurse, my love—come and nestle here," cried a kind motherly woman, of middle age, who wore a pale, serious, but very attractive aspect, and who spoke in a tone redolent with the strong provincial accent of the district.

The shape turned. Was it a thing of life—a fairy—a creature of earth or air? It had the look of a child of about ten; but in the face, so wan, and so strangely white, there dwelt and lingered a beauty of that half mystical and elusive order which will not be defined.

The floating of her white garments heightened the illusion attached to her, as she stood, in a "glint" of lurid eastern light, as if the sky were welded plates of steel, so cold, so hard, was its glare, over that desolate home.

The beauty of her profile, with the slightly arched nose, the exquisitely chiselled but colourless lips, the slightly retreating and not very high forehead, from which, possibly, a psychologist might solve Elfen's mystery, and the chin, so small, in such perfect keeping with the rest of her features, making up her oval face,—her beauty—not the merely sensuous beauty of flesh and blood—had an intense, almost agonizing, fascination. Her very smile was that of the *Mater Dolorosa*, but so childish withal, that pity—ineffable pity—filled your breast to look upon her.

You could have taken little Elfen, at the first glance of her large appealing eyes, to your bosom, as to a parent's, and tenderly sought to master the awful secret of that great sorrow.

Her eyes were large and lustrous, with quick restless intermittent flashes in them, alternately with a vague wondering expression, which made you uneasy; and then, how trusting and dove-like were their brown, brown depths at times, and mostly so, when she clasped her nurse round the neck, and said "speak of my mamma!"

The hair of the fabled Lillith was not more waving, wild, or indescribably graceful. It was of a palish gold in hue—thick, massive ringlets, at one moment drooping heavily down her shoulders, at another, caught by the breeze, a woven web of gold, and borne strayingly out. A very weird, but very beautiful, very strange and wayward, creature was Elfen.

"My Elfen! my Elfen!" cried the nurse, stretching forth her arms towards the white shape imploringly, "come to me, come to nursy."

"Nursy! nursy!" replied a voice like an echo, (it is not possible else to describe it) "my mamma waits for me at the mere. Elfen is going to Elfen-Mere."

A look of shrinking, shadowy dread, but of wordless affection mingled, blanched the comely, time-worn face, of the strong-framed, strong-nerved, north-country nurse. She shivered, and in a tone of pain moaned forth:—

"Oh my sweet—my birdy, not there—not to meet *her*! Elfen come to nursy!"

"Nursy! nursy! do you follow Elfen. Bring a cloak, for my mamma shivers with the cold. And her face is so white, and her eyes so tender! Mamma! mamma, I am coming!" and the little figure fitted, off—the pretty voice died away; and then the nurse put down her knitting, took her coif, and a small cloak for the strange witch-child, (so they called Elfen) and passed through a suit of chambers, in which everything, from the heavy worm-eaten furniture, to the fading pictures, the moth-eaten tapestry, and well-worn carpets, bore the marks of age, of neglect, of faded grandeur—a grandeur whose decay lay less in the lack of means than the obvious disuse of everything—for piles of quaint old silver-plate, salvers, cups, and the like, whose fashion had grown obsolete, lay on buffets and side-boards. It was a grandeur that had grown mournfully mouldy, grown dusty in deserted loneliness, so that the forlorn and faded air, which everything wore, was the very sumptuousness of desolation. She passed three rooms—went by a broad window on to the terrace—descended the ballustrated steps, and through a wild, tangled wilderness, rich in the profusion of its over-growth—crossed the remnant of an old bridge, spanning the moat—quickening her steps, and crying aloud—for the flying shape held on its rapid, rapid way.

"Elfen! Elfen! for poor nursy's sake stop!"

"Mamma calls—she beckons me! See her," replies the hurrying Elfen, never turning back her head, and with her tangling hair floating on the damp, chilly breeze.

The nurse wrung her hands. "Oh God! protect my bairnie!" she said, with all the fervency of prayer. "Ah, Sir Ranald, Sir Ranald, a bitter curse has a dark temper and a pitiless spirit brought upon the house of Elfen-Mere! The proud man swallowing his tears in his solitude, and stifling his sobs, as he looks upon a picture, the winning eyes and bonny mouth of which are closed and stopped with earth—and the child—I must hurry.—I think Elfen must be flying! and she redoubled her pace, through the tangled copse, and briary dell, and across remnants of ancient walks, which proved the whole demesne at one time to have been the perfection of garden and *pleasance* culture, of the true old fashioned kind, and now barely leaving, beyond a mere outline, a single trace of the past about it.

They were now—Elfen still a-head—and her nurse—full half a mile or more from the mildewy, mouldering, and fast decaying manor-house of Elfen-Mere, and a wild and singular scene stretched out before the eye.

To right and left, small copses and young plantations, now all choked with weeds and grass, terminated in bare upland knolls, which stretched away in those drear infinities characteristic of a measureless moorland of the most desolate description, unbroken by a single bush. Before them lay a length and breadth of water—neither clear nor brown, but of that greenly indefinite hue, which shews that an overgrowth of water-flag, rushes, and plants, had filled it almost to choking. Peculiar to this mere, however, was a growth of glorious water-lilies, whose flowers yet lay open on the surface, and whose circular leaves floated a-top, on which myriads of parasitic insects might be observed crawling and fluttering about. Water-fowl in the far recesses swarmed in hundreds, among which, the stately heron might be seen, the bittern known by his cry, and the wild-duck by his quackle, with a host of others which gave a mournful animation to the bleak scene, and all the more so, since the marshy desolation of the whole extent overwhelmed that charm which bird-life, as a rule, gives to almost any solitude, and which the beauty of the great lotus-lily, growing on its surface in acres, was only calculated to enhance.



On the marge of this desolate sea—so it seemed—for it covered a large area, stood the gleaming ghostly shape of Elfen. She was looking, with her hands shading her eyes; looking with an eager, longing gaze, across the mere, and murmuring plaintively, "Mamma! oh, my mamma, where are you!"

Nurse Elliott wrung her hands in that helpless sympathy which would give a life to relieve a huge overwhelming pain, and hearing this sad and mournful cry, could only say:—

"Oh, child! she cannot hear you—cannot see you!" and by that time she was by her foster-child's side, with one arm round her.

"Hush nursy!" said Elfen, turning her great eyes upon her, "That is naughty. She has gone in yonder—yonder," pointing afar off, and said to me, 'come!' and oh!" cried the child, in a voice of heart-rending anguish, "Elfen cannot—cannot go to her mamma, and kiss her, and warm her cold cheeks—they were cold last night when she kissed me!"

The nurse trembled, and the tears came into her eyes, but she spoke no word—she could not.

What Elfen pointed to, was a large capacious wooden summer-house, or shooting-lodge, where the fowlers, "once upon a time," were wont to refresh themselves. It was erected upon piles, and of a very fantastic architecture—all pinnacled over, and having a raised verandah running round; while on the tiled roof, which had once kept out the rain, there was a growth of blotchy fungi, scarlet, yellow and green, which had the effect of decoration. It stood almost in the centre of the great pool or mere.

The whole building appeared to be green with damps, and parasitical creepers. Marsh vapours had eaten into its stout timbers, and perhaps no fragment of its old flooring was to be trusted. It was evidently divided into two commodious chambers, and the ragged remnants of blinds across the broken windows, pointed it out as having been once inhabited, though from the decay it exhibited, years must have elapsed since that time. From the water a flight of broad steps led to the verandah, where a door, half open, indicated the entrance.

About this summer-house in the mere we have a short history to tell presently, intimately connected with the white witch-child. To return:—

Elfen was sobbing piteously, and still pointing, "There! yonder, nursy! my poor mamma is there!"

"Alas! yes, my darling, but come away now my little Elfen, come—you will break my heart if you stay here." "Oh my nursy, I will not break your heart," and the child cast herself upon the breast to which she was hysterically clasped. "You are my nurse-mamma," said Elfen, kissing her, "and I will go—I will go, nursy, now, for my mamma will not come forth to me."

"I pray not," murmured the nurse, as with ineffable tenderness she wrapped the cloak she had brought with her round the child, and lifted her up to her beating bosom, kissing her, prattling to her darling, and hurrying back to the house; for marsh-vapours, fogs from the mere, and the mists of the moaning melancholy eve, were beginning to fall and gather, and nurse Elliott trembled lest a hair of her wayward darling's head should be hurt.

Here we may remark, that, with the most jealous watchfulness, Elfen always managed to elude her nurse; though she was so anxious over her charge that she followed her like a shadow, yet she would find her unaccountably absent, and in tears and terror would have to hunt and seek her, and of late Elfen haunted the banks of the mere as though she were the Undine of those sluggish waters.

On their way to the great staircase, they passed the half-opened library

door. The child whispered low and brokenly, holding out her folded hands as in mute appeal. "Oh, my papa—my own papa, will you never—never take your little Elfen on your knees, and kiss her, and call her your darling! oh, nursy," she wearily added, "I wish I was with mamma!"

And the nurse, blind with tears, made no reply, but bore her up to her little bedchamber, and remained there till Elfen slept. Till the shadows of eve darkened, and those of night crept into, the dense wainscotted library, or where, day after day, Elfen's father secluded himself in moody silence,—a man of a tall stature, and of a grand, stern air. Black his hair, darkly bronzed his cheeks; firm, steady as an eagle's, the bold, fierce, yet half-feverish eye. He was some five-and-thirty years of age, but might, from his haggard looks, have been put down at twenty years more.

Ten years ago he would have been set down as a model of masculine beauty. Now, he carried upon his brow the mark of one who had seen some vision of an overwhelming sorrow, of an anguish that is only revealed in the blinding apocalypse of grief—something that is not given to be told in any combination of words.

* * * * *

This is the story, therefore, which so far explains the associations of Elfen-Mere, up to the present moment, and is the key to the mystery of the Witch-Child.

Fifteen years back, Sir Ranald Acton, of Elfen-Mere in the county of —, and of Acton House, situated in the most fashionable part of the Metropolis, was rich, young, and handsome. Men admired him for his manliness, courage, address, and frank generosity. Women admired him for pretty much the same qualities; and, being descended from one of the oldest families in the north, the loftiest houses did not disdain to court an alliance with him. Mothers of every grade grew frantic in his praise; he was a rage till he became married. It was still a rage, but different in its nature, *after* he was married. He married a portionless orphan—a soldier's child—whose pale beauty was the envy of the robust, and whose sweet disposition and exquisite graces cast them all into the shade. He adored her; she worshipped him. Her yielding, plastic, and thoroughly loveable nature, suited strangely with his strong, sterner character. How tender he was to her, she bore testimony to until the last. But the shadow of their fate fell on both.

Sir Ranald was a proud man: proud of his name and lineage; proud of his wife, whose indescribable loveliness—now that *he*, the envied and the sought after, had selected her for his bride—every one agreed to praise; that is to say, the men, to a *man*. They went largely into society; and, to please him, she began to take a kind of childish delight in the gaieties surrounding them. A jealous rival—a venomous man, with a real or a fancied wrong to avenge—found out a means of stabbing Sir Ranald's peace. To enter into these particulars is needless, as we have only to do with their consequences. Whispers, rumours—the one growing into the other, and the other dilating into suspicions,—alleged flirtations, for the guileless creature had a laughing heart, and took a healthy enjoyment in the amusements spread out for her, till the day came when the laugh grew silent; when the smiles died away for ever from that fair mouth; when the sadness of love annihilated, affections dead and buried, the love-light extinguished in the noisome breaths that blackened her saintly reputation for ever—all these detestable agencies came between the young husband, whose pride of honour was an insanity, and the young wife, who was strack dumb with the tremendous pall that fell, like a criminal blight, upon her

innocence, her trust, her truth, and her doting fondness; and, accompanied by her nurse from childhood—brave nurse Elliott—one of the noblest hearts that ever came from the bonnie “border shaws,”—her husband bore her in stern silence to his ancestors’ home at Elfen-Mere, and—where her welcome ought to have been so different, and her stay made there an Eden-home for both—with a few brief, cold, stabbing words he bade her farewell for ever, and left her in her solitude.

They never met again.

A year passed. Lady Lilly drooped, paled, drooped and sank; and lived a life of lonely apathy or feverish unrest, and not all her nurse’s tender devotion could call a single smile back to her whitening face. It was the saddest sight, that “wearing away,” as the nurse called it, that human eyes ever beheld. She took a strange pleasure in crossing the mere to the house built in its midst, and in watching the lilies open, and the purple sunset, wreathing shadows upon its fermenting breast, made out of miasmatic mists. She had the rooms furnished, and lived there for days—for weeks, together.—In fine, little Elfen was born there; and nursed by her mother and nurse Elliott in turns. Tears and sobbings, prayers and unavailing cries for her beloved husband, were now all left to her. He would never know how he was loved! Would he think kindlier of her, some day, when she lay sleeping very soundly? Would he love little Elfen, for her sake, when her death had expiated the unknown wrong she had committed? Who knows! But it was with something akin to deadly terror nurse Elliott saw the Lady Lilly preparing herself daily to meet that fate which seemed to be now inevitable.

When she had made little Elfen’s baby garments, she began afterwards to knit, and to sew her own shroud. Day by day beheld her at this sad work, and no persuasion could wean her from it. Her reason was affected. It dwelt upon that sombre phantasma, which our lady of darkness, *Mater Tenebrarum*, sends to the relief of the vast sorrow which sits in the seat of un-reason—that comes in dreams sleeping and waking. “Mother of lunatics! suggestress of suicides—that can approach those only in whom a profound nature has been upheaved by central convulsions!”

And such was the sweet Lady Lily—fading, fading away—nursing the bright, strange baby, Elfen—and ever and anon weaving together her shroud.

This was no place to bring a fragile, delicate creature like her. Only those acclimatized to the fens and marsh districts of England could endure it. Perhaps the unforgiving young husband, who had by this slain one traducer in a duel, thought so, too. It was wildly, luridly beautiful in the ferved summer time, to gaze forth from the verandah of the house on the broad mere, with its weedy overgrowth, its tall rushes, its water-flags, its limits thickly bounded by small woods, and bushes, and rising uplands. But the feverish sun, with its great fiery glare, if it gilded the lotus and its leaf, and played like molten gold upon the shimmering mere, brought also plague-mists, death-draughts, from the fat overgrowth, that rotted, and again reproduced itself in the vast pool. The great house, itself, took a fantastic part in the picture, thus feverishly produced, with its gables, and whirring vanes,—with the nodding poplars, and creaking elms, that surrounded it. Hosts of wild fowl made harsh music enough, jarring with the bray of the distant rookery; but their plumage gave a fantastic colouring to the many hues the changing hours and the shifting shadows brought; and still the Lady Lilly drooped—drooped and darkened daily. One night, in an agony of tenderness, she wept and kissed her babe, and gave her to the nurse with a blessing; the next morning she was found drowned in the mere—her own new finished shroud around her. Like Ophelia, she had

woven a floral crown—lilies, like a white halo, wreathed the fair alumbering head! And oh! what a wail there was for their sweet mistress, on the day they bore her across the wolds to the far off lonely-church yard, and laid her in the grave, in a stern barren ground, that produced not a scented shrub, but only grim granite stones!

* * * * *

And from that day Elfen became nurse Elliott's second charge.

Three—four—five—six years passed away. Sir Ranald Acton had been abroad. He knew not what had occurred. When the tale was told him, he was like a man whom the lightning of heaven had suddenly scathed. His remorse, so unavailing—his love, so volcanic in its surgings—while their object lay in what was more like a "cairn" than a grave—the shock was the more terrible from the great moral strength of his nature. His grief was appalling. His agony frightened those around him. For a long time Nurse Elliott did not dare to bring the child into his presence. He had by this become a recluse; and who knows the long, lonely anguish of his nightly vigils. One day she ventured to bring little Elfen into his library. Long, long, intensely, with his great, grief-laden, sorrowful eyes, he gazed upon his baby-girl, and silently wept the while. Elfen gazed in turn, and with her own large wondering eyes bent on his. Something like timidity held her back; but a vast yearning in her heart prompted her to cast herself into his arms—upon his breast.

"Take her away, nurse, I cannot look upon her," he murmured. "She is like her mother—my little Lily—how thou wert crushed!" and with a new burst of sorrow he waved them both to the door.

"Who is that dark man, nursy, that cried so, and spoke of my mamma!" asked Elfen as the nurse bore her charge away.

"Your papa, dear," answered nurse, sighing.

"My papa! and why did my papa not kiss me! Oh why did my papa not take me on his knee, and call me his little Elfen! Oh what have I done, nursy, what have I done!" and she cried piteously.

Almost broken-hearted herself, the nurse only sought to cheer her; to distract her attention by any disjointed chat.

"My mamma kisses me," continued Elfen gravely; "and why does my papa not kiss me! Tell me!" she added, hastily.

"What do you say!" cried the nurse, aghast, as if there was a pendant to the dread tragedy of Elfen-Mere to follow ere long.

"She comes, now, every night to my bed-side," replied Elfen, to the question of her nurse, with that ingeniousness which belongs to childhood, and which has no conception of a secret of any kind.

And so the nurse, after this, set herself to watch and listen; to be sleepless at impossible hours; to waken at the ghostly midnight; to start at the ghostlier cock crow; to judge and know, in fine, for herself, what all this mystery that was now gathering about the weird witch-child, with her unearthly beauty, and her deep tenderness—what it all meant.

It took some months to solve even the alphabet of the mystery. All the Saints' Eves in the calendar—St. Mark's, All Souls', Sylvester—all, she tried and failed in. But one day that came, she had a revelation to make to the master in his library, which awed him also.

With a great dumb sorrowful surprise; with fear and trembling awe—with his stout heart subdued to tremulous tenderness—quivering with such love as a bare and bleeding heart alone can be supposed to feel, with the memory of a wronged love to redress, with the flower of those bitter salt tears which blinded those beautiful eyes of his Lily till they darkened in

unreason, and closed for ever in death—with that lone wildering night of her quiet drowning in the weird Elfen-Mere before him—and the white moon—sorceress sublime! urging the poor maniac by her subtle witcheries; with the ineffable of the past, to set forth against the stripped and withered present, which to him bore neither bud nor blossom, nor green leaf, but all arid and dreary—oh, so dreary that his faint heart would fain be at rest—with all these thoughts, fancies, and emotions corroding his breast, did Sir Ranald Acton listen to the strange story which the nurse now told him concerning Elfen.

It had frightened her well-nigh to death, when she heard the child, in her trusting open way, say how her mamma came to visit her in her sleep; how in the waking moonlight, the white phantom would glide in and smile, and babble and caress her, kissing her, and pressing her cold cheeks to hers; and how the child, instead of shrinking away from the Shape, would draw it all the closer to her, and make the fair drooping head nestle closely upon her own bosom; and then this visitor (so Elfen stated) would whisper to her about the pretty house on the mere, and urge her to go with her to the moon-lit waters, where the lilies were blowing; to its shores where strange melodies breathed about by night; and with such sad smiles, and mournful imploring,—with sad yearning looks, would urge the child to rise from her bed and steal forth; and only Elfen's over heavy sleep, and the close watch nurse Elliott kept, had hitherto baffled the intention, which, whether born of good or evil influences, exercised an immense and utterly incomprehensible influence upon the witch-child.

If the spirit of the poor maniac mother, in the force of its vast affectionate yearning, could break the boundaries of the grave, and hold communion with that which is paramount and dearest to the maternal heart, it followed too (so the nurse argued, though perhaps in a somewhat different form) that Elfen must be so constitutionally organized, and this brought about from the peculiar stress and circumstances attending the confinement of the heart-crushed Lily of the mere, (and how the man winced and shrank *here*, she well recollected) as rendered the bond between the mother and child—the dead and the living—perfect; and—and—here the nurse did shake and shudder—some day, or some lonely solemn night, the shrouded creature would take away her *own*, and Elfen sleep the sleep from which there is *here* no awakening, and the tragic history of Elfen-Mere would have its finish.

"Six months ago," the nurse went on in her recital, and we shall adhere to its text. "Six months ago, the first certainty of this came upon me—"

"You mean that Lily—that Elfen's—mother—comes—" said Sir Ranald, gloomily, and with evident hesitation.

The nurse nodded, "It was a pale misty moonlit night, and I had just kissed my little darling, to keep her in her white bed, over which the moonshine fell in soft streams through the great windows. I may say, that her room lay beyond mine—a little fairy nest, embowered and trellised in by a great balcony. I had just stepped into my bed-room, it lies nearest to the passages leading to the other chambers, and to the great landing of the staircase; well, as I was saying, I was very tired, very sleepy, and sank on a chair a moment before undressing, to rest, to think. I hardly know," continued the nurse, "and looking out of windows across the gardens and the wilderness, beyond the old blocks of buildings and the green moat, as far as the mere, which was like a pool of quick-silver, I remarked what a strange ghostly-looking moonshine it was, so white, streamy, like rain, so light, yet so indistinct, that all round the verge of the mere, the bushes, and rushes, and weedy tops, nodding and bending together, looked like fairy figures dancing upon its marge, weaving

themselves fantastically together; and I suppose I must have fallen into a doze—a sleep—for I was awakened, so awakened as I never was before.”

“Aye!” said the pale man wonderingly, “how was that?”

“By a sound, a noise, a mournful sobbing, a deep awful sighing, as of subdued lamentations, coming from generations fenced in by eternity and lodged on an awful shore of sorrow—that none could help, and nothing console—a sighing of cold wintry breaths, so unutterably sad, that a wind arising from the plains where men lie by thousands in their graves—their last moments those of agony or prayer,—could bear no drearier moaning; it had a music in it, such as I never heard before, and cannot now describe, but the saddest death-bell that ever tolled bore not so melancholy a knell; some such sound as this startled me, and I sat bolt upright in the chair, for a moment stupified at finding myself in the midst of a broad full glare of moonshine, that scared me with its brightness.”

“You were scarcely awake!” remarked her master, dreamily.

“I was *fully* awake, and staring about me, as if I had a consciousness of some-one, some-thing, being in either my room or hers. I imagined I still heard whisperings, indistinct babblings—still that deep heart-quaking and subdued sobbing, as if the infinite moans of those who die of heart-break were blended into one, and bore a burden in the awful talk that I now felt convinced was passing on in the next chamber.”

“The *next* chamber! Elfen’s!” he gasped out.

The nurse nodded assent, and continued—

“Almost ready to sink, but that the thought of my darling fosterling gave me courage, I went to her door, and with my heart coming up to my mouth, looked in. I saw—”

“*What*—for God’s sake, speak on!” cried Sir Ranald hurriedly.

“The chamber was filled with moonshine, an intolerable splendour, but it seemed still a shifting, ghostly and unreal light. Elfen, with her great open eager eyes, her fair hands folded, her golden hair astir on her shoulders, and her sweet mouth parted, was seated up, and gazing with all her soul towards the foot of the bed. ‘Oh, mamma! darling mamma!’ she kept murmuring every now and then, just as a dove murmurs in her cot. At the foot of the bed was the object, however, that made me start and shiver —” she paused, a great change passing over her worn face.

“And that was —”

“My Lady Lily, that I loved so well; my dear mistress, so white, so sad. Oh master, had you seen that face, with its peace, and its sorrow, and its love; the wringing hands; it would have made your heart ache too.”

“Aye, no doubt,” he said, apart, mournfully, “but do not think, nurse, my heart has *not* ached, for all that—proceed.”

“It was phantom-like, but if my darling was awake, her cheeks wet with tears—if I had misdoubted myself, I could not be mistaken in her, for she spoke to the shape, to judge by her moving lips.”

“Well—well—what next?” he querulously demanded.

“The sobbing of that poor soul grew loud, as it seemed to me; but not a soul in the household heard the stir of a breath of the dank night air; and then I fancied the figure began to turn away wailing, its hair all streaming, its hands wrung in sorrow, and while I stood rooted in horror within the doorway, as this ghostly creature—and she, too, that I loved so well—and to feel my flesh creep and crawl at it now!—glided to the entrance; passed me like a cold, cold breath, playing on my forehead.”

“For heaven’s sake come to the end,” cried the man.

“Then, before I knew what was done, before I could speak or move, Elfen rose from her bed, hurried through the passages, down the staircase through the chambers below, the strange sobbing all the while continuing;

and then only a great human cry from below roused me from the spell that terror had cast upon me."

"And that was caused by the phantom of your mistress! Elfen born so, and Lily to die so, what wonder," he added abstractedly, "if there is a tie beyond that of nature or mere kindred between them?"

"I lit a taper, ran down wildly, frantically, and by the window opening on the terrace I found my darling all in a faint upon the ground. I caught her up all trembling, in my arms, bore her to her bed, and never quitted her side the whole night. Dreaming, and weeping, and moaning, her 'mamma!' was the whole burden of her cry; and this ghostly visitation has, I feel, been often repeated since."

"It is fancy—imagination—or—is my little girl doomed?"

"Elfen takes it as all reality. She haunts the mere as her mother used to and some day—." The nurse paused and turned pale.

"Some day!" groaned the man, "Oh, my God, pity me, and spare my child; pity me who have lost so much, suffered so much, and who have so far wrecked the happiness I had within my grasp, with my once rash hands, that even hope is scarcely left to me, and you say, nurse, 'some day,' I shall lose her too! God forbid!"

"God forbid," said the nurse as if repeating a prayer, and quitting the library.

Sir Ranald Acton had made one goodly resolve, at least—if by any chance it were not too late, and if the hour when that determination could be of value were not gone by for ever from him.

He had resolved that no longer should the child of Lily pass his door, with outstretching hands, outreaching heart, and crying in her deep childish sorrow, "Papa! papa! take me to your heart!" and do so in vain.

The heart that had been so long closed grew open—the averted face beamed smiles and affection. The wondering child received his first advances with something like fear, with something like doubt, but her heart, hungering for love, could not shut out aught that in the least degree approached it. She never went to rest without his kisses and caresses, and a deep and sacred joy seemed to have fallen upon the child.

The nurse, seeing this, urged her removal from that haunted and decaying house. To restore to that warped mind of hers a healthy tone, a tone which perhaps it never had before, her removal from the place was absolutely necessary. A total change of scene was imperative. The man roused himself up from his apathy and his despair. Life began to unfold itself anew to him. He admitted the plea, and even now preparations were being made to receive himself, Elfen, and her nurse,—none other of the old retainers,—within the walls of an elegant modern villa, near the metropolis. Christmas was now at hand. Elfen was delighted at the idea of spending Christmas in a new home; but, with her papa to love and cherish her, to be by her side, to kiss her at night, to bid a holy "good-night" to, to hear his "God bless my darling!" to pray for him in her little chamber, to discuss over with her nursey; all this was delight unspeakable. Still her eccentric nature exhibited its own peculiar idiosyncracies.

"Nursey," the beautiful witch-child said one evening, "why does my papa call me 'Lily, little Lily,' when my mamma calls me 'Elfen,' and I see her weep when they say, 'little Lily, let me hear you laugh, let me hear you sing?'"

"Child—child," cried the nurse, "you dream, you dream."

"And now, nursey," the child went on, "that you have shut up doors and windows, my sweet mamma stands without in the cold, and weeps and wrings her hands, and shivers and trembles, and cannot come to me, nor I cannot go to her; and oh, nursey, it breaks my heart," sobbed the child.

This of course only made the nurse more eager than ever to quit that forlorn, ill-omened house of Elfen-Mere.

But storms descended and rains fell, and travelling became an utter impossibility for weeks, perhaps, to come. The wild autumnal season had brought in the grim, ghostly, blustering winter, with long howling winds, and blinding snow storms, which almost buried the rambling manor—while the trembling gables testified to the strong force which made the old walls shake, and the crazy edifice quiver to its foundations. And thus Christmas surprised them—white and gleaming the lands without, sheeted as beneath a cloud—a frost binding all in, as under a band of triple steel and adamant. And at night, as the hollow blast came sounding over weald and wold, screaming with a shrill cadence over the frozen surface of the mere, the nurse watched, with apprehensions, the speaking face of Elfen, as, laid in her little bed, she seemed to bend her face towards that centre of her affections—for it had taken a deep hold of her imaginative mind; and that house—in which her maniac mother had dwelt, where Elfen had been born—was to her the key-note of her dreaming fancies. Nurse Elliott dreaded to hear her babble of it in the garrulity of childhood, coloured by poetry, and tainted by superstition.

One night, when snow lay deep on the ground, and the whole vault was of a vivid blue-blackness, with a piercing east wind rushing through, like the coming of trampling myriads—the moon breaking forth cast a light over the expanse—over the wilderness, and the mere, and the strange fantastic house, rocking in very decrepitude, and threatening to tumble down hourly—and the white earth shining against the sky, now filled with an unearthly glare, wore so frozen, so desolate an aspect, that the gazer involuntarily shrank from the picture thus presented.

Elfen had been taken by nurse Elliott to her little chamber—which was warm and comfortable enough—exhibiting unusual restlessness. There was nothing irritable or captious, generally speaking, at any time, in the child's disposition. It was sweetness and docility personified; but her capricious and wayward mood confounded while it endeared—it embarrassed so many well regulated plans—it deflected so many reasonable methods adopted with her—but the great, untiring, motherly love of the nurse bore her through all. She almost worshipped her charge, and none can know how dearly Elfen loved her nurse.

Her restlessness this night did not escape nurse Elliott's notice, who, for a reason of her own, determined to watch beside her bed all night. Elfen would not have the blinds down, or the curtains drawn, and so the white, bleak, bareness—the shrouded earth—all now left of the three sister seasons of the year—lay before her like a vast outspread cemetery.

Moaning with a melancholy cadence, which words are inadequate to describe, the night-blasts swept by. The hours crawled wearily on, and all within the house had sought rest—all save nurse Elliott, who sat beside the fire, only every now and then watching the lovely head of Elfen, whose beauty seemed to have taken a splendour almost unearthly—whose white cheeks were whiter—whose eyes sparkled with a bright eager lustre—and again some premonition told her, that for her life—for her very life—she must not go to sleep; and sleep began to weigh upon her (who has not experienced this when watching!) with a leaden, resistless hand.

"Elfen, darling!" she murmured, at last, "why do you not sleep?"

"Hush, nurse, dear!" whispered the child. "My mamma! my mamma! listen! look!"

The nurse listened. A wail—quite a human wail—laden with untold anguish, came swelling audibly—faintly, yet audible enough, to her ears. There was a flutter before the window, as of garments; and the nurse



rubbed her eyes, for there, *there*, with the pitiful, tearful face, and the wringing hands, was the form of her ghostly mistress—the Lily of Elfen-Mere—and the shape seemed to be in the bitterest distress that it could not enter the chamber.

The nurse could almost make oath that she heard the doors, far away, tried without—latch and lock, handle and hasp,—and that a sob and a sigh followed every defeated effort. Awhile the figure had disappeared from the window, but the fluttering garments, the pallid face, and the wringing hands, came again. Asleep or awake, she knew not. A spell was on her. Dreaming, or beholding a reality, she had no power to interfere, as she saw Elfen rise eagerly, quickly, breathlessly from the little bed, and murmuring, as her tears fell,—

“Wait, mamma!—wait, darling mamma!—I will come. Elfen will warm your sweet cold face. Oh me! my own mamma so cold with the snow, so wet with tears—are they frozen, mamma? Wait,—oh wait!” and, bare-footed, with no other clothing than her night dress, the child, oblivious of the presence of the spell-bound nurse, seized the taper, hurried down the stairs, drew bolt, slipped bar—her weak hands mastering all obstacles—and the clang of the closing door resounded after her.

Oh horror! The two white figures—one following the other—were next seen hurrying across the frozen ground, over the bitter snow, through the keen, merciless, bleak east wind; and her little darling feet would be dead with the cold, and bleeding with the frozen fragments. The covetous, the pitiless phantom mother was bent upon possessing herself of her child, and the angels, on that holy Christmas Eve, would not save her! And it is a beautiful belief, too, that on this night, of all others, they have “especial charge.”

From the chair where she sat, as in a trance, the nurse watched this awful scene, this awful pair—Death and Life—hurrying to the same bourne, to the fatal, fatal mere. But she was fascinated, chained, fastened as by some dark sorcery, to her chair. And now they were hurrying on, on—nearer to the mere; and the little, bleeding, frozen feet of Elfen would testify to her track. She tried to rise, to scream, to call out. The terrors of a guilty conscience were not greater than her pain of helplessness. She suddenly lost sight of them, and then she was released. Once more she alarmed the household, and set forth. Away, and on; and oh, how shudderingly cold it was;—on, and on,—and oh! what is this, *this* little delicate, huddled, white heap, at her feet, on the bank of the mere! Oh heaven, it is Elfen,—sweet, little, smiling Elfen!—Her little bird; her nursing; her heart’s darling;—and oh, my God!—dead! dead! dead!

And oh! so very, very cold!

Yes, she lay dead at last. The angels *had* guarded her, and bore her unstained spirit up to God. The vivifying passion of love, that lingered with the latest breath in the bosom of the poor mother, and made her restless in her grave, was satisfied at last. Elfen-Mere had peace; a peace that the voice of little Elfen never broke again,—and the rest is—  
“Silence!”

## The Martyr of Allahabad.*

BY THE HON. AND REV. BAPTIST NOEL.

[* From "Memorials of Ensign A. M. H. Cheek, of the Sixth Native Bengal Infantry."  
By the Rev. R. Meek. London: Nisbett and Co.]

Treason in Delhi's walls had risen ; Bengal's battalions rose ;  
And every fort became a prison begirt with Sepoy foes.  
Throughout the lines of Allahabad fanatic fury grew ;  
And mutineers, with hatred mad, their own commanders slew.  
One only from the gory heap, crept out to die alone ;  
He did not wail, nor groan, nor weep, but said, "Thy will be done."  
Within the covert of a wood, close by a streamlet's play,  
Wounded and destitute of food, four days the soldier lay.

And now they find him 'midst the trees, not friends who bring relief—  
But Sepoys, who with fury seize and drag him to their chief.  
One brandishes a bloody knife ; all hate to Christians bear ;  
Fresh stabs will take his ebbing life, nor curses wound his ear.  
But who is he that elder man, bound, beaten, fearing worse,  
On whom each fierce Mohammedan, is pouring out his curse !  
Why are those guards around him set ! those cords upon his wrist !  
He was the slave of Mahomet, and now he preaches Christ.

"Repent!" exclaimed the Sepoy crew, "or Allah's vengeance taste!"  
"Repent!" exclaimed their Captain too, "or this day is thy last !  
"Seek then the prophet's aid by prayer, abjure the Christian lie ;  
Or by his sacred name I swear, Apostate, thou shalt die !"  
The drops are standing on his brow, his quivering lips are pale ;  
Who will sustain his weakness now, for hope and courage fail !  
Then spake the wounded boy, while faith lighted his languid eye :  
"O Brother ! ne'er from dread of death thy Saviour's name deny !"

## Ring out the Joy Bells !

BY GEORGE F. PARDON.

RING out the Joy Bells ! a New Year is born !  
Welcome him gladly, and clothe him in white :  
Pile up the Yule Log ; blow trumpet and horn ;  
Hail him with music and crown him with light !  
Fair be his welcome, and hearty his greeting ;  
Mirth, love, and jollity join hand in hand ;  
Shout and be merry while Old Time is fleeting ;  
Ring out the Joy Bells all over the land.  
The Old Year is dead ; let us honour his ashes,  
Right merrily died he 'mid gaities fair ;  
So, while laughter is loudest and merriment flashes,  
With dance and with music we'll welcome his heir !  
Clang go the cymbals and brave sounds the horn,  
Ring out the Joy Bells, a New Year is born.

## New Style the Second.

Be not alarmed, my life-loving reader, at the startling title of this adventurous article. The New Style which I am about to introduce and recommend to your patronage is no heretical re-reformation of the calendar, like that which Lord Chesterfield effected last century. I shall put *that* off, *sine die*; namely, till Lord John passes *his* bill, when I will ask leave to bring in my own private project of chronological improvement. I neither want to make you a day older than you really are, nor to cut off a single hour of existence as at present allotted to you by law and Hannay's Almanack. I do not wish you to go to bed, and to sleep, on any given 1st of January, for the sake of waking you up, on what ought to be to-morrow morning, and impudently telling you that you have been slumbering on till the 12th instant, the moment you open your wondering eyes. You may be as tenacious of your vitality as you please; I have no desire to rob you of it, either to add it to my own term of life, like certain mysterious imitators of the Wandering Jew, or to make a national sacrifice of the stolen interval, after the fashion of that perverse Pope Gregory the somethingth. Perhaps, when I *do* meddle with those affairs, I shall benevolently set about making people a twelvemonth younger than they are, or have been supposed to be, instead of clapping upon their weary backs a further burthen of eleven days; and whatever jading gentlemen may profess, they will be just as glad of that innovation, in their heart of hearts, as any full-blown lady can be. But my New Style, I repeat, is in quite a different line; more utilitarian, more amusing, and certainly more productive of *£. s. d.*,—which I might safely leave as the climax of praise.

To plunge at once over head and ears into the mighty matter now before us, my Style is a style of literature, so bold, so novel, and so extensively applicable, that I have no more idea of the consequences that may result from it, than Tasman had of nuggets of gold when he first discovered the southern offshoot of Australia. When I say novel, the rudimental germs, it is true, did previously exist, and a few promising though imperfect attempts have been dashed off by the genius of Messrs. Rowland and Son; when I say bold, I do not mean to insinuate that the British College of Health, and Professor Mawreason, have been in any way deficient in courage; and when I say extensively applicable, it is in no spirit of envious detraction from the cosmopolitan merits of Always' Pills—(only see the advertisements in every country, language, and publication),—and still less of Always' Ointment. No; the field is open to us all. I only ask for a fair start and no favour. That is to say, I mean to make the first start, and to skim the cream of the new invention which I am about to publish. Perhaps, even, it would not be a bad speculation to secure a patent for England and the colonies.

The mercantile value of literature is a subject hitherto but imperfectly understood, and still less profitably applied. The incalculable resources which it contains within itself, and which are yet hidden in the bosom of the future, now for the first time give lively symptoms of their rich inexhaustibility. Pooh! To teach the young idea how to shoot,—call that a delightful task! To curb the overbearing, to instruct the ignorant, to amuse the sick and aged, to smite the insolent and the hypocrite,—all that

might be very well in the "good old times" of literary labour. The pen certainly flourished respectably enough when it acted the part of a knight-errant's lance, redressing the wrongs of the wretched, compelling the robber to disgorge his booty, and giving sundry pricks and bumps to mighty folk who deemed themselves intangible. All that, I say, was very well. But the pen, now, forthwith, and henceforward, shall become the finger of Croesus, and more; it shall turn the meanderings of the golden stream in whatever direction it is desired to make it flow. Of course, the ready writer who handles the pen will be allowed his full share of the auriferous sands;—though before distinctly affirming that fact, I should like to know at what rate, per line, Messrs. Aaron, the tailors, pay their tame poet.

It is almost a proof of the value of an invention, that it goes on quietly for several years without making any great stir in the world, or meeting with general favour and adoption. Such was the case with gas and the steam-engine; such is the case with my New Style, which is at once to enlighten and move the universe. For the last two or three years, at least, the "Almanack Comique," of Paris, has seriously and perseveringly persisted in giving one New Style article; and yet the admirable system of which it sets the example has not become general, even in France! But if we only knew our own interests what much happier fellows we should be!

I therefore, without further preface, lay before my brother *littérati* the model proposed to their imitation, and the highly remunerative consequences which it is sure to suggest. It is a goose which will lay us many a golden egg if we do but take care not to crush it to death in our zeal to secure the possession of it. The latest sample, then, of New Style literature, runs as follows.—I will translate its title into "Mr. Punchjaw," simply observing, in the words of a late eminent writer and penny-a-liner, "Please to read this bill," and "Take down the address."

"The fact which I am about to relate, and which happened very recently, is perfectly authentic. Did you ever suffer from pain in the teeth?—Yes, doubtless; for who amongst us has not paid his tribute to that horrible form of torture? But the torment is nothing. There is something,—I appeal to your hearts whether I speak truth or not,—something which is even more terrible still; and that is, the consciousness that you must lose the aching tooth; that you must part with two, three, or even four favourite dental pearls; perhaps with every tooth you have in your head! What a dreadful existence is then in perspective! Adieu to beauty; adieu to all the pleasures of the table; adieu to oratorical success; adieu, adieu to the graceful smile. Every one of those delights takes wing for ever, the moment the last unhappy tooth is extracted. My young friend Paul Germinet, in other respects a rising artist, proved by sad experience the actual horrors of this wretched fate.

"Germinet, on the day of his birth, was certainly gifted by the fairies as his godmothers. All which could contribute to weave an embroidery of gold and silk into the sombre tissue of mortal life, appeared to be united in him and around him. With a decided taste for luxury and pleasure—[Remarkable young man, so unlike all others!],—he was sufficiently wealthy to satisfy every whim; his handsome figure, and still handsomer face, removed all apprehension of disappointment in love affairs; a true artistic vocation had stuck the palette into one of his hands and the flowing pencil into the other; and the very first of his maiden attempts proclaimed that he would soon become a master of the art. Germinet, therefore, led the happiest life that it was possible for man or artist to lead. He had attracted a charming lady-love; every fellow-student was his bosom friend; and he consequently enjoyed a flow of spirits which seemed no more likely to run itself out than the Floratian river which baffled the countryman who had not sense enough to ask for the ferry-boat.

"But if the fairies, as we have just been supposing, must have richly endowed him at his birth, we are compelled to believe that, at a later period, some cursed enchanter conceived the wicked thought of destroying their well-meant work in a single instant. In fact, it happened that poor Germinet, on recovering from an illness, discovered that his teeth were loose; and soon had the bitter sorrow to see them drop out, one after the other, till neither a single molar nor incisor was left to gnash in despair at his naked gums.

"As soon as he was able to leave his bed, the first thing that Germinet did was to get up and look at himself in the glass. Gracious! what an alteration! His cheeks were hollow and covered with wrinkles; his aquiline nose and his Grecian chin seemed to be lengthened and hooked to such a degree as to meet, and form the arc of a circle; his mouth, now deep-sunk and wide, was drawn up on each side with a frightful Mephistolesque expression. Germinet was thunderstruck. 'That cannot be my face!' he exclaimed, in horror. 'It is decidedly the face of Mr. Punch!' Such, also, was the opinion of his illustrious master, the professor of painting, whose official capacity of ex-Director of the Academy at Rome entitled him to Italianise the familiar names by which he thought fit to address his pupils. Consequently, when Germinet made his reappearance at the studio, the ex-director saluted him with—'Welcome once more again, *mio caro Polcinello!*' Such, too, was the opinion of the *rapins*—the painter's boys and colour grinders. In less than a week there was not a corner of the wall, not a table, nor an easel, on which poor Germinet did not behold the caricature of his altered visage, tricked out in a colossal cocked-hat, and furnished with the two traditional humps.

"As the loss of his beauty, by great good luck, did not also involve the loss of his fortune, he was permitted to believe, for a little while, that his lady-love still retained her affection for him; and this too-flattering belief afforded him immense consolation. But one day, when he was disputing with Selina whether she had a right to go out alone, and dance without him at the Château des Fleurs, he had the mortification to hear—amongst a hundred other more or less agreeable phrases—Selina's fair mouth utter the compliment,—'I dare say it's worth while making one's self a slave to please such a Punch-jawed fellow as that!' Germinet rushed out of the house in a fury, and strode up and down the Boulevards, a prey to the most melancholy and despairing thoughts.

"'What is the use of lingering thus, heart-broken and toothless, in a cruel world!' he asked, as he wandered from the Louvre to the Palais Royal, from the Palais Royal to the Passage Delorme, and from the Passage Delorme to the Place Vendôme. 'All that life has now to offer me, is a monotonous succession of affronts and disgusts. I am become an object of universal pity and ridicule; I am even a burden to myself. In the presence of a pretty woman I dare not smile at her, because my smile is now a frightful grimace. If I sit down to a well-served table, it is merely as a looker-on, now that I am reduced to eat broths and slops. Formerly, I was the gayest of the gay, and had an inexhaustible fund of witty anecdotes, which I used to relate to the equal satisfaction of myself and every one that heard me. Now, alas, whether tempted to laugh or to speak, I close my lips with a patent lock, to avoid displaying the cavernous ruins of my mouth. The slightest symptom of hilarity, in others, fills my mind with the most painful suspicions; I fancy that my lantern jaws are the unhappy cause of the merriment. Friends, ladylove, and the best of good cheer, are for me no more than an eternal mockery. Be it so then; my decision is made; I renounce them all. I will hasten to find, in the depth of the country, some secret retreat where I may live in solitary selfishness, forgetting all, and forgotten by them.'

"Germinet had uttered the greater part of this heroic tirade aloud, as he stood motionless with his arms folded opposite to the Colonne Vendôme. Near him also stood, wrapped in a cloak, a stranger, who had not lost a single word of the mournful soliloquy.

"So young, and yet resolved to turn hermit! That would be a pity," said the stranger. "Have the goodness to accompany me a few steps from this spot, and I will make a powerful effort to induce you to change, in the course of a few seconds, the sad resolution which you just have formed."

"Germinet suffered himself to be conducted mechanically; [which speaks volumes in favour of polite Parisian "strangers." In London, such easiness would hardly be prudent.] His guide led him to No. 363 in the Rue Saint Honoré, made him mount to the third floor, and rang the bell. A negro servant opened the door. Germinet was introduced into a cabinet whose scientific aspect was tempered by the elegance of irreproachable good taste.

"Where am I?" he inquired of the stranger.

"In my house," the gentleman replied with a gracious smile. "And I hope to prevent your leaving it, before you are radically cured, both morally and physically."

"A mere glimpse of hope was sufficient to convert Germinet into the most manageable of men. He yielded with the greatest docility to every manipulation which the stranger desired to perform. In a few moments, he perceived that his mouth was refurnished with a set of admirable white teeth, whose presence caused him neither pain nor uneasiness, and whose movements were performed with marvellous facility. As soon as he was led in front of the mirror, he gazed at the new reflection of himself, and could not help uttering a cry of joyous surprise.

"Ah! I am myself again! I no longer deny my own identity."

"In fact, the Punch-jawed countenance had vanished, and was replaced by the features which had formerly obtained him the title of Handsome Germinet.

"Ah! Monsieur, my whole fortune, if you require it, is yours, in return for so inestimable a service."

"I shall be satisfied with much less than that," replied the amiable stranger with a smile; "and I shall be especially happy if the name of Georges Fattet—here's my card—sometimes occurs to your recollection."

"Be assured," answered Germinet, "that the name of Georges Fattet will remain engraved on my memory till my dying day!"

"From that moment, Germinet recovered his good humour; he now eats whatever is set before him; he laughs fearless of making ugly faces; he braves the *rapin's* sarcastic pencil, and not a single lady of his whole acquaintance ever dreams of calling him Mr. Punchjaw. All his friends regard the metamorphosis in the light of a miracle; but those who have the pleasure of knowing M. Georges Fattet are well aware that such miracles as those are matters of everyday occurrence to him."

Well, dear fellow-labourer with quills and ink, isn't that an admirable tale! Will your practised critical acumen tell me whether the New Style is worth cultivating, or not? Has not the science of advertising advanced a considerable number of steps? Will the world rest content with the brief and bungling expedients which you may cover with your hand and read in a second, such as are now made use of to recommend antidotes to chronic freckles, regenerators of departed hair, salves to set a broken bone, and pills that will carry you hale and hearty to the end of nineteen hundred and ninety-nine? Is there anything more contemptible in life, than to stop short at half measure? May we not, we hungry scribblers, as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb? If a puff advertisement be required at our hands, and if puff writing be lucrative, let us puff away on a gigantic scale,

with the noble professional spirit of top-sawyers, first-rate cracksmen, gentlemen highwaymen, and dandy pirates. The field of (advertising) literature is wide, not difficult to cultivate, and I, for one, have several schemes and skeleton works which will help me to reap a golden harvest. To do which effectually, I have made up my mind to go the whole hog, and throw off specimens of the New Style in every branch of literature.

A fairy tale is one work of fiction which I have already had ordered from my fluent pen, in which will be combined a variety of interest;—that is, the interests of my Macenasas. This charming story is to be published by subscription; in other words, a society of tradesmen and professionals subscribe to pay the printer's expenses, and mine. The plot is to be thus arranged:—A prince, my hero, shall be born, over whom a malignant wizard really shall cast a blighting spell. He shall come into the world a crooked being, club-footed, deaf, squinting, and stammering. A fairy shall then step before the window-curtains, promise to avert the dreadful doom, and vanish in a whiff of smoke. Over the way there is born a princess, on the same day and at the same hour, with whose future destiny the wizard and the fairy also intermeddle. The girl is doomed to appear in the guise of a beggar child, and so remains all the rest of her life, unless on her eighteenth birth-day she accomplishes a task which is next to impossible. The young people grow up, and are smitten with a mutual passion. The prince hides his love, from a sense of unworthiness, which, like a worm in the bud, reduces him to a state of shadowy leanness. He can only be kept alive by the unlimited use of Revalenta Arabica and Patent Gelatine. A secret sympathy reveals to the princess the cause of her lover's despondency; and, with the fairy's aid, she resolves to make him quite an altered being. She conducts him to an Orthopedic surgeon, [name and address to be given; my fee, ten guineas,] who straightens him and cures his club foot. They then cross the street [name and number] to Messrs. Needleham's grand tailoring establishment, [a complete new suit of clothes for me,] where she procures an enchanting paletot to throw over his now symmetrical shoulders. The street leads into a magnificent square, on the corner door of which, on the righthand side, a plate of burnished brass glitters in the sunshine, inscribed with the magic words, "Mr. Ogler, Oculist." [A pair of gold spectacles to my address, which may be had of the publishers of the present periodical.] Ogler removes the squint from either eye with a single touch; and then puts into the hand of the delighted prince the card of an intimate friend of his, who relieves all deafness and singing in the ears; no cure, no pay. [A trifling payment, however, is to be forwarded to the ingenious author, otherwise the card will be expunged from the tale.] The prince now is all but perfect; but when he tries to express his gratitude for the cure, his feelings so completely master him, that he can only say, "I-I-I, th-th-thank, y-y-you, ve-ve-very, m-m-much!" "Oh!" says the aurist, "my neighbour, Mr. Spouter, professor of elocution, will correct your royal highness's stammering in six lessons, for one guinea. [I expect thirty shillings, as the lowest farthing.] The prince's talents are marvellous. At the end of the second lesson he declares his adoration of the beggar-princess in an eloquent speech, which, being one of the gems of the story, I must not forestall here.

At the end of this touching declaration, the princess gives a start, and exclaims: "Woe's me! Alas, I had well nigh forgotten! To-day is the eighteenth anniversary of my birth; and unless I can offer to my necromantic persecutor the tribute of a sky-blue Cochinchina cock, weighing thirty pounds, which has never taken a prize nor appeared at a poultry show, I am fated to remain a beggar for life, and never to be united to the prince whom I love!" In vain the fond couple rush to Stevens' auction

room, where choice birds, from various distinguished fanciers, are being sold at the tremendous sacrifice of twenty guineas a head; Mr. Stevens shakes his head, and orders an eye to be kept on the prince and princess, mistaking them for suspicious characters. A benevolent person in the midst of the crowd whispers to them where, for only four guineas, they can have a sitting Bramah potra fowl's egg, or, for half-a-crown each, with a shilling extra for the package, Cochin eggs of first-rate strain. But their case brooks of no delay. The fairy, in the shape of an Irish applemoman, tells them to run down instantly by rail to the country seat of an eminent amateur and breeder, (seller likewise.) There, for the low price of ten thousand guineas, (to which the prince generously adds a diamond,—which a soldier once pilfered from a glass chandelier,—as large as the five ounce eggs laid by Mr. Blanco's celebrated Spanish hen, who always wears hung round her neck the five silver medals which she has gained,)—for ten thousand guineas and the priceless (because no one will give a farthing for it) diamond, they secure a sky-blue Cochin China cockerel, weighing thirty-one pounds and fourteen ounces. They rush back to town again by railway. But the cockerel, overcome by the rapidity of the journey, turns deadly pale about the gills and threatens to die, but is recovered by a single dose of warranted, "Condition Pills," and a draught of the specific "Poultry Restorative." The wizard is appeased. The princess's beggarly rags are suddenly transformed into a bridal dress of white satin with *dentelle* trimmings, from the *Magazin* of Madame Fairepayer, Regent Street, East. The bride and bridegroom live to a good old age, and bring up a numerous family of children, whom they educate at the excellent seminaries of—I don't say who till they tip me for it.

Half a word to the wise sufficeth. Therefore I make no mention of my new edition of *Ivanhoe*, in which poor Isaac of York's ravished teeth are replaced, (in a foot note) by the leading dentist of the present day; nor of my epic poem on a Mansion House dinner, in English hexameters, whose beauties may be guessed at from one short extract:—

"Excellent wine enlivened the feast, from Sloeman and Logwood's;  
(They who dwell in Street Victoria, number one hundred.)"

I say no more. Art, truly, is long.

## Sonnet.

BY J. C. PRINCE.

Love is an odour from the heavenly bowers,  
Which stirs our senses tenderly, and brings  
Dreams which are shadows of divinest things,  
Beyond this grosser atmosphere of ours.  
An oasis of verdure and of flowers,  
Love smileth on the pilgrim's weary way;  
There fresher airs, there sweeter waters play;  
There holier solace wings the tranquil hours.  
This glorious passion, unalloyed, endowers  
With mortal beauty all who feel its fire,—  
Maid, wife, and offspring, sister, mother, sire,  
Are names and symbols of its hallowed powers.  
Love is immortal! From our hold may fly  
Earth's other joys, but love can never die!



## The Peasant Girl of St. Mande.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH, BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

### CHAPTER VIII.

EVER since the world began—in Paris—there have always been three ways, by any of which a woman might become the fashion;—by beauty, fortune, or wit. Claudine had beauty, and was not deficient in wit, but she lacked the means of turning it to account. To remedy this defect she determined to employ a part of the money which Marion had given her; and, seeking out a quiet but neat apartment, she shut herself up there for six months, in order to complete her education. A dancing master taught her manners and “deportment;” a lute player instructed her in the use of that instrument; she cultivated her naturally good voice, and applied herself assiduously to improvement in conversation and languages. When, by dint of hard study, she felt satisfied with her acquirements, she resolved to surprise Mademoiselle de l’Orme—whom she had not seen since the day of the Prince de Condé’s imprisonment—with the result, and for this purpose set out one morning to visit her, accompanied, according to the custom of the time, by a staid elderly attendant. It was evident, from the glances which were cast as she passed along the streets, that she attracted admiration; but the simplicity and modesty of her demeanour, no less than the gravity of her companion, procured for her an equal share of respect.

On reaching the hotel of Mademoiselle de l’Orme, Claudine was surprised to see it surrounded by all the signs of mourning. The walls were decked with funereal emblems; the doors stood open, and people went in and out at their will. Claudine penetrated into a sleeping apartment lit up by long tapers. There, on a state-bed, lay the remains of Marion de l’Orme, splendidly attired, and beautiful even in death: by the bedside two or three persons were kneeling, in prayer. Claudine knelt also, and wept; and her grief seemed more than shared by some one at her side, whose deep sobs attracted her attention; she raised her head, and saw, by the little collar which he wore, that he was an Abbé. He, too, looked up, and, perceiving her emotion, took her by the hand. “If you knew her, Mademoiselle,” he said, “you must have loved her; you therefore share my sorrow.” “Alas!” replied Claudine, “she was my only friend.” “Ah! Mademoiselle,” continued the Abbé, “why could I not have given ten years of my life to have prolonged hers! She did not love me! A thousand times she drove me to despair by her contempt and indifference.”

The individual who thus poured forth his regrets for the loss of Marion de l’Orme, was a man about thirty-six years of age, of small stature, and very ill made, and the most remarkable feature of whose countenance was a pair of very large, black, moveable eyebrows, which gave his face the appearance of a comic mask. Grief, however, lent it an expression that was not without attraction. After he had wiped his eyes, at the close of his speech, he humbly requested permission of Claudine to call upon her, that he might discourse of the qualities of the deceased, and seek consolation in the society of one who had loved her. With this object in view,

he stated his name and callings—for he had more than one. "I am," he said, with considerable vivacity, "Claude Quillet, abbé, doctor, and poet, and secretary to the Marshal d'Estrées, the exalted admirer of all that is beautiful, and consequently your servant, Mademoiselle." Claudine, in return, informed the Abbé of her name, and where she lived; and, making him a low curtsy, withdrew with her companion:

The next day the Abbé presented himself at her lodging. He had just returned from the funeral of Mademoiselle de l'Orme, and he related the details with so many tears that his little collar was quite wet through. The interest which Claudine manifested in sharing his sorrow, though with some abatement, from the violence of his demonstrations, greatly tended to console him; and having exhausted his praises of the departed, he turned to another subject, and talked of himself. He described the persecution he had suffered, when a much younger man, from the great Cardinal Richelieu, who, if he had not effected his escape in time, would have brought him to trial for speaking his mind too freely about the affairs of the nuns of Loudun. He related his flight from France, his travels in Italy, his stay at Rome, the services which he had rendered the French Ambassador there, and his return to his native country after the death of the minister. Poets talk with pleasure of their own productions; and under the pretext of hearing the opinion of Mademoiselle Simon, as Claudine was now called, he entered at great length into the plan of a Latin poem which he said he was going to write. The subject had an aspect of novelty for Claudine; she was amused, and showed by her replies that she quite understood what he was talking of; she even went so far as to throw out one or two suggestions, which he promised to adopt. Her complaisance charmed him as much as her beauty: he had never before met with so good a listener; and bursting into a fit of admiration at her intellectual qualities, he ended by throwing himself on his knees before her, and declaring his love. He had found in her, he declared, a younger Marion, less pitiless he trusted, and, at all events, more worthy of his passion. "Pray rise, Monsieur l'Abbé," said Claudine. "You catch fire a little too quickly. It is your imagination which makes you fancy a resemblance between poor Marion and myself. My course of life is far different from hers —."—"I know it," interrupted Quillet. "I loved her folly; I adore your prudence. Nothing can prevent me from doing so. Consent to accept my respectful homage; I dare not pretend to hope for more. Allow me to be occasionally admitted to listen, as I have done to-day, to the charms of your conversation, and I shall esteem myself the most favoured of mortals."—"My good Monsieur Quillet," answered Claudine, smiling, "come and see me as often as you please. It was not necessary to throw yourself at my feet to obtain that permission." The Abbé rose quite beside himself with joy, and as he paced up and down the room soliloquized as if he had been entirely alone. "Quillet, my friend," said he, "you are a lucky fellow. You were infallibly on the point of dying of grief, and suddenly Heaven has thrown in your way the only being that could have consoled you,—a star of beauty, an angel of sweetness, a miracle of grace. Be not ungrateful, Quillet, but thank Heaven for this meeting."

When the Abbé had ended his soliloquy, he took leave of Claudine, and set off to talk to all his friends about her. With Monsieur d'Estrées, whose secretary he was, he was particularly loud in his praises. The marshal possessed no great store of wit himself, but he affected the society of those who had, and he became very desirous of seeing this beauty whom Quillet vaunted so highly. A person of his age and station was sure to find easy admittance everywhere; and Claudine received him with all the honours due to his rank. She listened to his prosing stories, to his

military rhodomontades, to his dull ambassadorial anecdotes, with quite as much complacency as she attended to the livelier egotism of the Abbé; and as she spoke little herself, the old man was enchanted with her. Marshal d'Estrées, the brother of the charming Gabrielle, had something in him of her disposition; he thought that amongst women he was always sure of success; and, accordingly, at his second visit to Mademoiselle Simon, he declared his passion for her without the slightest circumlocution. Claudine, however, cut him short at the very first word. "Marshal," she said, "you are a brave military man, and I will reply to you with all the frankness that belongs to your profession. I am too loyal and I wish you well too sincerely to allow you to waste your time. Be so good, then, as to understand that I intend to lead an honest life, and to listen to no one more favourably than to you. If you will deign to accept my friendship, you may convince yourself of the truth of my words and the firmness of my resolutions by observing my future conduct. Urge your declaration no further, and let us, if you please, talk of something else." "Upon my word," exclaimed the old marshal, "I like an explanation of this sort. I believe no less in your sincerity than in your virtue. Let this be a bargain, Mademoiselle: we will be friends; and I shall amuse myself by seeing younger moths than I burn themselves in the candle."

Marshal d'Estrées was as good as his word: thenceforward he showed Claudine the utmost respect and esteem. The Abbé Quillet, for his part, went about celebrating her praises in all quarters. In his quality of poet, he frequented the society of all the fashionable authors of the day,—the Abbé Conrart, Colletel, and the illustrious Chapelain, whose glory was then nearly at its height. These divine personages, always in quest of applause, longed for the favourable suffrages of Mademoiselle Simon with so much the more eagerness, because it was not the fortune of their accustomed admirers to be the possessors of youth and beauty. They all hastened together to this newly-opened temple of wit. Thither also the Marshal d'Estrées conducted his court and military friends; and in the course of a few days the little saloon of Claudine was as fashionable as the Hotel Rambouillet, though more variously thronged. Everyone was to be met with there who figured in Parisian society; and the reputation of Claudine spread so rapidly that the *Précieuses* themselves began to feel alarmed.

Claudine had for six months been the universal talk of Paris, and her purse was becoming empty, when a political event, for which Claudine had been anxiously waiting, entirely changed the aspect of affairs. On the 13th of February, 1651, the Prince de Condé and his friends were released from their prison at Vincennes, and their reconciliation with the court was made at the expense of Cardinal Mazarin, who left the kingdom on the following 4th of March. Condé returned to Paris as proud as ever, and more with the air of a victor than of one who had just received his pardon. He meditated now his expedition into Guienne; but before he took his departure he proposed to pass a certain time in Paris, and though he was more occupied with politics than fashionable *côteries*, his followers—his *petits maîtres*, as they were called—were to be seen in all the saloons of the capital. Unlike the other ladies who at that time held their so-called academies, Mademoiselle Simon employed no *touters* to hunt up and bring in persons of celebrity. Her saloon was open to all, but it was not her custom to beat up for recruits. On this occasion, however, she ran a narrow risk of breaking through her rule, her curiosity to see these "*petits maîtres*" being openly expressed. This desire on her part soon became known amongst the frequenters of the Rue Saint Côme, and to find favour in her sight, each strove to bring there the greatest number of the followers of the Prince de Condé, so that in less than a week full thirty of

the gentlemen of the cabal attended the receptions of Mademoiselle Simon. Amongst them came, one evening, Monsieur de Buc, introduced, at Claudine's desire, by the Abbé Quillet, and very far indeed from suspecting who was the mistress of the house. But when he was presented to her his astonishment and trouble were so great that Marshal d'Estrées, who was present, said he looked as if he had been transfixed by a poisoned arrow. "Oh," said Claudine, with the most perfect ease, "this gentleman and I are very old friends. We have known each other these seven years. I was at that time only a poor little girl; but on the day after I had the honour of first meeting Monsieur de Buc, I also made the acquaintance of persons who are said to be of high quality, such as Monsieur de Boutteville, his amiable sister, and his excellent mother." "What!" exclaimed the Marshal d'Estrées, "you had friends of that rank and said nothing about them! You are indeed an original creature! No, never was seen so singular and charming a woman!"

The raptures of the old marshal, which were echoed by all present, made Monsieur de Buc comprehend that it would be his wisest course to pay his court to Claudine, and he sounded the very base string of humility in object civilities. He begged permission to return on the following day, and had scarcely arrived when the Marshal d'Estrées entered the saloon, leading by the hand Mademoiselle de Boutteville. "I promised you, Duke," said Claudine, when she saw the latter, "that we should meet again one day in better company than that of a barber's shop."—"It is, indeed, a very different sort of company," he replied, "that I see here, and it resembles the other so little that I should like to know the secret of it."—"It is rather an odd sort of history," returned Claudine, "but I will tell it you one day when I have leisure." Monsieur de Buc became alternately red and pale at the aspect of the storm which a single word from Claudine could bring down upon his head; but she took compassion upon the wretch, and approaching him, she said, with a smile, in an under tone, "you see I have the power to punish you! Well, then, in proof of your repentance, come here again, and never forget that I am the pupil of your master, the great Condé."—"Ah!" stammered de Buc, "you make me feel how far I am from that Prince, who is my model also."

On the following day, Quillet, who had received private instructions, brought with him a captain of musketeers, who, when he beheld Mademoiselle Simon, felt as if he should sink into the ground. "Monsieur Thomas des Riviez," said Claudine, "you are welcome. You are fond of the society of persons of quality. It struck me that it would be a good thing for a young man like you to make friends above your own rank. I will recommend you to the Marshal d'Estrées." Thomas des Riviez would have given all the world for a clear space before him that he might have bolted to its farthest confines; but Mademoiselle Simon, taking him by the arm, led him into an alcove. "Sir," said she, "do not judge of me by yourself; I deserve a better opinion. I once truly loved you. The errors of a poor country girl must find favour in your eyes. Let neither of us remember our past faults. I was not in jest when I promised you the protection of Monsieur d'Estrées. I desire to make your fortune, and, of all things, wish to leave in your memory a remonstrance that may not be of sorrow. Abandon that look of despair, and expect without fear the revenge of her who was the object of your childish love." She pressed his hand, and Thomas des Riviez, much moved, took his departure.

When the Duke de Boutteville left the Rue Saint Corne, he went straight to the house of his sister, now the Princess de Châtillon. He found there the Prince de Condé. At the story he told of where and under what circumstances he had just met the peasant girl of St. Mandé, the Prince burst into an exclamation of surprise and joy. "This is the

best thing I have ever heard! Claudine with a house of her own! Claudine courted by the flower of the nobility, and at the head of an academy! I am delighted to hear it. She must be as charming as she is beautiful, for her manners were far beyond her condition. How mad the *Précieuses* must be at her success! I will make them madder still by going to the Rue Saint Côme in state." An immense sensation pervaded all ranks of the society assembled in Claudine's saloon when the entrance of the first Prince of the blood was announced there: it even affected the old Marshal d'Estrées himself. But Mademoiselle Simon preserved her accustomed calmness, and, approaching the hero of Rocroy, she said: "What your highness sees here is entirely your own work. I have witnessed your glory, and received words of commendation from your lips. I owe everything to you;—my love of what is good, my desire to please, my taste for the pleasures of the mind, and for the esteem of those by whom I am surrounded." The Prince kissed Claudine's hand with consummate grace. "I admire my work, since you give it that name, Mademoiselle, with more pleasure than I can express; but you attribute to my glory greater effects than it has the power to produce. The love of good was implanted in your heart by the hand of God. I have bowed before crowned heads and kissed many a royal hand, but never in my life have I felt more respect than at this moment I feel."

The Prince passed two whole hours in the saloon of Mademoiselle Simon, conversed gaily with all the company, and did not order his carriage till midnight. It was a delightful evening for every one except Monsieur de Buc and Thomas des Riviez, who were on thorns all the time, dreading exposure. If Claudine had wished to abuse the advantages of her position, she might have revenged herself for their conduct by ruining them for life; but hers was not a nature to return evil for evil. Her conduct wrought a peculiar effect in the minds of both these gentlemen. The fear which they experienced at first was turned, by her forbearance and generosity, into a softer feeling, and love was once more awakened in their hearts towards her. De Buc was prompt in the avowal of his repentance, and then came the expression of his tender sentiments. The first part of his speech was kindly listened to; at the second, Mademoiselle Simon said: "I will think of it, and give you my answer in a week." Monsieur de Buc consequently took his departure in high spirits. Thomas des Riviez came in his turn to express contrition for the past, and, pardon being granted, he was encouraged to renew his love. Claudine was disturbed by his words: there still lingered in her bosom a sentiment that might be dangerous to her peace of mind; but she made a violent effort and subdued it. "I will think of your proposal," she said, "and give you an answer in a week." As the captain of musketeers had made Claudine a formal offer of marriage, it is probable that his pretensions were more seriously weighed than those of his rival. Monsieur de Buc had no great chance of success, but he was ignorant of the fact. To all appearance, Claudine was thinking a good deal, during this week, of Thomas des Riviez; for the paleness of her cheek showed that her slumbers were troubled. The Abbé Quillet, who loved her more than either of the two, was anxious to learn the cause of the change in her looks; and perhaps she gave him her confidence if she did not bestow upon him her affection. At all events, he was still her devoted servant; and on the last day of the prescribed week his activity in her cause was more manifest than ever. In a hired carriage he drove all over the town, issuing invitations in the name of Mademoiselle Simon, to a supper in the Rue Saint Côme. The Prince de Condé was the first who accepted; Monsieur de Boutteville the next; and, after them, everyone who was asked said Yes. The old Marshal d'Estrées lent Claudine his servants, his cook, his plate—everything that was necessary. An un-

accustomed bustle animated the house, and at ten o'clock in the evening a splendid supper was ready at the modest academy of Saint Côme.

#### CHAPTER IX., AND LAST.

The Marshal's porter, in full uniform, at the doors of Claudine, replied to the ordinary visitors who presented themselves, that Mademoiselle Simon did not receive company that evening,—greatly to their astonishment, for the windows were more brightly lit up than they had ever seen them. Monsieur de Buc and Thomas des Riviez, each eager to learn his fate, arrived at the same moment, and the porter, on hearing their names, desired them both to walk up stairs. There they found the Abbé Quillet already installed, and doing the honours until Mademoiselle had finished her toilet. Chapelain, the poet, came next; after him, the old Marshal d'Estrées; then the Duke de Boutteville and several noblemen whom Claudine had seen at St. Maur, including the Secretary Grenville. Last of all came the Prince de Condé. Quillet then disappeared, to inform Mademoiselle Simon that all her guests were assembled. The door of the saloon was thrown open, and there entered a young peasant girl in her holiday costume, with her gold cross on her breast, and her arms bare as if for a village dance.

"Monseigneur," said Claudine, advancing towards the Prince, "we celebrate, this evening, the day when I first had the honour of seeing you, on the high road of St. Mandé. On this occasion I have resumed my old Sunday dress and my old country habits: you will sup with a well-educated peasant girl."—"You are perfect in that costume," returned the Prince; "and for my own part, I will eat, drink, and enjoy myself as much like a peasant as I can." Every one vowed they would follow the Prince's example. Supper was announced, and they took their places. It was a joyous repast, and lasted a good hour; wit and wine circulated amongst the party; admirable things were said, and still more admirable things were swallowed. At the dessert the mirth of the company was fast increasing, when, at a given sign, the Abbé Quillet rose and demanded silence, for the peasant-queen had something she wished to say. Every one then lent an attentive ear, and Claudine, in a clear and plain voice, thus addressed her guests:—

"Gentlemen," she said, "a few minutes since we drank to the release of the Prince from the dungeons of Vincennes; but you are not aware that the imprisonment of his highness, on the 18th of January last year, caused more grief to me than to any other person in France. Monseigneur himself has possibly forgotten that on that fatal day he had promised to try the cause on which depended the reputation of Claudine Simon."—"No," observed Condé, "I have not forgotten it, but the accusation is abandoned; there is no longer a cause for trial."—"Your highness is deceived," replied Claudine; "the parties now are changed; it is I who am the accuser, and perhaps we need not seek far for the accused."—"De Buc," cried the Prince, "that stone lights in your garden: you are on the criminal's bench, and your judge shall be myself. Let us make the present a court of full powers, like the Châtelet: Rely upon my judgment; I will examine into this affair with all the good sense and justice of Sancho Panza in the island of Barataria. The plaintiff will address the court."

"The plaintiff, then," said Claudine, "accuses the said Monsieur de Buc of having carried her off, from her residence in the village of St. Mandé, with the aid of three of his grooms, on the 12th of January, 1650; of having dragged her with violence from the protection of her father and mother;

of having conveyed her in a coach to the quarter of the *halles* (markets) of Paris, where he shut her up in the house of a barber and bath-keeper of infamous repute, with the design of accomplishing a purpose against her honour, which circumstances independent of his will alone prevented him from carrying into effect."—"What reply have you to make to this?" said the Prince, in a tone which was now serious.—"That is not all," resumed Claudine; "the said De Buc, not having succeeded in his culpable attempt, on account of the fortunate evasion of his intended victim, falsely and perfidiously gave utterance to words by which it was made to appear that Claudine Simon had voluntarily surrendered herself to him, after having sold herself to others. These words were uttered at St. Maur, in the palace of the first prince of the blood, in presence of certain friends of the said prince, and thus a grievous wrong has been done to the reputation of Claudine Simon, the whole extent of which she has not, however, been able to ascertain."—"What have you to reply, De Buc?" again asked Condé, in a tone of still more severe displeasure. De Buc hid his face in his hands, and was silent. "Such conduct," exclaimed the hero of Rocroy, "is infamous; no gentleman could have been guilty of it. It is no longer a subject for jesting. De Buc, I dismiss you from my service!"—"A moment!" interrupted Claudine. "As my sole recompense for all the misery I have endured, I desired only to obtain a complete avowal of the crime that has been committed. The silence of the accused is equivalent to the avowal which publicly repairs the injury that my reputation sustained. I declare myself satisfied. I pardon my enemy; and I beg of his highness to give value to the slight merit I have of being forgetful of offence, by exercising clemency towards the guilty. The resentment I felt for Monsieur de Buc has had a far wider range than you suppose,—it included the whole of society. It is not yet appeased; nor shall I sleep in peace until I have broken off with a world whose brilliant attractions, and false semblance of virtue, so entirely seduced and misled me. I left St. Mandé with my little bundle in my hand, in search of my honour. I have recovered it now; and with that precious burthen I return to my village, never again to quit it. This supper is a farewell banquet. My journey is at an end. A peasant I began it, and as a peasant you witness me at its close."

"But this is not serious!" cried the Duke de Boutteville. "You cannot mean to be so barbarous," exclaimed the Marshal d'Estrées and Quillet, both together.—"I very much fear she will keep her word," said the Prince.

"Nothing," said Claudine, "is more serious than my declaration. Prince," she continued, addressing Condé, "your character has ever filled me with admiration. Had I been a man, you are the model whom I should have selected for imitation; but in your great qualities there are features which a woman can neither comprehend nor imitate. Examine yourself, Prince. Endeavour to put yourself in my place, and say what you would then do."—"Exactly what you intend," said Condé, "for pride is also my dominant characteristic. All my errors are owing to it; but so, undoubtedly, is the small amount of good I have been able to accomplish, all the glory I may have acquired. Go, child; return to your village; enjoy your triumph; sleep with the satisfaction of pride avenged. And if it should please you at some future day to return to a world that loses you with so much regret, amongst friends who now weep for your loss, I will supply you with the means of enjoying that life. You will ever be welcome to me. Let us drink, gentlemen, to the virtuous conduct of this excellent girl."

The toast was drank amidst the loudest applause, and the company withdrew to the adjoining apartment. An elderly peasant woman stood there, more simply dressed than the mistress of the house. It was Marie, who rushed into the arms of her daughter, and covered her with kisses. "You

see, gentlemen," said Claudine, "my project is serious. Here is my mother, who has come to fetch me; we shall go back to St. Mandé together."

She put on a thick woollen hood as she spoke, and was ready for her journey. The Prince de Condé claimed the privilege of kissing her on both cheeks, the rest kissed her hands, and she set out for St. Mandé in the escort of the Marshal d'Estrées, leaving to Quillet the charge of arranging her affairs. He sold her furniture and other effects, and carried her the price himself, which she placed in the hands of her mother. For a whole month the Parisians continued to talk of the sudden break-up of the Academy of Saint-Côme, and then they busied themselves about something else. The Prince de Condé left Paris to carry on the civil war in Guienne. The Marshal d'Estrées had occupation in a different part of France, and took the Abbé with him. De Buc received a musket ball in his side, and died beneath the walls of Bordeaux. Thomas des Riviez served the Queen like a good and loyal soldier, and became the commandant of the Royal Italian Regiment. As to Monsieur de Boutteville, all the world knows that he was afterwards the celebrated Marshal de Luxembourg.

When the fight of the faubourg St. Antoine took place, in which the war of the Fronde came to an end, Claudine prayed for the success of her favourite hero. Her prayers were but imperfectly heard. Condé quitted France, and years elapsed before he was allowed to return. When he did so, he went to live at Chantilly during the leisure he was able to snatch from victory.

The chronicle which tells of these events, relates that Claudine Simon never married, and that the constancy of poor little Quillet never shook her resolution; but the chronicle does not say that she always remained insensible to a feeling which might have been akin to love. Mademoiselle Simon left her native village to inhabit a pretty cottage in the woods that adjoin Chantilly. She was never known to enter the château, but it is said that the Prince de Condé was often seen following the road that led to her abode; but the rest of her life is a mystery. Perhaps at the bottom of Claudine's heart was a sentiment for the hero of Rocroy more tender than mere ordinary admiration. But of this there is no doubt,—she never forfeited her claim to the admiration of the virtuous.

## Cousin Amy.

Cousin Amy, Cousin Amy, O those laughing eyes of thine,  
How often, lit with merriment, have answered unto mine;  
How often has that little hand within mine own been pressed,  
And a word has risen to my lips that could not be confessed;  
How often, in the merry dance, have I gazed upon thy face,  
And held thy beating heart to mine in cousinly embrace;  
How often, O how often, have I walked alone with thee,  
In city streets, beside the wave, or 'neath the shady tree:  
Yet never, Cousin Amy, in our warm and ardent youth,  
Have I dared to whisper word to wrong thy confidence and truth;  
For thou wert rich and noble, whilst I was proud and poor—  
But my heart was almost broken when he bore thee from the door.  
Years have passed, and thou art happy, from care and trouble free,  
So farewell, sweet Cousin Amy, thou art nothing now to me!

G. F. P.



## A Domestic Interior.

BY WILLIAM DALTON,

*Author of the "Wolf-Boy of China," &c.*

A RED chalk in the book of fate against the life of the man or woman who has never met the Dissembler ;—a social animal more subtle than the snake, more wary than the fox, and whose bite is so sly and insidious that you feel no pang, yet the poison is in the veins. That most malignant personage, the devil, though as black, is of jetty brilliancy compared with him.

Little romance-reading schoolboys, wish no longer for the power of raising the devil, he is on every side of you. Little girls beware, for with your growth a fiend of this genus is in all probability sprouting at the same time for you.

But now for the introduction. Accompany us to Mrs. Groby's drawing-room ; it is *the* half-hour before dinner ; a company, gathered from the four points of the good lady's social compass, are assembled, each with a determination to look genteelly damp and uncomfortable, and shun acquaintanceship till dinner is over.

There, on yonder couch, sits our friend, by the side of the hostess, who, having failed in her attempts to reconcile her tacitly hostile guests to each other, has resigned herself to her fate, and now sits with one eye nervously twitching towards the door, as if to penetrate into the mysteries of the kitchen, the other smiling, and endeavouring to be at ease. Mr. Simper sits by her side, with oily look and manner ; the only one in the room, as a glove ought to be, elegant and easy ; you see, however, but the outer man, the real, the inner self, is (at least he thinks so), impenetrably veiled behind a slimy gauze of self-sufficiency, which, as it distils from his eyes, diffuses a halo of Brummagem glory around the small nobility of his features.

Observe his head, it is a study. It is shaped like a child's peg-top ; the mouth is large, and sufficiently open to exhibit his large white teeth ; his nose is large, long, and runs straight up to the forehead, without stopping between two eyes, which depend for their action on the movement of the head ; the lashes are long, and seem to be making a modest effort to shade down the glances he is casting upon the extreme points of his patent leather boots—hence the difficulty of catching his eye. Regard that benevolent make-believe of a forehead ; it is a conventional swindle—it looks large, but is, in reality, a fiction—an attempt at the *tout ensemble* of genius, under false pretences ;—to use a military phrase—*forehead, vice* hair retired. However, nature has made amends for the paucity of frontal by adding to the lateral portion of man's divinity ; and, as in many other cases, cunning passes for intellect, quantity for quality.

The muscles of the face are unsteady, and given to an incessant twitching ; his complexion is of a bilious tint, and his features seem to be on the balance of expression, like the eyes of a bird, fixed, hung on an immovable pivot ; indeed, it is not his business to be express, his motto being "slow, but sure," and if one could guess at his inward feeling, it would be that of a human enigma, invented without the power of solution, ever approaching, but never passing the "Do you give it up?" point ; a kind of natural mistake, always trying to rectify himself ; but this is his own secret, while to the world he

appears as if he had entered into a very satisfactory arrangement, and shaken hands with himself.

At the present moment, he looks the beau-ideal of humility and simplicity; his eyes half closed, his voice soft, his features smirkingly bent to the humour of his will; but, do not believe in him, for he is a great artist; he has laboured to conceal his real disposition, and manfully boasts the maxim of never letting his right hand know the intention of his left. His mind is essentially latent, so latent, that frequently when he believes he is cunningly scheming, he has, in truth, no real aim; he is a plotter, without an object to plot for; his whole life is imbued with a love of plotting on a small scale.

Some twenty-five years previous, Mr. Groby, that tall, slim old gentleman, with the nervous shaking, and the very white hair, who, during the last half-hour, has been bobbing in and out of the room, looking after cloaks, hats, bonnets, and shawls, much to the disgust of himself, and the annoyance of the company, but under the orders of the hostess, was a jolly young bachelor of fifty, with no thought for anything but his guild, and his dinner, and a strong determination never to marry, when, alas! it happened that the large charms of Miss Tenderchick, co-operating with a pair of great black eyes, battered down the anti-matrimonial fortifications with which he had surrounded his heart. Now, having once been in a state of armed rebellion against the sovereign sex, and, moreover, conquered, he was compelled to march out of his fortress of obstinacy, without any drum-beating but his heart, or any colour flying, except that from his face. Mr. Groby surrendered at, but *without* discretion, and even, as he was once subdued so he for ever after remained; and however he might occasionally wish to obtain a small slice of self-thought and action, it was simply impossible, for the relative physique of the two, was, that of an Amazon to an Esquimaux.

Mr. Groby was quiet, loving, and gentle, the very antipodes of his wife, who prided herself in being a high-spirited woman. Mr. Groby's bachelor life had floated in an unruffled calm, the church porch was the rock ahead on which his vessel of life was wrecked, and from thenceforth he was doomed to a series of hurricanes that were never to still.

However, as we have no intention to chronicle the married life of this worthy couple, we will proceed. Some few weeks prior to the dinner party, Mr. Groby had been seized with a severe illness, whereupon Mr. Simper, the chief surgeon of the neighbourhood, was called in to his aid, and cured him; therefore, to express her great joy at her husband's convalescence, Mrs. Groby sent invitations to her friends, to meet the cobbler of the family pillar, and singularly well-timed was the formation of this new friendship, for from the day of Mr. Simper's introduction, and for one year, not one of the family was supposed to be in perfect health; not a little, by the way, to the astonishment of the old gentleman, who, during his long life, had never had his pulse handled by a medical man.

"Prevention is better than cure," was Mr. Simper's motto, and a very salutary axiom it is; but, like all other proverbs in the mouths of enthusiasts, so blending a virtue with a vice, that the difficulty becomes to know where the one begins or the other ends.

Mr. Simper soon took an especial interest in the health of Mr. Groby, never permitting a day to pass without visiting him. After one of these visits, one morning, he found Mrs. Groby alone: "I rejoice to tell you that your respected husband is a little better."

"Better," said the lady, "oh! yes, he is well enough to neglect a woman who has been a slave to him for the last twenty years."

"Hem," muttered the doctor, "something wrong, must find it out," and addressing Mrs. Groby, "might I presume to inquire,—very delicate affair I know, but our profession are privileged in these matters."

"It is very kind of you, doctor, and it is a treat to have a friend of the

family to talk to. Ah! doctor, I am, as I may say, a poor, lone woman; for what is a woman with a husband nearly eighty? My four children are young, and brought up in opposition to their mother; and a husband who is too old to sympathise with me, as, indeed, he has proved, lately, with his property."

"Property! aye, indeed, my dear Mrs. Groby, that is serious;—I trust you allude to no disputes after a certain sad event occurs,—pardon me for naming it, but really, my dear madam, something annoys you, you look ill; you really must have some regard for your health, you must take care of yourself; just think of your children, and of our kind friend's great age, and what a terrible thing to leave the children unprovided for."—Now, like the rest of the neighbourhood, Mr. Simper was fully aware of Mr. Groby's wealth, but how far the children were secured, in perspective, he wished to discover, as he could not quite complete certain calculations then passing in his mind, without that knowledge; hence he had adroitly led the conversation up to that point.—"Not provided for, not provided for, indeed—that is my present trouble," said Mrs. Groby.

The reply was satisfactory to the surgeon—all was left to the mother; and, like a skilful general, he made many moves for the future.—"Ah! my dear madam," said he, as he left the room, "the dear girls will want no greater provision than your continuance in health, and that, under Providence, shall be my care."

From that day, much of Mr. Simper's time was passed in Mr. Groby's house, yet that ungrateful old gentleman was never more miserable or unwell in his life; to him the doctor's presence was a nightmare, which sat upon his brow both day and night; and still, while the evil was felt by himself alone, he forbore, for he was one of those who instinctively crush self, for the peace and happiness of others: at length they trod upon his *love*, his favourite child, and,—but we will not anticipate.

#### PART THE SECOND.

A blind man, while dreaming he is in Elysium, may be treading on the brink of destruction. We are all of us, at some period of our lives, in an analogous position; so we charitably believe of Mrs. Groby, a worldly, matter-of-fact nature. The old man's kindness and love proved gall to the wife; when bestowed on herself, it formed but material for contempt; when on the children, and on one particularly, more bitter still, for it was the bitterness of jealousy,—jealous of her own children!

At first Mrs. Groby had received Mr. Simper as a friend. Did she entertain warmer feelings? No, we do not believe it. That her husband disliked the man, was sufficient reason for her to like him. Now Mr. Simper was one of those worthies who glory in the weakness of woman, or rather, perhaps, their own strength. He had calculated upon the difference in the age of husband and wife, and that in all probability Mrs. Groby would become a widow, therefore what could be the harm in being prepared for the succession!

Now it was really some time before this view occurred to the lady; and, to do her justice, when the whole truth did flash before her, she felt shocked, and for a day or so absented herself from Mr. Simper; nay, even grew more kindly towards her husband; but, alas! a quarrel occurred, and she weighed the matter now calmly. Oh! excellent reason, unsteeped in heart;—she could discover no more moral wrong than Mr. Simper: and

there was nothing that the world did or could call wrong,—the world don't trouble itself about the inside of hearts.

As for Mr. Simper, he had learned the fact that the old gentleman's property would be left to his wife : the reverse, however, was the case, and that Mrs. Groby had only recently learned. This alteration of the will, while it turned her still more towards Simper, was too humiliating to be divulged to that personage ; and then antagonism grew upwards in the family ; Mrs. Groby and her minister, Simper, on the one side, Mr. Groby and his daughter Clara on the other.

Clara Groby had scarcely reached her third year when an aunt of her mother's, who had been living with the family, died, leaving Clara the whole of her property ; now, as to obtain the reversion of this income had been Mrs. Groby's only motive in persuading her aunt to reside under her roof, this proved a death-blow to maternal affection, and from that day the mother had persecuted the unhappy child with every petty torment within her power.

Mr. Simper had, of course, been informed of the dispute between mother and daughter, and the day before Clara's return home, had promised Mrs. Groby to work reformation in the heart of this very bad girl ; but, when for the first time he met her, strange to relate, the daughter awed the man more than the mother. He found a woman where he had expected a child ; beauty, in place of a very ordinary person ; simplicity and dignity, where he had expected mere sullen obstinacy. The truth was, Mr. Simper was smitten with Clara, and would gladly have joined the opposition, seeking the present daughter, instead of the future widow ; but he preferred prospective competence to present dowerless beauty ; as to mind, it was not at all in his line of business, moreover, he did not acknowledge it as an attribute of women ; he, therefore, wisely kept to his allegiance with the mother, and at length commenced a fatherly attack upon the girl, when to his astonishment he was rudely repulsed. In a conversation, consequent upon this repulse, Mrs. Groby became so enraged that she struck Clara a violent blow, more violent than she intended, and she, poor girl, fell to the ground senseless. Mr. Simper carried her to her room, and endeavoured to soothe her ; and so plausible and changed was his manner, that the simple-hearted girl believed she must have wronged him ; and even Mr. Groby, for the moment, waved his dislike. Had Mr. Simper gone over to the enemy !—we shall see.

In her passion, Mrs. Groby had uttered sufficient to make Mr. Simper aware of the real position of all parties, he therefore lost all sympathy for that lady, and wonderful was the self-possession of that great man in seizing so immediate and fortunate a chance of making the *amende honorable* to Clara and her father ; having, as he supposed, gained a victory, like a skilful general he followed it up. The mother must perceive no difference ; the daughter must be gradually trained from disgust, the word is not too strong, to love ; he had never been conquered by woman, and therefore had no fear as to the result ; his power over the mother had become stronger—the ice had been broken—he had openly dared to speak, and she to listen, of a time when she would be free from the old man's tyranny, and now, though living in the same house, separated from her husband, this wife and mother gave range to her thoughts and hopes for the future ; this open confidence had commenced before the memorable day of her striking Clara, before Simper had discovered the true disposition of the property ; and how bitterly chagrined he felt we will not attempt to describe, for had he kept silence but a short time longer, he would not have been compromised. This was a serious difficulty, but genius loves difficulties, and he would overcome it, for the great man knew, that when once he felt sure of Clara, jealous as

her mother might be, she could not dare, for her own sake, disclose the double plot.

The mother and daughter now being separated, his scheme was in no immediate danger of discovery, and his visits to Mrs. Groby were as frequent as ever; thus days and days passed onwards, and, to the annoyance of Clara, her medical friend persisted in his attendance, but as he had oiled his manners, Clara became a trifle more friendly, and the manner grew very oily, easy to a fault; so easy that a faint suspicion of the state of his thoughts flashed across Clara's mind, and she grew uneasy; still more oily grew that tongue, and words of love and hope ran prematurely along it. This was too much for the girl, and she gently repulsed his overtures, which only made him more importunate, and he appealed to a still higher court, even to the master of the house, with whom he was now on friendly terms, and to whom he at once proposed for his daughter; and great was Mr. Simper's astonishment at the reception his proposal met with, for Mr. Groby, then and there, fetched Clara into court, when, still more to his surprise, the girl greeted him kindly, and in the exuberance of his joy, but rather wildly for a man of his solemn soberness, he warmly grasped her hand exclaiming, "Am I then so happy, Clara?"

That hand to hand touch sent a shock through the fair girl's frame, and for an instant her eyes flashed with anger, but, remembering the task she had to perform, coolly withdrawing her hand, she said, "One minute, sir, one minute," and put it to her throat, coquettishly to show it, as Mr. Simper thought, but more probably to check her rising indignation.

"Yes, yes, a moment if you please, Mr. Simper," added Mr. Groby, and now something like a suspicion came across him that he was trifled with; but pooh, pooh, they would not dare to treat him as a cat would a mouse. "This is rather a serious affair, Mr. Simper, for a young thing like my little Clara; and an old man like myself is scarcely fit to manage such a matter; no, no, I am old, and you know my wife manages everything, you have been very kind to her, Mr. Simper, we must have her advice, you must ask her, Simper, she can refuse you nothing,"—and before our hero could reply, Mr. Groby had summoned his wife to take part in the conference.

Little as Mr. Simper had enjoyed the previous conversation, a coal now was burning upon his heart (on the black spot we hope, for fire is cleansing and purifying); he would have given half his income for the power of vanishing through the ceiling, or even up the chimney with the other blacks, like his schemes, in a volume of smoke; there he was, however, in the midst of the fire, and he felt that he must trust to the chapter of accidents for escape, so he endeavoured to put on a bland look: it was a failure, however, being an expression twin-born of the wolf and the sheep.

Mrs. Groby finding her husband and daughter present, after the arrangement that they should not meet, exclaimed, "What new insult is this?"

"If an insult is intended, Jane," replied the old man kindly, but firmly, "it is on the part of our friend, Mr. Simper, who is here for the purpose of asking you for the hand of Clara."

To pity guilt in its extremities is to castigate it; and those who have watched the tragedy of Temper, as performed by this unhappy woman, must pity her; from her marriage to her meeting Simper, she had been the torment of her family, before that time she had been guilty, indeed, in temper, but neither in thought or deed towards her husband. In the midst of her fancied miseries, she relied on Simper as a friend, she intended nought else. No other mind could come into friendly collision with his, without being tainted with the same poison; gradually and by inuendoes he had softened her habits of thought, till he could impress upon them his own wishes, and by degrees, as we have seen, she had been led to ponder on

her chances of becoming free, a widow ; while her thoughts were locked within her own breast, she felt guiltless, but when Simper had broken the ice, and spoken openly, though at first shocked, she was deficient in moral courage to repulse him ; the discovery of Simper's double villany, in the presence of her husband, made her tongue cleave to her mouth, while her heart was bursting with rage and contempt ; and yet, horrified as she had been at the idea of her husband discovering her duplicity, the first shock once over, the discovery of the surgeon's villany was an antidote to her poisoned heart. Thus we may understand the meaning of her clasping her husband's hands with a look imploring that forgiveness her tongue dared not ask for ; the kind old man melted into tears and kissed her cheek ; then placing her hands in those of his daughter, Clara, said, "There, Jane, love her, love her, she will have none other when I am gone."

"Pardon, pardon," cried the sobbing woman, "and you too, Clara."

"God bless you, mamma, God bless you ; papa knows all and pardons all." Wiping the tears from his eyes, Mr. Groby turned to our hero, who from the turn things had taken, finding himself in an inextricable difficulty, stood silent during the whole scene, said, "I have no words to waste on you, villain, I have long watched, long known, all your scheming ; go at once, or you shall be horsewhipped ; go," and Mr. Groby pointed to the door.

Then, with oily look, and manners most bland, our hero again having recourse to his genius, backed out still bowing politely, till he had reached the edge of the stairs ; when stopping, he advised Mr. Groby to make no allusion to the neighbours of what had occurred ; the reply was, "Go, rascal," and pushing him, the next moment our hero lay, genius and all, at the foot of the stairs of that very house over which he had made most complete arrangements to rule lord and master.

In conclusion, we may add that Mr. Groby had moral courage to tell all his neighbours, by way of warning ; the consequence was, that Mr. Simper was compelled to find a new neighbourhood to practise in. As for the Groby family, notwithstanding that the good lady is not so perfect as she might be, still she believes that she once made an idiot of herself, and now endeavours to do all in her power to render her family comfortable ; and although some few years have elapsed, since the occurrence of these events, Mr. Groby still lives, a hearty old man ; and Mr. Simper is almost as glad he didn't succeed ; for, as a speculation, the daughter wouldn't have answered, if he had had so long to wait for the money.

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#### TO MEMORY.—BY MADLLE. ST. VINCENT.

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OH Memory ! by thy recurring strains  
 Of pensive melody, that love to dwell  
 On joys long vanished, like a fairy spell,  
 Think'st thou to soothe the deep and burning pains  
 That sorrow pileth up in this poor breast,  
 Like clouds replete with lightning's awful flames ;  
 Where sad despondency forbids sweet rest,  
 And desolation in dark silence reigns ?  
 Ah ! beauteous minstrel of departed peace,  
 Recall no more the loved delusive dream ;  
 Wait until hope's sweet dawn dispels the night,  
 And anxious pangs their restless warfare cease ;  
 Then will I welcome thee with heart serene,  
 And hear thy tuneful echoes with delight.

## Thomas Lovell Beddoes.

OUR land has, of late, been continually under some kind of mania. We have had the Palmerstonian in politics, the perambulator in infant economy, the Shanghai in domestic fowl and matutinal bliss, the moustache and beard in facial decoration, the Brewsterian stellar theory in astronomy, photography in art, the bull and griffin in archaeology, the Shaksperian and antique in literary study, purism in prose, the spasmodic in poetry, and a hundred others besides. In each of these manias, John Bull, like a little child in teething, has manifested extreme petulancy. Still we are indisposed to set down all these fits, or whatever else they most resemble, as being very bad in their tendency. In one case, however, we think they have verged that way ;—we mean in the intense study of our ancient poets; which, though beneficial in itself, has detracted from our less studied, and therefore less popular, modern ones. Our classical scholars, from the fascination of long and studious retirement, have so imbued their minds and memories with the past, that, in using it as a lens to view the present, they are disposed to deprecate science, culture, and modern practicality, as fatally opposed to the existence of all poetry. We can forgive the Olympian dignities a collegian awards to Homer, or the fervour a bookworm may expend on the Elizabethans, but we cannot submit to these cavalry-like charges.

Our Lilliputian lance is mainly directed against the belief shadowing itself under the name of our historian, Macaulay, from the poetic theory he mapped out in his essay on Milton. It is, that all science is antagonistic to poetry. To this certain enthusiastic followers have appended,—and of all sciences none more so than that of Hippocrates and Galen ; it is too practical and disenchanting to yield any poetic quintessence. Moreover, it is too absorbing to admit of a rival pursuit. We ask, for we would rather stand by fact than theory,—are not others ?

Few poets have been so blest as to be able to devote themselves wholly to the inspiring muse. Milton himself was at one time a schoolmaster ; Burns, a ploughman and exciseman ; Keats, a surgeon's pupil ; and Scott a barrister. In moments of mathematical study, Kirke White was often visited by his plaintive muse ; and many of the sparkling songs of Jasmin, the living troubadour, came into being while he curled a dandy or clipped a bourgeois, to be afterwards written on the most prosaic of pages, in the form of disused curl-papers. Dr. Moir (better known by his anonyme of *Delta*), was a poet and physician. Others still continue to prove that the science that reveals some of the grandest secrets of God's grandest creation, MAN, neither cramps nor stifles, but rather shelters by its wisdom, and kindles by its philosophy.

Foremost in the number towers THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES. His name may be unfamiliar to the reader, but if he will bear with us for awhile, he may believe, after all, that Esculapius and Apollo (in him at least) had some godship in common.

He was born July 20th, 1803, at Clifton, near Bristol. By his mother's side, he was related to Maria Edgeworth, the gifted novelist. His father,

Dr. Thomas Beddoes, was the friend and early patron of Sir Humphry Davy, and a man of a vigorous and philosophic intellect. His prose and poetical writings form a bulky quarto. The following verse was written on the geologic views of himself and his friend, Professor Hailstone, the "mighty spirit," meaning Sir Humphry:—

"Plutonian Beddoes, erst, in spiteful ire,  
To see a *Hailstone* mock his central fire,  
A mighty spirit raised, by whose device  
We now burn *Hailstones*, and set fire to ice."

Dying when his son was young, he left him to the guardianship of Mr. Davies Giddy, afterwards known as Sir Davies Gilbert, of the Royal Academy. In June, 1817, his young charge was removed from the Bath Grammar School to the Charter House, where he at once distinguished himself. With the old pensioners there, or, as they were nicknamed, "Cods," bearing the everlasting pot and broom, he maintained frequent intercourse, making hostile incursion to their territories, and gathering much knowledge of human nature. Here it was that, at the age of thirteen or fourteen, he perpetrated his first rhyme. We have, unfortunately, no attendant circumstances, so that whether he passed a sleepless night on that occasion, and clomb Parnassus on a pile of pillows, or whether it supervened on some recent truce with a belligerent "Cod," is left to the reader's imagination. He first appeared in the columns of the *Morning Post*. A novel, several burlesques and dramatic interludes, also, mark this period. Here he began his study of our fine old Elizabethan dramatists.

In 1820, he entered Pembroke College, Oxford, as a commoner. His college career is devoid of interest. Intoxicated with a poet's dreams, he cared nothing for the honours and distinction of his Alma Mater. The year following he published a volume of poetry, chiefly sonnets, and dedicated them to his mother. A college incident formed the groundwork of the play he produced in 1822, entitled "*The Bride's Tragedy*," which was accepted, and published by the Messrs. Rivingtons. The periodical press at once recognised in it a new era—a revival, in fact, of dramatic literature. A writer in the *London Magazine* for December, 1823, under the *nom de plume* of John Lacy—a person at once a critic and a poet—awarded him a very distinguished position.* Had he, as his critic advised him, confined himself henceforth solely to the drama, his fame, instead of glowing like a will-o-the-wisp, would have burst into a brilliant unextinguishable flame. He took his Bachelor's degree in 1825, and, preferring medicine to Blackstone, he fixed upon the continental University of Göttingen as his place of study. Here, under the inspiration of the soothing weed, he gave his leisure to his last work, "*Death's Jest Book*." From his letters to his biographer and Barry Cornwall, whose friendship was secured him by his maiden tragedy, we are in possession of many details respecting his life and habits. How Blumenbach, Coleridge's favourite professor, lectured, blustered, told tales, and swore; how German authors pilfered from Shakspeare; how he himself journeyed hither and thither in search of the beautiful and grotesque; and how his last poem advanced, step by step, will best be seen by turning to the originals. For manly vigour and terseness they have not inaptly been compared to Lord Byron's. His criticisms upon German literature are very satirical. With Goethe's writings he was alike delighted and disgusted; of Tieck and others he was chary in praise; and the only person upon whom he looked with hero-worship, was

* The passage is given in Beddoes Works, Vol. I., Appendix 2.



the ideal Schiller. In the translation of his *Philosophic Letters*, he justly styles him the "Michael Angelo of German literature."

The political events of the time latterly influencing his habitat, he was now at Zurich, Strasburg, Baden, Berlin, &c., until he finally visited his native land in 1846. The spirit of independence manifested by the Swiss, the Poles, and the Germans, engaged his warmest feelings, and with purse and brain he helped on their cause. A friend of Hegetochweiber, a distinguished person in the liberal government of Zurich, he was placed in an unenviable position when that town (he being in it at the time) was stormed by the peasantry, and his friend shot. From his father, who waged a pamphleteering war on the popular side in the great French Revolution, he inherited a strong democratic bias, which, linked with his strong poetic nature, must have made him, as his shifting residence declares, a most formidable champion. But his career soon closed. While dissecting, at Frankfort, in 1848, he received a slight wound in the hand, which undermined his health; and the illness following a fall from a horse, near Basle, terminated fatally on January 26th, 1849. He was buried in the cemetery of the hospital at Basle; his resting place, so far back as 1851, unmarked by any memorial, or tribute to his worth.

We come, now, to his claims as a bard of our land. We cannot assign to him a very exalted position, for he stands among so many gifted ones. He himself but claims a shady niche; and it is our aim to give force and pertinence to his pleadings. His mental organism was strong, bold, and plastic,—a poet rather from internal and natural impulse, than either circumstance, or mere craving after fame. Loving poetry for her own sweet sake, rather than for the honours and emoluments of her worship, we have in him a more genuine poet than in many whose names are written in fame's bead-roll. He contended manfully against a popular and sentimental style. Byron and Moore were ascendant luminaries, and youths and maidens vowed at their shrine. Not a night did Asterodia march in the heavens, but idiotic sonnets floated to her from this earthy planet. Not a youth, trammelled by trade or parents, that did not long for the life of a corsair. Not a nascent village bard that did not hope, like the man in the boat, so humourously described by Hood, from being little to eventually become Moore. Everyone was misanthropic, and madly in love. Beddoes carefully avoided all this popular raving, and conformed his genius to models of more unimpeachable fame. One reason, perhaps, why he did not reach that perfectness in feeling and expression denoting the master-mind, may be his celebic life. Gerald Massey, luscious and warm before marriage, is warmer and richer after; the authoress of the "*Drama of Exile*," more human and womanly; and all our Shakspeare's immortal creations were written after he had wed rustic Anne, and three bairns were clustering round him. In Beddoes it could not have failed to have opened richer and deeper springs of poetic feeling. The why and the wherefore, we leave to Charmian, in "*Craigcrook Castle* :—

"Many are called but few are chosen,  
Charmion replied. I knew a poet once;  
One of the world's most marvellous might-have-beens;  
A strange wild harper upon human heart-strings.  
Life's morning glory round him prophesied  
That he should win his garland in the game,  
But he was lost for lack of that sweet thing  
A wife, to live his love's dear dream of beauty;  
And wandered darkling in his dazzling dream."

Say what cynics may, love is an expanding power; and Beddoes erred not when he made Melveric say that his love for Sibylla had given him

the first proof of immortality. The other exquisite passages in his poems testify that the writer must have felt what he wrote, but not mightily, either in joy or disappointment. Love drove Byron to sing so enchantingly, because so really and earnestly. Where, as in Wordsworth, this fails, some mighty event, like the French Revolution was to him, is often required to lay bare and revivify the chrysalis-like energies of the soul. Our minds rarely advance in slow and imperceptible gradations, but in sudden and unlooked-for advances. Goethe said of Schiller,—“you spoke to him one week, and seemed to understand him; the next, you could not tell where he had got to.” And thus it is.

Placed by Providence out of the reach of those wants and yearnings, which give us a tender interest in the poet himself, and make us feel that he is a man like ourselves, and not a wild spirit singing over our heads, we meet with none of what Bulwer calls, those “sweet melodious murmurs at fortune.” Never do we behold the man, with his individual feelings and peculiarities; always he wears his singing robe and laurel wreath. Yet our interest, as well as the beauty of the compositions themselves, are often enhanced thereby. Rob even Dante and Byron of their poetic personalities, and how dull they appear,—the latter very like a stage with its appurtenances by daylight. How beautiful an illustration have we in Book III. of “Paradise Lost.” Place it in the hand of a cultured person, (if we can suppose one so ignorant as to know nothing of the author), and the interest of the poem will not begin until he reaches the passage wherein he so touchingly alludes to his blindness. Ever after, the image of the blind old man will follow the reader, and beam on him with inexpressible benignity.

A necessary result of the professional study to which Beddoes devoted himself, was a familiarity with death in all its awfulness and sublimity. Hence we are not surprised to find so many dirges, very beautiful some of them, and so many allusions to the change which most, naturally, fear. With him, death is represented in a truly Christian light. Thus Sibylla, in “*Death's Jest Book*,” speaks, after the death of Wolfram :—

“ Dead, is he ? Say not so, but that he is  
No more excepted from eternity.  
If he were dead I should indeed despair.  
Can Wolfram die ? Ay, as the sun doth set :  
It is the earth that falls away from light ;  
Fixed in the heavens, although unseen by us,  
The immortal life and light remain triumphant.  
* * * * *  
No wringing hands, no sighing, no despair,  
No mourning weeds will I betake me to ;  
But keep my thought of him that is no more,  
As secret as great nature keeps his soul  
From all the world ; and consecrate my being  
To that divinest hope which none can know of  
Who have not laid their dearest in the grave.”

Even in the bridal hour sweet thoughts of death intrude, reminding us of the beauty sometimes associated with pulmonary disease. Presenting a flower to the bride, the bridesmaid says :—

“ Pray to live  
So fair and innocently ; pray to die  
Leaf after leaf so softly.”

How chaste and touching the following dirge, written amid the sickly excrescences of the Byronian era :—

"If thou wilt ease thine heart  
Of love and all its smart,  
Then sleep, dear, sleep.

"And not a sorrow  
Hang any tear on your eyelashes;  
Lie still and deep,  
Sad soul, until the sea-wave washes  
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,  
In eastern sky.

"But wilt thou cure thine heart  
Of love and all its smart,  
Then die, dear, die;

"'Tis deeper, sweeter,  
Than on a rosebank to lie dreaming,  
With folded eye;  
And then alone amid the beaming  
Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her,  
In eastern sky."

The following conceit, which evinces his close study of the ancient masters, and which even the pre-Shaksperian, John Lyly, might not be ashamed to own, is the only one we can give from the "*Bride's Tragedy*." Its arrangement for two voices, with a choral response, will be seen :—

"Who is the baby, that doth lie  
Beneath the silken canopy  
Of thy blue eye?  
It is young sorrow, laid asleep  
In the crystal deep.  
Let us sing his lullaby,  
Heigho! a sob and a sigh.

"What sound is that, so soft and clear,  
Harmonious as a bubbled tear  
Bursting, we hear?  
It is young sorrow, slumber breaking,  
Suddenly awaking.  
Let us sing his lullaby,  
Heigho! a sob and a sigh."

His real fame must rest upon his last work, "*Death's Jest Book, or the Fool's Tragedy*." It is founded upon the fact that a Duke of Immterburg, in Silesia, was assassinated by his court fool. The time is the end of the thirteenth century. With the fortunes of Wolfram and Isbrand (the court fool), who had entered the duke's service to revenge the murder of their father and sister, the whole play is occupied. It ends with Isbrand becoming king, and the duke being carried away, alive, into a sepulchre. This is the most curious part of the poem. Wolfram and he had mutually sworn, that whichever died first should bring the other tidings of the unseen world. The duke's slave calls up his master's supposed wife (for Isbrand had changed the body), and Wolfram, whom he had murdered, rushes out, and, as the curtain falls, bears him to his cold tenement.* Other spectral fancies and grotesque imagery mar the conclusion of the poem. As a whole, it embodies Beddoes' idea of the reality of spiritual existence. Scepticism on this point was rampant in his day, in Germany as well as our own land. It is not here the place to enter into the merits of either side, we can only note this tragedy as an illustrative fact. While the curling fumes rolled a graceful drapery around him, as to the old Greek the clouds gathered round Zeus on Olympus' top, he pondered over this one idea—this central thought—and clothed it, spite of its almost repulsive title, in the not unpleasant form we have it here. Its themes accord with its end. Love, death, and immortality, irradiate almost every page, and elevate and purify us as we are borne along. Wolfram, Sibylla, and Adalmar, the duke's son, are all skilfully and delicately drawn. The real stamina of the piece is Isbrand. He it is, who, formerly a fool, then a wise

* We were at first disposed to think this compact a mere freak of an active imagination; but Dr. Harford, in his recent life of Michael Angelo, gives an account of a similar one between two eminent Germans—Michael Mercato and the classical commentator, Marsiglio Ficino,—from which Beddoes doubtless adopted it. Both were ardent Platonists, but doubting, at times, his ideas on the immortality of the soul, they one day joined hands, vowing, whichever died first, to appear, and relieve the other's uncertainty. One day the former heard from his study the tramp of horses' feet, and the words, "Oh, Michael, Michael, it is all true!" He looked out, saw his friend vanish on a white horse, and called after him in vain. He afterwards found Ficino had died that very hour. Knowing something of German expertness, as exhibited in Schiller's "Ghost-Seer," we may reasonably doubt the appearance, except as a mere *ruse*. Of the compact itself there is not any doubt.

man, is still revisited by glimpses of the cap and bells, and spouts, occasionally, the most contemptible trash;—witness his “Dodo,” and “The Median Supper,” *slightly* altered from Herodotus. These, we think the editor would have acted wisely in omitting. As for the character of Isbrand himself, we can easily see in him a reflection of some Charter-House celebrity—some ambitious “Cod.”

Our selections must be very small. We can only give the following soliloquy of the duke's, when he has become witness to Wolfram's passion for Sibylla, as a specimen of its tragic vein and power. The self-delusive reasoning, and growing deadly resolve, are finely exhibited, and may challenge comparison with anything out of Shakspeare :—

“Thither? thither? Traitor  
To every virtue. Ha! What's this thought,  
Shapeless and shadowy, that keeps wheeling round,  
Like a dumb creature that sees coming danger,  
And breaks its heart trying in vain to speak?  
I know the moment; 'tis a dreadful one;  
Which in the life of every one comes once;  
When, for the frightened, hesitating soul,  
High heaven and luring sin, with promises  
Bid and contend; oft the faltering spirit,  
O'ercome by the fair fascinating friend,  
Gives her eternal heritage of life  
For one caress, for one triumphant crime.  
Pitiful villain! thou dost long to sin,  
And dar'st not. Shall I dream my soul is bathing  
In his reviving blood, yet lose my right,  
My only health, my sole delight on earth,  
For fear of shadows on a chapel wall  
In some pale painted hell? No! by thy beauty,  
I will possess thee, maiden. Doubt and care  
Be trampled in the dust with the warm conscience!  
Farewell then, Wolfram: now Amen is said  
Unto thy time of being in this world:  
Thou shalt die. Ha! the very word doth double  
My strength of life: the resolution leaps  
Into my heart divinely, as doth Mars  
Upon the trembling foot-board of his car,  
Hurrying into battle wild and panting,  
Even as my death-dispensing thought does now.  
Oh! Ziba.

(Enter Ziba.)

Hush! how still, how full, how lightly  
I move since this resolve about the place,  
Like to a murder-charged thunder cloud  
Lurking about the starry streets of night,  
Breathless and masked,  
O'er a still city sleeping by the sea.  
Ziba come hither; thou'rt the night I'll hang  
My muffled wrath in.” * *

We cull a few concluding gems. The duke apostrophises liberty :—

“Horse of the desert, thou coy-arrowy creature,  
Standest like sunrise up, and from thy mane  
Shaking always the dew of slumber, boundest  
With sparkling hoof along the scattered sands,  
The livelong day in liberty and light.”

He is speaking of Sibylla :—

“I have in all the world  
Little to comfort me, few that do name me  
With titles of affection, and but one  
Who came into my soul at its night-time  
As it hung glistening with starry thoughts  
Alone over its still eternity,  
And gave it Godhead.”

We append his description of her:—

"When first I met her in the Egyptian prison,  
She was the very making of a woman,  
*Beauty was rising, but the starry grace*  
*Of a calm childhood might be seen in her."*

We do not remember anywhere meeting with so correct a description as that here given of a coy maiden, just leaving the joys of girlhood for the fullness of womanhood,—tremulous with life which was, and radiant with that which is to be. Longfellow's maiden —

"Standing with uneven feet  
Where the running streamlets meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet,"

though more musical, has not half its grace and pure poetry. We must unwillingly conclude. Many passages remain to prove that Beddoes' profession rather enlarged than narrowed the outlet of his genius. Can the reader say we have in vain essayed to support his claim for a niche in the Great House that Chaucer, dreaming, saw! We are bold enough to think otherwise.

## Nothing to Wear.

BY F. BUTLER.

Miss FLORA McFLIMSEY, of Madison Square,  
Has made three separate journeys to Paris,  
And her father assures me, each time she was there,  
That she and her bosom friend, Mrs. Harris,  
Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping,  
In one continuous round of shopping;  
Shopping alone, and shopping together,  
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather;  
For all manner of things that a woman can put  
On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,  
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,  
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,  
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,  
In front or behind, above or below.  
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls;  
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls;  
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in;  
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;  
Dresses in which to do nothing at all;  
Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall;  
All of them different in colour and pattern,  
Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin,  
Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material  
Quite as expensive and much more ethereal;  
In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,

Or milliner, modiste, or tradesman be bought of,  
 From ten-thousand francs robes to twenty-sous frills;  
 In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,  
 While M'Flimsey in vain stormed, scolded and swore,  
 They footed the streets, and he footed the bills.

The last trip their goods shipped by steamer Arago,  
 Formed, M'Flimsey declares, the bulk of her cargo;  
 Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest,  
 Sufficient to fill the largest-sized chest,  
 Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,  
 But for which the ladies themselves manifested  
 Such particular interest, that they invested  
 Their own proper persons in layers and rows  
 Of muslins, embroideries, worked under-clothes,  
 Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as those;  
 Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian beauties,  
 Gave good-by to the ship, and go-by to the duties.  
 Her relations at home all marvelled, no doubt,  
 Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout  
 For an actual belle and a possible bride;  
 But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out,  
 And the truth came to light, and the dresses beside,  
 Which in spite of Collector and Custom-house sentry,  
 Had entered the port without any entry.

Yet, though scarce three months have passed since the day  
 This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broadway,  
 This same Flora M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,  
 The last time we met, was in utter despair,  
 Because she had nothing whatever to wear!

NOTHING TO WEAR! I have heard her declare,  
 When at the same moment she had on a dress  
 Which cost five-hundred dollars, and not a cent less,  
 And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,  
 That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear!

I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's  
 Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,  
 I had just been selected as he who should throw all  
 The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal  
 On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,  
 Of those fossil remains which she called "her affections,"  
 And that rather decayed, but well-known work of art,  
 Which Miss Flora persisted in styling "her heart."  
 So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,  
 Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove,  
 But in a front parlour, most brilliantly lighted,  
 Beneath the gas-burners we whispered our love.  
 Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,  
 Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,  
 Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions,  
 It was one of the quietest business transactions.  
 On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss,

She exclaimed, as a sort of parenthesis,  
 And by way of putting me quite at my ease,  
 "You know, I'm to polka as much as I please,  
 And flirt when I like—now stop, don't you speak—  
 And you must not come here more than twice in the week,  
 Or talk to me either at party or ball,—  
 But always be ready to come when I call;  
 So don't prose to me about duty and stuff,  
 If we don't break this off, there will be time enough  
 For that sort of thing; but the bargain must be  
 That, as long as I choose, I am perfectly free,  
 For this is a sort of engagement, you see,  
 Which is binding on you but not binding on me."

Well, having thus wooed Miss M'Flimsey and gained her,  
 With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her,  
 I had as I thought, a contingent remainder  
 At least in the property, and the best right  
 To appear as its escort by day and by night:  
 And it being the week of the Stuckups' grand ball—  
 Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,  
 And set all the Avenue on the tip-toe—  
 I considered it only my duty to call,

And see if Miss Flora intended to go.  
 I found her—as ladies are apt to be found,  
 When the time intervening between the first sound  
 Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter  
 Than usual—I found; I won't say I caught her—  
 Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning  
 To see if perhaps it didn't need cleaning.  
 She turned as I entered—"Why, Harry, you sinner,  
 I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner!"  
 "So I did," I replied, "but the dinner is swallowed,  
 And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine or more;  
 So being relieved from that day duty, I followed  
 Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.  
 And now will your ladyship so condescend  
 As just to inform me if you intend  
 Your beauty, and grace, and presence to lend  
 (All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow),  
 To the Stuckups', whose party, you know, is to-morrow!"

The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,  
 And answered quite promptly, "Why Harry, mon cher,  
 I should like above all things to go with you there,  
 But really and truly—I'VE NOTHING TO WEAR."

"Nothing to wear! go just as you are;  
 Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,  
 I engage, the most bright and particular star  
 On the Stuckup horizon"—I stopped, for her eye,  
 Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,  
 Opened on me at once a most terrible battery  
 Of scorn and amasement. She made no reply,  
 But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose  
 (That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,

"How absurd that any sane man should suppose  
That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,  
No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"

So I ventured again—"Wear your crimson brocade,"  
(Second turn up of nose)—"That's too dark by a shade."

"Your blue silk"—"That's too heavy;"

"Your pink"—"That's too light."

"Wear tulle over satin"—"I can't endure white."

"Your rose-coloured, then, the best of the batch"—

"I haven't a thread of point lace to match."

"Your brown moire antique"—"Yes, and look like a Quaker;"

"The pearl-coloured"—"I would, but that plaguety dressmaker

Has had it a week"—"Then that exquisite lilac,

In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock."

(Here the nose took again the same elevation),

"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."

"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it

As more comme il faut"—"Yes, but, dear me, that lean

Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,

And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen."

"Then wear," I exclaimed, "that toilette you sported

In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,

When you quite turned the head of the head of the nation;

And by all the grand court were so very much courted."

The end of the nose was portentously turned up,

And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,

As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,

"I have worn it three times at the least calculation,

And that and the most of my dresses are ripped up!"

Here I ripped out something, perhaps rather rash,

Quite innocent, though; but, to use an expression

More striking than classic, it "settled my hash!"

And proved very soon the last act of our session.

"Fiddlesticks, is it, Sir! I wonder the ceiling

Doesn't fall down and crush you—oh, you men have no feeling,

You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,

Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers.

Your silly pretence—Why what a mere guess it is!

Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?

I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,

And its perfectly plain you not only don't care,

But you do not believe me" (here the nose went still higher),

"I suppose if you dared you would call me a liar!

Our engagement is ended, Sir—yes, on the spot;

You're a brute, and a monster, and—I don't know what."

I mildly suggested the words—Hottentot,

Pickpocket and cannibal, Tartar and thief,

As gentle expletives which might give relief;

But this only proved as spark to the powder,

And the storm I had raised came faster and louder,

It blew and it rained, thundered, lightened, and hailed

Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed

To express the abusive, and then its arrears

Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears,



And my last faint, despairing attempt at an observation was lost in a tempest of sobs.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too,  
Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,  
In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay  
Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say ;  
Then, without going through the form of a bow,  
Found myself in the passage—I hardly knew how—  
On door-step, and pavement, past lamp-post and square,  
At home and up-stairs in my own easy chair ;

Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,  
And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,  
Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar  
Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,  
On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare  
If he married a woman with NOTHING TO WEAR.

Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruited  
Abroad in society, I've instituted  
A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,  
On this vital subject, and find to my horror,  
That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising,

But that there exists the greatest distress  
In our female community, solely arising  
From this unsupplied destitution in dress,  
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air  
With the pitiful wail of "NOTHING TO WEAR."  
Researches in some of the "Upper Ten" districts  
Reveal the most painful and startling statistics,  
Of which let me mention only a few :

In one single house, on the Fifth Avenue,  
Three young ladies were found, all below twenty-two,  
Who have been three whole weeks without anything new  
In the way of flounced silks, and thus left in the lurch  
Are unable to go to ball, concert, or church.

In another large mansion near the same place  
Was found a deplorable, heart-rending case  
Of entire destitution of Brussels point lace.

In a neighbouring square there was found, in three calls,  
Total want, long-continued, of camel's-hair shawls ;  
And a suffering family, whose case exhibits

The most pressing need of real ermine tippets ;  
One deserving young lady almost unable

To survive for the want of a new Russian sable ;  
Another confined to the house when it's windier  
Than usual, because her shawl isn't India.

One case of a bride was brought to my view,  
Too sad for belief, but alas ! 'twas too true,  
Whose husband refused, as savage as Charon,  
To permit her to take more than ten trunks to Sharon ;  
The consequence was, that when she got there,  
At the end of three weeks, she had nothing to wear ;  
And when she proposed to finish the season

At Newport, the monster refused out and out,

For his infamous conduct alleging no reason,

Except that the waters were good for his gout.  
Such treatment as this was too shocking of course,  
And proceedings are now going on for divorce.  
But why harrow the feelings by lifting the curtain  
From these scenes of woe? Enough, it is certain,  
Has here been disclosed to stir up the pity  
Of every benevolent heart in the city,  
And spur up humanity into a canter  
To rush and relieve these sad cases instant.  
Won't somebody, moved by this touching description,  
Come forward to-morrow and head a subscription?  
Won't Stewart, or some of our foreign importers,  
Take a contract for clothing our wives and our daughters?  
Or, to furnish the cash to supply these distresses,  
And life's pathway strew with shawls, collars, and dresses,  
Ere the want of them makes it much rougher and thornier,  
Won't some one discover a new California?

Oh, ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day  
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,  
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,  
And the temples of Trade which tower on each side,  
To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and Guilt  
Their children have gathered, their city have built;  
Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,  
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;  
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine brodered skirt,  
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,  
Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair,  
To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,  
Half starved and half naked, lie crouched from the cold.  
See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,  
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street;  
Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell  
From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor;  
Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of Hell,  
As you sicken and shudder, and fly from the door;  
Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare—  
Spoiled children of Fashion—you've NOTHING TO WEAR!

And oh! if perchance there should be a sphere  
Where all is made right that so puzzles us here,  
Where the glare, and the glitter, and tinsel of time  
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime;  
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,  
Unscreened by its trappings, and shows, and pretence,  
Must be clothed for the life and the service above,  
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love;  
Oh, daughters of earth! foolish virgins, beware!  
Lest in that upper realm you have NOTHING TO WEAR!

*[The above admirable Satire has created a great sensation in the United States, in the principal cities of which the ladies dress in so extravagantly fashionable a style as to sometimes quite ruin their husbands. It has been reprinted in London by Messrs. Sampson Low and Son.]*

## A Few Words about Management.

BY CHARLES HARDWICK, G.M.

IN the earlier period of the existence of friendly societies, a large proportion of the subscribed capital was unquestionably expended upon objects which are pretty generally, at the present day, regarded as matters of minor importance. Benevolent gifts, special rewards for services rendered, expenses of public processions and anniversary dinners, as well as the necessary cost of management, together with the relief during sickness, and the amount insured at death, were paid from one general fund. It can, therefore, under such circumstances, be matter of little surprise, that temporary interests and temporary wants were freely and liberally provided for; while the more important, but more remote contingencies, were seriously neglected. It is much to be regretted that many friendly societies have not made so much progress in the eradication of this evil as the more intelligent of the members could desire; but it is at the same time a source of satisfaction to find, that the value and importance of the measures of reform introduced years ago into the Manchester Unity, with reference to this subject, are now not only distinctly understood and appreciated by the great bulk of our own members, but that the example has operated most beneficially upon other kindred institutions. Members of friendly societies, generally, do not, even at the present day, sufficiently comprehend the nature of the laws of sickness and mortality, which necessitate a large accumulation of capital during the infancy of such institutions. The magnitude of the evil which results from the payment of all claims from a common exchequer, is consequently concealed from the intellectual vision, otherwise, their sound-hearted purpose, and correct moral sense, would promptly apply the necessary remedies. The formation of a separate fund for the payment of all minor insurances, benevolent gifts, and the working expenses of a lodge or district, is one of the most valuable legislative enactments of the Manchester Unity. It has not only prevented the indiscriminate profusion engendered by the old practice, but it caused the attention of the members to be more earnestly devoted to the question of management. Direct taxation is ever felt to be a stronger stimulus than indirect, to efficient supervision of the expenditure of public funds by public bodies. Accounts are examined with greater care, and economy is the prevailing cry, where, twelve or fourteen years ago, ill-directed liberality and benevolence would have been in the ascendant. Secretaries of much greater capabilities have been evoked by the change; and, upon the whole, although much yet remains to be accomplished, the Manchester Unity has reason for congratulation on the progress already made, as well as for hopeful confidence in the future.

No permanent social institution of much value was ever perfected but by a gradual process, even when the wealth and intellect of a powerful empire have been directed towards its accomplishment. It was not therefore very probable that imperfectly educated working men, whose efforts were prompted more by benevolent impulse than by intellectual inference, would spontaneously originate a sound financial insurance system; or that they would, without long experience, manage some portions of their business

with the same order and skill as men specially trained for such a purpose. It required a repetition of centuries of blunder, before the enlightened legislature of England discovered the folly and injustice of fixing the value of labour by legal enactment. Some little patience, some little forbearance, and some little sympathy with their efforts, may fairly be claimed for the but partially lettered working men; in the, to them, new field of operation. With all their shortcomings, they have already achieved infinitely more than certain professional actuaries, and many true friends of progress, appear disposed to give them credit for. Nay, I think I shall be able to show, that many of the very acts for which they have been ridiculed and condemned, were eminently serviceable under the then circumstances; that they, knowing their own feelings and the feelings of their class, instinctively hit upon the most efficient means for the accomplishment of their object; and, what is more, that in some respects, these very means have been paraphrased by their detractors!

A few professional actuaries, and some other highly respectable people, are eternally railing about the *mismanagement* of friendly societies. They appear to labour under an impression, that if the working classes would only docilely confide their provident institutions to their paternal care, they could not only *manage* them much *better*, but much *cheaper*, than those directly interested in their prosperity. Every discrepancy which, from their limited field of view, they cannot comprehend, is instantly *set down* as the result of *mismanagement*. There exists a large amount of popular delusion amongst even the best intentioned portion of the middle and upper classes, on this subject, which it is desirable should be dispelled. Actuaries may, nay they do, understand better than simple working men, the laws which regulate the *science* of life and health assurance, and they are equally competent to their enlightenment in this particular, as a solicitor is to instruct them respecting the operations of the laws of the land! I have heard working men complain that the parallel does not end here. Their bills of costs are said occasionally to be of a rather formidable character! On the other hand, scores of the operative members have an advantage over the actuaries, with regard to the practical details, and of management generally, and some of them, since the publication, by the Manchester Unity, of Mr. Henry Ratcliffe's supplement, have learned to value the assets and liabilities of their lodges without professional aid. It is the union of these two distinct classes of knowledge, that can alone insure complete success in the government of friendly societies. Every possible effort ought therefore to be made by the true friends of the provident institutions of the people, for the purpose of instructing the members in the elements of vital statistical science, and as a stepping stone in this great work, every opportunity should be seized, by correspondence with other lodges and districts, to assimilate and improve their methods of bookkeeping, so that the necessary information upon which the valuation of a lodge is based, may be readily available. It is gratifying to know that the members generally begin to see the necessity of improvement in this direction. In my own neighbourhood, several intelligent Odd-Fellows have already effected much good, and are actively engaged in still further extending it.

The members of friendly societies have been pretty soundly rated by the wealthier "friends of the working classes," for their reckless extravagance, and especially in one item. It is generally described as "trumpery regalia." Now, I have very *little* even sneaking love for the aforesaid "trumpery," whether it be exhibited in the form of an Odd-Fellow's sash and apron, a corporation robe and mace, or a ducal heraldic monstrosity; whether its fascinations are embodied in the outlandish parapher-

nalia which grace the processional displays of the Ancient Order of Druids and Foresters, or the more dignified "progresses" of the honourable chief civic functionary of the city of London, whose legitimate importance is doubtless much enhanced in the eyes of both the ignorant and genteel species of vulgar people, by the presence of the two gigantic dolls, those huge atrocities in the carver's art, which purport to represent the mythical guardians of the ancient city—the stalwart Gog and Magog! Nay, I have done something myself in the way of discountenancing the expenditure of much money in this direction; but a strong suspicion has latterly become engrafted upon my mind, that the originators of our society were wiser in their generation, in this respect, than either I or the actuaries. Forms, ceremonies, manners, and customs change, but human nature ever remains at the root substantially the same. The modern plan is to squander money profusely in advertising and puffing, in order to insure the success of a new assurance company. Thousands of pounds are annually expended in this manner. Agents and "touters" are rewarded with heavy per-centages for the procuration of policies; sumptuous offices are erected, resplendent with plate glass and French-polished mahogany. For what? Wherefore all this lavish display; all this "trumpery;"—no, not *trumpery*,—all this *real*, and consequently most expensive splendour! Why, learned actuaries say they have discovered, that in order to get business, it is necessary to make your office and your objects known; and that ten thousand pounds judiciously expended in this manner, during the first year of a society's existence, is a capital investment! From certain recent exposures, it would appear that these gentry are not always either the cheapest or the best of managers. Now, the Odd-Fellows' and other friendly societies' processions have really proved a much more effective system of advertising than that of their wealthy imitators. Their regalia, once purchased, lasted for years, and was even convertible into cash when its further use became locally unnecessary. Not so the advertising machinery of the modern scientific school. Odd-Fellowship has expanded over Britain and her colonies; while hundreds of similar societies have sprung up around it. No expenditure, however great, in the manner adopted by regular insurance companies, would have commanded such a success, for the simple reason that it was not adapted to the education, taste, and condition of the people addressed. This most important circumstance is too often overlooked by wealthy philanthropists, in their efforts to communicate with the people, and hence, to some extent, the relatively inadequate harvest realised from their labours. There appears, at the present time, to be some little reaction going on with respect to society advertising. The insurance companies generally employ an artist to design for them an allegorical emblem, which they display as conspicuously as the Odd-Fellows, &c., do theirs. The members of the Lancashire and Cheshire Historic Society have this year been extremely gratified by a donation of a magnificent silk *guidon* or flag, which they intend to use precisely in a similar manner, and doubtless for a similar purpose, as Odd-Fellows do their banners and other "trumpery." Sunday school children, under the guidance of clergymen, now annually perambulate the streets and lanes, accompanied by bands of music, and flags and banners in endless variety. Truly, the unlearned, but clear-headed and honest-hearted artisan, appears to have understood his business much better than even his best friends have hitherto suspected.

Doubtless there has been more than enough of reckless expenditure on the part of many individual friendly societies, as well as upper-class insurance companies. It is scarcely surprising that an opinion should prevail, in certain quarters, that the management expenses of Odd-Fellows' lodges are very excessive, or that the few office clubs, established on the principle

of the upper-class insurance companies, do their business with greater economy, and increased efficiency. The statement has been made and often repeated, by what is considered respectable authority; while the partial silence of the bulk of the members on the subject, has doubtless tended to fix the impression on the public mind. But ignorance of the practical details has misled the detractors of Odd-Fellowship, even in this respect. They have assumed that all expenditure, otherwise than that for sick and funeral insurance, was, of course, cost of management. But what is the fact? I will take my own lodge as an instance. It is considered a tolerably well managed one, doubtless; but, if I know some worse, I know many quite as good, and a few better. From the balance sheet it appears that the incidental fund consumes twenty per cent. of the contributions. But look at the items. About one half is expended on the minor assurance, for medical attendance and medicine, during sickness. A further one-fourth portion is a contribution to the benevolent widows' and orphans' fund. There are other expenses which relate not to management, such as small payments for leeches, and occasional benevolent gifts to members in distress, or "on tramp." But I will waive the latter, and still we find about five per cent. of the contributions amply sufficient for the cost of management! And this includes lodge, district, and unity expenditure! Can the loudly-vaunted office clubs effect this? Most certainly not. Large premiums are given, by some of them, for the procuration of members or policies; an ordinary agent is paid five per cent. (and he well deserves it) for receiving the contributions. To these must be added the expenses of the head office, as well as the advertising which has superseded the despised regalia and processions.

"Oh; but we save so much by our superior knowledge and our more effective supervision," say the advocates of the office system. Indeed! It is singular that if such be the case, they do not distribute copies of their accounts, so that Odd-Fellows and others may compare notes. The fact is, with regard to sickness, the reverse is the case. I know from the best authority, that the sickness claims in some offices have ranged from ten to fifteen per cent. higher than the certified tables of the actuaries prognosticated, to the utter astonishment of some of their well intentioned supporters. The actuaries' errors resulted from their ignorance of management! Their tables were compiled from the experience, not of office clubs, but from that of the despised and "mismanaged" working men's societies, chiefly. As a rule, the working men pay too small salaries to secure efficiency. There is likewise a vast amount of *free labour* given by the brethren of these clubs. The members are their own governors, and feel a direct interest in the success of their lodges, as a matter of fraternity and philanthropic sentiment.

The man who joins an office club has generally no further feeling in the matter, than the expectation to receive the benefits promised. There is something more than mere verbiage in the *profession of brotherhood* amongst Odd-Fellows. It causes them to meet together in social converse, and to devise plans for the amelioration of the condition of their unfortunate brethren, or their widows and orphans. It causes them to voluntarily fulfil many of the duties necessary to the carrying out of the objects of the society, including the visitation of the sick, for the purpose of checking fraud, as well as for the exhibition of fraternal sympathy. The cost of management is thus materially lessened, while a more effective supervision reduces the number of claimants, and the extent of their claims. Nay, the very feeling of fraternity in the breast of an Odd-Fellow is of itself, I contend, instrumental in keeping down the average liability.

In advocating the claims of the Manchester Unity, I generally avoid in-

stituting invidious comparisons, with what are sometimes termed "rival societies." I should never have challenged the utility even of office clubs if their supporters had not attempted to further their success by ill-judged and ill-tempered attacks upon the working men's own efforts, and especially upon the Manchester Unity. To my mind there cannot be too many workers in so good a cause. The practical success of any one provident institution, is a triumph of the principle of all the rest. The attempt to supersede the working men's sick clubs, by office insurance, has hitherto failed to gain the favour of the masses. Thousands of pounds have been spent in advertising them; powerful influence has been enlisted for their commendation, still the parties who were especially intended to reap benefit from their institution, generally regard them either with suspicion, or with feelings strongly tinged with hostility. There are several good reasons for this. The movement did not emanate from within themselves. The system is not adapted to their wants, feelings or prejudices. And truly enough, as I have already shown, notwithstanding the vaunt to the contrary, the machinery is more costly and less efficient. There are undoubtedly many items of insurance introduced by these offices, which working men might avail themselves of with advantage, and yet we find they have neglected or refused to do so to a very significant extent. The fact is, the English operative will not be driven to join any scheme which is introduced to his notice in a dogmatical manner. The endeavour to gain his favour by stigmatising his own honest efforts for self-dependence and self-advancement, as "humbug," and himself and friends as dupes or knaves, is not a very rational or a very prudent one. It could scarcely be expected to produce other than the fruit it has done, even if the professed teachers had not proven themselves so thoroughly incapacitated for the accomplishment of the object proposed. It has been seen that the would-be instructors themselves require some additional knowledge, not only of the management of friendly societies, but of the temper and intelligence of a large section of the working classes.

I have yet another and a stronger reason why they are unpopular, but it is of too much importance to admit of its being fully stated and enforced at the conclusion of this paper. It will better form the subject of a future article.

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## The Early Life of Dr. Livingstone.*

TOLD BY HIMSELF.

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My great-grandfather fell at the battle of Culloden, fighting for the old line of kings; and my grandfather was a small farmer in Ulva, where my father was born. It is one of that cluster of the Hebrides thus alluded to by Walter Scott:—

" And Ulva dark, and Colonsay,  
And all the group of islets gay  
That guard famed Staffa round."

My grandfather was intimately acquainted with all the traditionary

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* Extracted from the recently published work entitled "The Missionary Travels and Researches of David Livingstone in South Africa." London: John Murray.

legends which that great writer has since made use of in the "Tales of a Grandfather" and other works. As a boy I remember listening to him with delight, for his memory was stored with a never-ending stock of stories, many of which were wonderfully like those I have since heard while sitting by the African evening fires. My grandmother, too, used to sing Gaelic songs, some of which, as she believed, had been composed by captive islanders languishing hopelessly among the Turks.

Grandfather could give particulars of the lives of his ancestors for six generations of the family before him; and the only point of the tradition I feel proud of is this. One of these poor hardy islanders was renowned in the districts for great wisdom and prudence; and it is related that, when on his deathbed, he called all his children around him and said, "Now, in my lifetime, I have searched most carefully through all the traditions I could find of our family, and I never could discover that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If, therefore, any of you or any of your children should take to dishonest ways, it will not be because it runs in our blood, it does not belong to you. I leave this precept with you: Be honest." If, therefore, in the following pages, I fall into any errors, I hope they will be dealt with as honest mistakes, and not as indicating that I have forgotten our ancient motto. This event took place at a time when the Highlanders, according to Macaulay, were much like the Cape Caffres, and any one, it was said, could escape punishment for cattle-stealing by presenting a share of the plunder to his chieftain. Our ancestors were Roman Catholics; they were made Protestants by the laird coming round with a man having a yellow staff, which would seem to have attracted more attention than his teaching, for the new religion went long afterwards, perhaps it does so still, by the name of "the religion of the yellow stick."

Finding his farm in Ulva insufficient to support a numerous family, my grandfather removed to Blantyre Works, a large cotton manufactory on the beautiful Clyde, above Glasgow; and his sons, having had the best education the Hebrides afforded, were gladly received as clerks by the proprietors, Monteith and Co. He himself, highly esteemed for his unflinching honesty, was employed in the conveyance of large sums of money from Glasgow to the works, and in old age was, according to the custom of that company, pensioned off, so as to spend his declining years in ease and comfort.

My uncles all entered his Majesty's service during the last French war, either as soldiers or sailors; but my father remained at home, and though too conscientious ever to become rich as a small tea dealer, by his kindness of manner and winning ways he made the heartstrings of his children twine around him as firmly as if he had possessed, and could have bestowed upon them, every worldly advantage. He reared his children in connexion with the Kirk of Scotland—a religious establishment which has been an incalculable blessing to that country—but he afterwards left it, and during the last twenty years of his life held the office of deacon of an Independent Church in Hamilton, and deserved my lasting gratitude and homage for presenting me from infancy with a continuously consistent pious example, such as that the ideal of which is so beautifully and truthfully portrayed in Burns' "Cottar's Saturday Night." He died in February, 1856, in peaceful hope of that mercy which we all expect through the death of our Lord and Saviour; I was at that time on my way below Zumbo, expecting no greater pleasure in this country than sitting by our cottage fire and telling him my travels. I revere his memory.

The earliest recollection of my mother recalls a picture so often seen among the Scottish poor—that of the anxious housewife striving to make both ends meet. At the age of ten I was put into the factory as a



"piecer," to aid by my earnings in lessening her anxiety. With a part of my first week's wages I purchased Ruddiman's "Rudiments of Latin," and pursued the study of that language for many years afterwards, with unabated ardour, at an evening school, which met between the hours of eight and ten. The dictionary part of my labours was followed up till twelve o'clock, or later, if my mother did not interfere by jumping up and snatching the books out of my hands. I had to be back in the factory by six in the morning, and continue my work, with intervals for breakfast and dinner, till eight o'clock at night. I read in this way many of the classical authors, and knew Virgil and Horace better at sixteen than I do now. Our schoolmaster—happily still alive—was supported in part by the company; he was attentive and kind, and so moderate in his charges that all who wished for education might have obtained it. Many availed themselves of the privilege; and some of my schoolfellows now rank in positions far above what they appeared ever likely to come to when in the village school. If such a system were established in England it would prove a never-ending blessing to the poor.

In reading, everything I could lay my hands on was devoured except novels. Scientific works and books of travels were my especial delight; though my father, believing, with many of his time who ought to have known better, that the former were inimical to religion, would have preferred to have seen me poring over the "Cloud of Witnesses," or Boston's "Fourfold State." Our difference of opinion reached the point of open rebellion on my part, and his last application of the rod was on my refusal to peruse Wilberforce's "Practical Christianity." This dislike to dry doctrinal reading, and to religious reading of every sort, continued for years afterwards; but having lighted on those admirable works of Dr. Thomas Dick, "The Philosophy of Religion," and "The Philosophy of a Future State," it was gratifying to find my own ideas, that religion and science are not hostile, but friendly to each other, fully proved and enforced.

Great pains had been taken by my parents to instil the doctrines of Christianity into my mind, and I had no difficulty in understanding the theory of our free salvation by the atonement of our Saviour, but it was only about this time that I really began to feel the necessity and value of a personal application of the provisions of that atonement to my own case. The change was like what may be supposed would take place were it possible to cure a case of "colour blindness." The perfect freeness with which the pardon of all our guilt is offered in God's book, drew forth feelings of affectionate love to Him who bought us with His blood, and a sense of deep obligation to Him for His mercy has influenced, in some small measure, my conduct ever since. But I shall not again refer to the inner spiritual life which I believe then began, nor do I intend to specify with any prominence the evangelistic labours to which the love of Christ has since impelled me: this book will speak not so much of what has been done, as of what still remains to be performed, before the gospel can be said to be preached to all nations.

In the glow of love which Christianity inspires, I soon resolved to devote my life to the alleviation of human misery. Turning this idea over in my mind, I felt that to be a pioneer of Christianity in China might lead to the material benefit of some portions of that immense empire; and therefore set myself to obtain a medical education, in order to be qualified for that enterprise.

In recognising the plants pointed out in my first medical book, that extraordinary old work on astrological medicine, Culpeper's "Herbal," I had the guidance of a book on the plants of Lanarkshire, by Patrick. Limited as my time was, I found opportunities to scour the whole country side, "collecting simples." Deep and anxious were my studies on the still deeper and more perplexing profundities of astrology; and I believe I got as far into that

abyss of phantasies as my author said he dared to lead me. It seemed perilous ground to tread on further, for the dark hint seemed, to my youthful mind, to loom towards "selling soul and body to the devil," as the price of the unfathomable knowledge of the stars. These excursions, often in company with brothers—one now in Canada, and the other a clergyman in the United States,—gratified my intense love of nature; and though we generally returned so unmercifully hungry and fatigued that the embryo parson shed tears, yet we discovered so many new and interesting things, that he was always as eager to join us next time as he was the last.

On one of these exploring tours we entered a limestone quarry—long before geology was so popular as it is now. It is impossible to describe the delight and wonder with which I began to collect the shells found in the carboniferous limestone which crops out in High Blantyre and Cambuslang. A quarryman, seeing a little boy so engaged, looked with that pitying eye which the benevolent assume when viewing the insane. Addressing him with, "How ever did these shells come into these rocks?" "When God made the rocks he made the shells in them," was the damping reply. What a deal of trouble geologists might have saved themselves by adopting the Turk-like philosophy of this Scotchman!

My reading, while at work, was carried on by placing the book on a portion of the spinning jenny, so that I could catch sentence after sentence as I passed at my work; I thus kept up a pretty constant study, undisturbed by the roar of the machinery. To this part of my education I owe my present power of completely abstracting the mind from surrounding noises, so as to read and write with perfect comfort amidst the play of children, or near the dancing and songs of savages. The toil of cotton-spinning, to which I was promoted in my nineteenth year, was excessively severe on a slim loose-jointed lad, but it was well paid for, and it enabled me to support myself, while attending medical and Greek classes in Glasgow in winter, as also the divinity lectures of Dr. Wardlaw, by working with my hands in summer. I never received a farthing of aid from any one, and should have accomplished my project of going to China as a medical missionary, in the course of time, by my own efforts, had not some friends advised my joining the London Missionary Society, on account of its perfectly unsectarian character. It "sends neither Episcopacy, nor Presbyterianism, nor Independency, but the Gospel of Christ, to the heathen." This exactly agreed with my ideas of what a missionary society ought to do; but it was not without a pang that I offered myself, for it was not quite agreeable to one accustomed to work his own way, to become in a measure dependent on others. And I would not have been much put about though my offer had been rejected.

Looking back, now, on that life of toil, I cannot but feel thankful that it formed such a material part of my early education; and, were it possible, I should like to begin life over again in the same lowly style, and to pass through the same hardy training.

Time and travel have not effaced the feelings of respect I imbibed for the humble inhabitants of my native village. For morality, honesty, and intelligence, they were, in general, good specimens of the Scottish poor. In a population of more than two thousand souls, we had, of course, a variety of character. In addition to the common run of men, there were some characters of sterling worth and ability, who exerted a most beneficial influence on the children and youth of the place by imparting gratuitous religious instruction. Much intelligent interest was felt by the villagers in all public questions, and they furnished a proof that the possession of the means of education did not render them an unsafe portion of the population. They felt kindly towards each other, and much respected those of

the neighbouring gentry who, like the late Lord Douglas, placed some confidence in their sense of honour. Through the kindness of that nobleman, the poorest among us could stroll at pleasure over the ancient domains of Bothwell, and other spots hallowed by the venerable associations of which our school books and local traditions made us well aware; and few of us could view the dear memorials of the past without feeling that these carefully kept monuments were our own. The masses of the working people of Scotland have read history, and are no revolutionary levellers. They rejoice in the memories of "Wallace and Bruce and a' the lave," who are still much revered as the former champions of freedom. And while foreigners imagine that we want the spirit only to overturn capitalists and aristocracy, we are content to respect our laws till we can change them, and hate those stupid revolutions which might sweep away time-honoured institutions, dear alike to rich and poor.

Having finished the medical curriculum, and presented a thesis on a subject that required the use of a stethoscope for its diagnosis, I unwittingly procured for myself an examination rather more severe and prolonged than usual among examining bodies. The reason was, that between me and the examiners a slight difference of opinion existed as to whether this instrument could do what was asserted. The wiser plan would have been to have had no opinion of my own. However, I was admitted a licentiate of Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons. It was with unfeigned delight I became a member of a profession which is pre-eminently devoted to practical benevolence, and which, with unwearied energy, pursues, from age to age, its endeavours to lessen human woe.

But though now qualified for my original plan, the opium war was then raging, and it was deemed inexpedient for me to proceed to China. I had fondly hoped to have gained access to that then closed empire by means of the healing art; but there being no prospect of an early peace with the Chinese, and as another inviting field was opening out through the labours of Mr. Moffatt, I was induced to turn my thoughts to Africa; and after a more extended course of theological training in England than I had enjoyed in Glasgow, I embarked for Africa in 1840, and, after a voyage of three months, reached Cape Town. Spending but a short time there, I started for the interior by going round to Algoa Bay, and soon proceeded inland; and have spent the following sixteen years of my life, namely, from 1840 to 1856, in medical and missionary labours there, without cost to the inhabitants.

As to those literary qualifications which are acquired by habits of writing, and which are so important to an author, my African life has not only not been favourable to the growth of such accomplishments, but quite the reverse; it has made composition irksome and laborious. I think I would rather cross the African continent again than undertake to write another book. It is far easier to travel than to write about it. I intended, on going to Africa, to continue my studies; but as I could not brook the idea of simply entering on other men's labours made ready to my hands, I entailed on myself, in addition to teaching, manual labour in building and other handicraft work, which made me generally as much exhausted and unfit for study in the evenings as ever I had been when a cotton-spinner. The want of time for self-improvement was the only source of regret that I experienced during my African career.

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## Odd : Fellowship.

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**GREAT DEMONSTRATION AT PRESTON, IN HONOUR OF CHARLES HARDWICK, G.M.**—On the evening of Wednesday, November 18th, a public tea party and concert took place at the Exchange Assembly Rooms, Preston, to celebrate the election of Mr. Charles Hardwick to the office of Grand Master of the Unity. An excellent tea was provided, accompanied with a plentiful supply of dainties and substantial, which were amply discussed by about 300 persons. The tables having been cleared, the interesting proceedings of the evening commenced.—L. Spencer, Esq., ex-mayor of Preston, occupied the chair; and on the platform were Mr. Daynes, Norwich; Mr. Schofield, Bradford; Mr. Curtis, Brighton; Mr. Gale and Mr. Luff, Liverpool; Mr. Richardson, Kendal; Mr. W. Ainsworth, Mr. Hardwick, Mr. G. F. Pardon, Mr. R. Hornby, and others. The choir, consisting of Mrs. Kirby and Mrs. Woodburn, Messrs. Hill, Oddie, Trotter, and Sumner, added much to the pleasures of the evening. Mr. R. Riley had also been engaged to sing a selection of his most admired songs, and we need scarcely say they were received with loud and well merited encores. After several resolutions had been proposed and carried unanimously, Mr. Richard Hornby moved—"That the untiring zeal and unimpeachable integrity, displayed by Charles Hardwick in the cause of friendly societies generally, and of the Manchester Unity particularly, entitle him to the warmest approbation of his countrymen; and this meeting congratulates him upon having attained the well-earned position of chief officer of this vast and important society, in full confidence that his administration will reflect honour and credit upon himself and his fellow-townsmen, and promote the welfare of the institution."—The resolution was seconded by Mr. Councillor Schofield, of Bradford, in an able speech, and carried by acclamation.—When Mr. Hardwick rose to reply, he was received with cordial applause, and it was some minutes before he could speak. It was easy to perceive that Mr. Hardwick was not only well known in Preston, but that all classes loved and respected him for the simple, earnest, and withal highly-valuable enthusiasm he had displayed in the cause of friendly societies. To speak of himself, he said, was but a bad subject to make a speech upon. He felt grateful to his friends that they should feel that his services had merited that demonstration; but he considered it was also intended to show what Odd-Fellowship was. He was not one of those who would say he was independent of others, nor did he think that any person could come forward and say that he was independent of those around him, and especially of the working classes; and as they were more or less dependent on them, it was the duty of all to contribute something to the improvement and education of the great mass of their population. It had been truly said, that the history of the working classes had yet to be written. What they had read of them hitherto was but like the very short histories which they read at school. He then proceeded to give an interesting account of the progress of working men since the days when they were not allowed to hire themselves out, as at present, but were held as serfs compelled to take a certain amount of wages, and nothing more, and the man who paid more was imprisoned along with the receiver of such wages. When their emancipation commenced, they had no societies like theirs to fall back upon in times of need and sickness; and they were

then even worse off than when, like the slaves of Carolina, they were the property of others. The first man who took their part properly was Mr. Pitt. In reference to societies like the Odd-Fellows', they were not to think that they had been founded by Julius Cæsar, or were dated some centuries ago. It was only about the middle of the last century that a few sick societies were formed; and it would be recollected that their own society commenced its operations in the year 1812. Since that time they had formed the theme of every good member of parliament, and they now stood forward in a prosperous position, and he was able to state that there were, among the working classes, those who were better fed and clothed than many tradesmen were a century and a half ago. He also believed that their society was doing more to educate the people than any other institution, except those established especially for that purpose. After briefly touching on France and India, he said that their society did much in aid of the prevention of crime, and, in some degree, to administer punishment to offenders; for if a member committed a crime, he was expelled, which was a great blow to him, for in addition to loss of character he lost the money he had previously paid into the funds. He concluded by saying that he would not tarnish the honour they had conferred upon him, and which had been conferred without having been sought by his own ambition. He mentioned this to encourage others to persevere, as the office would be open to them as well as for him. They must not think that the honour which he had received would make him think more vainly of himself in the morning; no, such ideas as these he would keep to himself until he felt a flagging in his duties; then he would remember the reception of that evening, and it would stimulate him to further exertions.—The thanks of the meeting were then given to the chairman, when, after a chorus by the professionals present, the meeting separated.

In reference to this demonstration the *Preston Herald* says:—"To nearly all the improvements effected in the constitution of friendly societies, the benevolent, philanthropic mind of Mr. Hardwick has been directed. And though great credit is due to others who have assisted, and in some cases originated these noble measures, there is no doubt, that to Mr. Hardwick is due a large share of their success and present operation. It must have been a proud moment for the Grand Master to see himself, after so many battles with prejudice and ignorance, the coldness sometimes of friends, the hatred of those who differed from him, the obloquy now and then of standing alone—it must have been a proud moment to see himself, not like Canning, literally hunted down to the grave, but surrounded by the great supporters and friends of the Manchester Unity; the pith and marrow of a great institution, and that, too, for the purpose of congratulating the champion who has fought so many battles for the good of his kind, on the happy event which a short time ago placed him at the head of the largest order, the most extensive and most useful benefit society, in the world. Our only wish is, that the Grand Master may long live to give to society the advantage of those rare qualifications which are but seldom found combined in one man, and that the fruits of his labours may not only be felt more extensively by the present generation, but be acknowledged as a signal boon by posterity;" and to all this we say—heartily, cordially, and sincerely—Amen!

**DEMONSTRATION AT LEEDS.**—The members of the Jolly Sailor Lodge held their annual dinner at the Brown Cow Inn, Meadow Lane, Leeds, on Tuesday evening last. The anniversary was rendered of more than ordinary interest by the presence of the G.M. (Mr. Charles Hardwick), and other officers. The Vicar of Leeds (the Rev. Dr. Hook), who is always ready to give his counte-

nance and support to any organisation which tends to promote careful habits or foster kindly feelings, and a considerable time since showed his appreciation of the principles of Odd-Fellowship by becoming a member of the Jolly Sailor Lodge, also took part in the proceedings. Nearly 100 persons sat down to a substantial repast. The room was decorated with evergreens, and banners, bearing suitable inscriptions, were also suspended in various parts of it. After the cloth had been removed, Mr. Kidd, the Prov. G.M. was appointed chairman, and amongst the gentlemen at the principal table were the Rev. Dr. Hook, vicar of Leeds; the Rev. H. E. Phillips, incumbent of Christ Church; Mr. Councillor Sheldon; Mr. Hardwick, G.M.; Mr. William Alexander, of Leeds, the D.G.M.; Mr. Schofield, of Bradford, P.G.M.; Mr. W. Aitken, P. Prov. G.M.; Mr. Thomas Barrett, of Leeds, Prov. D.G.M.; and Mr. Thomas Parker, of Shipley, Prov. C. S. Mr. Hardwick, in responding to the toast—the Grand Master and Board of Directors—said he regarded the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows as a strong development of that practical independence which was continually exhibited by the Anglo-Saxon people. He contended that no more significant exhibition of that strong independent principle inherent in the Anglo-Saxon race could be pointed to than was manifested in the development of friendly societies. The Manchester Unity was the greatest of a large collection of similar societies, and it had been calculated that upwards of 3,000,000 of British people had joined it and other associations founded on similar principles. Odd-Fellows' societies not only directly benefited the working classes, but they were also a benefit in many ways to the middle and upper classes, and by improving the moral tone and character of the working classes they were a great helpmate to the clergy. When it was remembered that the Manchester Unity subscribed about £300,000 per annum, of which it expended about £200,000, under circumstances which in many cases would otherwise throw the recipients on the parish, it would be at once seen that the society was eminently entitled to the countenance, assistance, and support of the taxpayers of the country, whether they were peers or shoemakers; and as it tended to prevent poverty, so it tended to check one of the greatest incentives to crime. Mr. Hardwick referred at some length to the details of the management of the society, which he spoke of in terms of high commendation, but stated that the Manchester Unity did not consider its system to be perfect, and was quite ready to adopt any improvements. He concluded by returning thanks on behalf of himself and the other directors of the Order.

### Friendship, Love, and Truth.

*An Address delivered by JAMES CURTIS, P.P. G.M., at the Fourteenth Annual Fête, in aid of the Widow and Orphans' Fund, Swiss Gardens, Shoreham, June 30th, 1851.*

Kind friends and patrons, scattered here around,  
Where mirth combined with social joy is found,  
I crave your patience; pray, don't think me rude,  
If on your time a moment I intrude;  
For on this day of revelry and glee,  
Let not our duty e'er forgotten be;  
The daily duty that we owe each other  
Is e'er through life to love and serve a brother.  
Our motto this, it binds both age and youth,  
These three great virtues,—Friendship, Love, and Truth.  
O! may true Friendship bind each brother's heart,

May holy Love its peacefulness impart,  
 And may pure Truth, united with the others,  
 Cause God to bless and aid this band of brothers.  
 But more than this we other duties find,  
 We cheer the widow left by spouse behind,  
 We also aid the helpless offspring left,  
 And succour those of father kind bereft.  
 O ! is not this a holy task for all,  
 A task in which may join both great and small,  
 To cheer the widow, haste to soothe her grief,  
 And to the orphan child to bring relief.  
 'Tis for this purpose that we're met to-day,  
 To aid a fund to drive distress away,  
 To wipe from grief the piteous tear of woe,  
 And soothe the pang of parting here below.  
 O ! then, my friends, whilst joy and mirth abound,  
 May holy Love and Charity be found !  
 Be gay, be merry, on our festive day,  
 And still do good while pleasure bears the sway.  
 Accept, my friends, our grateful thanks to all  
 Who've rallied round on this, our festive call.  
 O ! may no care or grief your life oppress,  
 May you ne'er suffer want or feel distress.  
 But ere I end, I yet a wish will give,  
 For us, my friends, whoe'er as brothers live,  
 O ! may we all act so towards each other,  
 As e'er becomes a friend, as e'er adorns a brother.  
 And thus may we pass through this busy life,  
 A happy band, e'er free from care and strife,  
 And when at length we've run our course of love,  
 May each one find a happy home above.  
 Kind friends, adieu, may you all merry be,  
 Enjoying yourselves with happiness and glee ;  
 Be this the plan—to guide and rule each brother,  
 Live not for self alone, but for each other !

[Mr. James Curtis, G. M. of the Brighton district, and a member of the Board of Directors, has consented, at the request of several members of our Order, to publish a series of addresses, written by himself, and delivered on public occasions—No. 1 of which is given above.]

#### THE PROPOSED CHANGE OF NAME.

##### *To the Editor of the Odd-Fellows' Magazine.*

Sir,—A proposition was carried in the South London District, at their September committee, to ignore the name of "Odd-Fellow" altogether, as far as regards the Manchester Unity. The reason assigned being, that there are so many societies of Odd-Fellows that it became necessary to have the name done away with, and for our society to be called simply the "Manchester Unity Friendly Society."

This resolution will be submitted to the next A.M.C. Therefore, it is necessary for our districts to look well into this matter, and not allow our name to be taken away from us without it being well discussed, *pro* and *con* in our respective lodges ; and also to sound the delegate on the subject previous to his being sent to the committee. For it is my firm impression,

that when we change the name of our much-favoured society, we change with it its entire nature. We shall be beginning the work that it has taken us years to overcome. It would appear to the world as a newly-born society, instead of one of the oldest and most respectable, and would be consequently distrusted. When we are ashamed of our name let us alter it, but not till then. The name Odd-Fellow has a charm for me, and many of my brother-members, which it will not be very easy to destroy; and we shall certainly use every endeavour to prevent its overthrow. I might also allude to the proposed change in a pecuniary point of view, seeing that it would cause the reprinting of every kind of book, &c. which is used in the Order. This, however, I do not consider half so important as the danger likely to arise to the Order itself. I will, therefore, not occupy any more of your space, but conclude with the hope, that all Odd-Fellows will be fully alive to the importance of the matter, and preserve our name and Unity intact.

W. A.

*P.G. of the Travellers' Rest Lodge, South London District.*

**FREE LECTURES.—NORTH LONDON DISTRICT.**—At a time when instruction and entertainment, by means of lectures, is so general and popular, it may be worth consideration whether "free lectures" should be given in connection with the lodges of the Unity, for the benefit of the newly initiated members, and those whose training has been neglected. It seems the proper way to impart a correct knowledge of the constitution and working of the society, which cannot, necessarily, be attained by merely being present at the regular meetings; and such instruction must certainly assist to make those who are ambitious for office useful and zealous members, who, fully understanding the objects and spirit of friendly society combination, will properly fulfil their duties. More, strangers, attending such lectures, gain more correct ideas concerning the societies than those which are too popularly current. During the month of December last, three free lectures have been delivered to the members of the Marc Antony Lodge and their friends, by the secretary, P. G. Harris. The first consisted of an outline of the history, a general exposition of the principles, and various arguments as to the utility of these societies. The second was devoted to the consideration of statistics, their application to friendly societies being fully dwelt upon, the peculiarity of the experience of the societies was pointed out, and the great importance of collecting that experience was urged: the lecturer here touched at some length upon the general duties of officers, and, asking his hearers to conceive a society well constituted and established, proceeded to explain the conduct of business of the societies out of the meetings, and the rules governing the proceedings at the meetings. In the third lecture, the benefits provided in friendly societies formed the object of discourse—the usual sick pay, funeral money, and assistance to widows and orphans—and, connected with them, the consideration of the question of increasing the benefits to suit all classes of members. The lecturer maintained that the Manchester Unity and other Orders should extend their operations (by providing larger benefits) on the present basis of the societies. Without disturbing the arrangements with existing members for the present benefits, or interfering with the law of clearances, he urged the establishment of district assurance funds and district sickness funds, under the management of the officers for the time being, for securing to those members whose means enable them to subscribe for such benefits, assurances of £50, £100, or other sum, on death, within the amount prescribed by law; and from the sickness fund an extra 10s. or £1 per week when in receipt of the lodge sick pay; and the probable amount of subscriptions required for such objects



were stated. It was also contended that widow and orphan funds should be more strictly constituted as survivorship assurances, keeping the accounts distinct, as the "widows' fund" and "orphans' fund," and making a valuation of each fund periodically, the profits could be carried to a "bonus fund," which might be applied for the benefit of widows and children in extreme circumstances.—The lectures were listened to with marked attention, and it was stated that propositions had been adopted by the lodge for effecting changes in the financial arrangements of the district, in accordance with some of the views expressed.

**INAUGURATION.—LANCASTER.**—On Saturday, September 26th, the friends of the late John Toyer, P.Prov.G.M. of the Lancaster District, assembled round his grave, for the purpose of inaugurating a monument erected to his memory.—The memorial is of freestone, and has a base of about four feet square, with cornices, and on the top a pedestal, with a "Hand and Heart," neatly executed. Its height, in all, is about six feet, and it bears the following inscription :—"In memory of John Toyer, who died 8th day of December, 1856, aged 47 years. Erected by the members of the Lancaster District of the I. O. of Odd-Fellows, Manchester Unity."

**DUBLIN DISTRICT ANNUAL GRAND BALL.**—On Monday, the 23rd November, the Dublin District Annual Grand Ball took place in the Rotunda. The *Freeman's Journal* says that, "as a festive re-union, it was in every respect eminently successful, and reflected much credit on the society. The attendance was exceedingly numerous and respectable, and this result was the more gratifying to the promoters from the fact that the proceeds are to be applied towards the increase of a fund specially devoted to relieving the widows and orphans of deceased members, who may, from circumstances, be compelled to seek such aid. The entire suite of rooms was thrown open, brilliantly lighted and decorated for the occasion. The arrangements were of an unexceptionable character, and were well carried out by the district officers, who were unremitting in their attention to the company. All present seemed to enjoy themselves in the highest degree, and dancing was kept up till an advanced hour of the morning, to the excellent music of the band of the 30th Regiment, and Kelly's, and White's very efficient string bands. Refreshments of a superior description were plentifully supplied in the concert-room."

### Presentations, &c.

**BURNLEY.**—On Saturday, July 4th, 1857, at the quarterly meeting of the district, P.Prov.G.M. John Watson was presented with a handsome Silver Snuff-box, bearing a suitable inscription, as a mark of esteem for the efficient manner in which he had filled the offices of D.G.M. and Treasurer, and admiration for the zeal and ability he had uniformly displayed in the advocacy of Odd-Fellowship.

**DUBLIN.**—At the District Board of Management, on Wednesday, the 25th of November, Prov. G.M. Peter Harvey, presented, in the name of the district, to P.P.G.M. Patrick William Quigley, a very handsome gold watch and chain, with a purse of money. On the back of the watch was engraved a suitable inscription. This handsome gift was the voluntary contribution of the members of the respective lodges, in testimony of the zeal and attention of P.P.G.M. Quigley in the performance of the duties of D.G.M. and G.M. during the years 1855 and 1856.

**DURHAM.**—On the evening of Wednesday, November 4th, the members of the Rose of Durham Lodge assembled at the house of Mrs. Hall, Silver

Street, Durham, for the purpose of presenting Mr. Councillor John Watson with a Testimonial of their approval of the valuable services he had rendered to the lodge, the district, and the Order. About eight o'clock, nearly fifty members of the lodge and their friends sat down to an excellent supper; the Rev. Alan Greenwell in the chair, and the vice-chair occupied by Henry Smales, Esq. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the Chairman, in an effective speech, and in the name of the members of the lodge, presented the testimonial to Mr. Watson. It consists of a handsome and massive Silver Spirit Stand, with cut glass bottles, and bears the following inscription:—"Presented by the members of the Rose of Durham Lodge of Odd-Fellows, M.U., to P.C.S. John Watson, of the city of Durham, attorney-at-law, &c., in special acknowledgment of much valuable professional assistance, generously given by him to the lodge at a time of trouble; and as a mark of respect and admiration for his zealous usefulness in the humane cause of Odd-Fellowship. Durham, Oct., 1857."—In reply, Mr. Watson thanked them heartily, not only for the handsome testimonial he had just received, but also for the kind manner in which it had been conveyed to him. He dwelt upon the legal struggle in which the lodge had been engaged. Although they had not come out of that struggle altogether triumphant, it had, nevertheless, been the means of greatly strengthening the hands of those who were endeavouring to obtain what he might term the charter of incorporation they now happily possessed in the Friendly Societies' Act.—During the course of the evening, numerous songs were sung and toasts proposed; among the latter were "Prosperity to the Manchester Unity," proposed by Mr. Sutherland and responded to by Mr. Alderman Robson; "The Durham District," proposed by Mr. Pearson, and responded to by Mr. J. Watson; and "The Rose of Durham Lodge," proposed by Mr. Davison, for which the Chairman returned thanks. He congratulated the members of the lodge on their increasing prosperity—as was evidenced by the fact that during the past year the capital of the lodge had been increased by the amount of 10s. each member—a state of things which he considered afforded good grounds for congratulation.—After the healths of the Chairman and Vice-Chairman had been duly proposed and honoured, the company separated.

**STALYBRIDGE.**—The members of the Foundation Stone of Truth Lodge, No. 310, Stalybridge District, at their meeting, on the 5th December last, made the following presentation:—To P.Prov.G.M. William Johnson, a silver medal and watch-guard, with a purse of money, as a token of their appreciation of his valuable services to the lodge and district as corresponding secretary.

**WEST BROMWICH.**—The members of the Widows' and Orphans' Institution, West Bromwich District, at their meeting, on the 17th October, presented a handsome writing desk to W. Dawes, C.S., for his gratuitous services as secretary to the above institution for the last eight years. The desk bore the following inscription:—"Presented to William Dawes, by the members of the Oldbury and West Bromwich Widows' and Orphans' Institution, M.U., as a token of respect for his valuable services. July 1st, 1857."

**WINDSOR.**—In the notice of a presentation to P.G.M. Hall, by the King of England Lodge, which appeared in the last number, the place is wrongly given as "Eton." The mistake was neither the Editor's nor the Printer's.

**OBITUARY NOTICE.**—Died, at Silkstone, Yorkshire, on the 5th December, 1857, Mr. James Wilson, aged 71 years. He was a member of the Welcome Friend Lodge, No. 247, for upwards of 30 years; and upwards of 50 of its members attended his funeral, as a last tribute of respect to his memory.





*W. Encombe Photo.*

*W. Morton, St. Manchester.*

I am yours very truly  
Charles Hardwick

THE  
ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.  
NEW SERIES.

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No. XL.]

APRIL, 1858.

[Vol. I.

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Charles Hardwick, G.M.

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OUR "portrait gallery" is this quarter graced by the "counterfeit presentment" of the present Grand Master of the Unity, a gentleman well known throughout the Order for both literary and personal exertions in the cause of Odd-fellowship. Mr. Charles Hardwick was born at Preston, on the 10th of September, 1817. His father was a respectable and industrious inn-keeper at that town. His paternal grandfather was a tradesman at New Malton, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and his maternal grandfather was a farmer at Waddington, in the West Riding of the same county. At the early age of eighteen, Mr. Hardwick, by the demise of his father, was left at the head of a rather numerous family, his mother having died about ten years previously. The subject of our sketch received his education at private schools in his native town, aided, in his advanced youth, by a studious application to the stores of the local literary institutions, and a punctual attendance upon a mutual improvement society for the practice of the fine arts.

When a little more than fourteen years of age, he was apprenticed to a letter-press printer, and, although he has not practised that craft,—the arts

and literature having since claimed his attention,—his early connection with the mechanics of a literary life has not been without its advantage to him in his subsequent career as an author. During his apprenticeship, which was at the office of the *Preston Chronicle*, he occasionally contributed to the columns of that journal, with which he has since maintained an occasional literary connection.

It was not until his twenty-fourth year that Mr. Hardwick became identified with the vast society of which he is the present chief. He was proposed a member of the Pleasant Retreat Lodge, in Preston, in March, 1841, but he was not initiated until the following June. He, however, took little interest in Odd-fellowship until the year 1845. This memorable year, our readers will recollect as that in which the Annual Moveable Committee was held at Glasgow, when the financial arrangements of the Unity were placed on an improved basis, and the society really saved from the wreck into which so many similar institutions had drifted. Mr. Hardwick saw that the resolutions adopted at the Glasgow A.M.C. were such as, if acted upon, would prove a great means towards the salvation of the Order. His lodge was summoned to take these resolutions into consideration, and he then made his first speech. It was in favour of that great measure of financial reform, and on this occasion the "Pleasant Retreat" gave its adhesion to the new order of things. The lodge was then, as now, one of the most numerous and influential in the district, and the unanimity of its decision had its effect on the other lodges. In the Preston District not a single member seceded, and although there was here and there a person of the "old school" who deprecated the change, the innovation was generally accepted in a spirit of approval and satisfaction.

From this time, Mr. Hardwick paid more attention to the affairs of the Order. A great financial and social experiment was on its trial, and he was anxious to see its working. The interest thus manifested occasioned his nomination for the secretaryship of his lodge, to which he was unanimously appointed in December, 1845. He went through the "chairs" in due course. The knowledge of the working of the Unity acquired during his discharge of the duties of the offices of his lodge, and his readiness to be of service to all seeking information at that anxious time, soon pointed him out as fitted for a higher sphere of usefulness, and, at the first election of district officers, after he had taken the purple degree, he was chosen as the Deputy Grand Master of the district by a large majority. He was appointed to this office at Christmas, 1848, and in the following year he was chosen Provincial Grand Master. The manner in which he acquitted himself in the "chairs" of the district was shown by the presentation, at the close of his tenure of office, of a complete set of the "Penny Cyclopædia," splendidly bound, and placed in an elegant mahogany book-case bearing a suitable inscription. His own lodge also marked the close of his district services by presenting to him the thanks of its members, engrossed and framed.

It will be remembered that, on the examination of witnesses before the committee of the House of Commons, in 1849, which was presided over by Mr. Sotherton, the secrecy of the society and its signs and passwords being a bugbear to patrician alarmists, it was stated, that so far from the members of the Order being afraid of publicity as respected its main business, the proceedings of the annual meetings had been reported in the Preston papers, a fact which had much weight with the legislature. Mr. Hardwick's literary connection with the press enabled him to render the Order and the public this great service; he reported the proceedings of the Blackburn A.M.C. in 1849, and of the Halifax A.M.C. in 1850. Previous to these meetings no report had been permitted, and the presence of a reporter at the meetings of the Order had never been recognised. The Preston papers continued to follow the A.M.C. for some years afterwards, reporting its proceedings, until the local press generally began to recognise the presence of the "annual parliament" of the Order, and to publish a record of its proceedings, as of other deliberative representative assemblies, in whatever town it was held.

The present Grand Master was first chosen, in 1851, to represent his district at the Dublin A.M.C. At that meeting he was elected a member of the board of directors. He received a similar mark of the confidence of his brethren at home by being chosen one of their representatives to each succeeding annual gathering of delegates,—at Carlisle, Preston, London, Durham, and Lincoln. His continued services were not unappreciated by the members of the annual committees, for he was each year re-elected on the directory until, at Lincoln, in 1856, he was appointed Deputy Grand Master of the Manchester Unity, and at Norwich, last year, he received, at the hands of the assembled representatives of Odd-fellowship, the highest honour which it was in their power to bestow. He has, so far, discharged the onerous duties of that exalted office to the satisfaction of the Order. In his own district, his election was celebrated by an interesting "demonstration,"—a tea party and concert, attended by some of the leading inhabitants of the town, numerous members of lodges in the district, and a large number of the officials of the Unity.

When Mr. Hardwick's attention had been drawn to the details of Odd-fellowship, he felt that the resolutions of the Glasgow A.M.C. were not all that was needed for placing the financial operations of the society on a perfectly sound basis. He saw that there was considerable lee-way to fetch up both in lodges and districts. The first step in the healing art is to know the disease; so, considering that the first movement for placing the Unity in a satisfactory financial position was to know its real state, he prepared in 1850—while Grand Master of the Preston District—an elaborate statement of the assets and liabilities of the whole district, according to the ages of the members. This report was unanimously adopted by the deputies at the quarterly meeting, and extensively circulated, not merely among the lodges concerned, but, by the special consent of the officers, throughout the whole Unity. Its value was appreciated by all who had given any at-

tention to the position of our lodges, with reference to their ability to meet their pecuniary obligations. Previous to this document being published, Mr. Hardwick had prepared an elaborate statement of the working of the "Preston District Sick Union," in the establishment of which he had taken an active part. This, which was the first annual report of the union, was not without its influence in causing the establishment of sick unions in other districts. The highest compliment to its practical utility was perhaps paid by Mr. Neison, who published it entire, with eulogistic prefatory observations, in his valuable work on "Odd-fellow and Friendly Societies," and in the last edition of his "Contributions to Vital Statistics."

Mr. Hardwick's attention having been thus given to the condition of the Order, he continued to collect further information on the subject. The result of his researches and experience was given to the public in a lecture under the title of "Friendly Societies: their history, progress, prospects, and utility," which he delivered to the members of the Preston Institution for the Diffusion of Knowledge, in 1851. He was solicited to deliver it in many other towns, and he acceded to the request of the members of the Order in the Chorley, Bolton, South London, and Manchester districts, after which he published it as a pamphlet, and two large editions were speedily disposed of—as well as a subsequent "people's edition," published under the auspices of an Equitable Provident Society, in Manchester, with which Mr. Hardwick was for a short time officially connected. On its appearance Mr. Neison wrote to the author, saying:—"I have read with much interest and pleasure your very valuable pamphlet on Friendly Societies, and trust it may have an extensive circulation, as I am satisfied its study will produce, on the minds of Odd-fellows and others, much good." "Chambers's Journal," in reference to this work, said:—"Mr. Hardwick is evidently a man who thoroughly understands the subject. * * * Every man who has an interest, either direct or indirect, in any description of Friendly Society should, by all means, procure and study Mr. Hardwick's lecture. We sincerely believe it to be written in a right spirit, with an honest desire to uplift a warning voice to the existing societies, and to point out the rocks on which so many of them have already split, and on which it is very greatly to be feared that still more of them will hereafter be wrecked." Other publications noticed the work in equally favourable terms. It is not too much to say that the pamphlet has aided materially in the work of improvement which, for the last few years, has been so pleasingly, yet noiselessly progressing.

With the view of giving a practical effect to his knowledge of insurance of pecuniary aid during sickness among working men, Mr. Hardwick, in 1852, accepted an invitation to become the secretary of the Provident Society to which we have referred. His venture was not satisfactory, but the experience he thus had of "office insurance" convinced him, that although desirable as bringing the various classes of insurance within the reach of the working classes, "office insurance" against sickness is nearly imprac-



ticable, and that "club insurance" is the best way in which it can be efficiently carried out, owing to the cheaper and superior checks against imposition.

When Mr. Hardwick quitted his typographical labours, he devoted his time and attention to the fine arts, and for some years practised as a portrait painter and a teacher of drawing. In 1838 the Preston Society of Arts offered various prizes for figure landscape and architectural drawing, and Mr. Hardwick gained the first prize for figure drawing. Of late years the pen has engaged more of his time than the pencil, although, as in the instance of his latest published work, he sometimes invokes the one to the aid of the other. For several years past he has been actively engaged in literary pursuits. He was for some time a frequent contributor to "Eliza Cook's Journal." Here his attachment to friendly societies had its influence. One of his earliest papers to that periodical, "Harry Hartley," was a story intended to show to working men the advantages of being connected with a friendly society. This tale, with some improvements, has appeared in the "Odd-fellows' Magazine" under the more appropriate title of "Mary Hartley, or the Odd-fellow's Wife." He also contributed to "Eliza Cook's Journal" papers on "Burial Clubs and Child Murder," with a view of disabusing the public mind of the absurd notions afloat as to burial clubs being the occasion of a large amount of infanticide. The gifted editress of that periodical has long honoured Mr. Hardwick with her friendship, and she evinced her respect for him, and her sympathy with his exertions in the cause of Odd-fellowship, by writing, especially for his public recitation, the well-known poem, "Odd Lines for Odd-fellows."*

The story of "Harry Hartley" was re-published in America. Mr. Hardwick wrote a series of papers on Friendly Societies for a New York periodical, the "Golden Rule," as he also did for the *Empire*, London newspaper, in 1854. He has also, as will be seen, been a valuable contributor to our Magazine, besides enriching the pages of the "Transactions of the Lancashire and Cheshire Historic Society" with communications of historic interest respecting the neighbourhood in which he resides.

In noticing Mr. Hardwick's literary labours, we cannot omit mentioning the large amount of assistance which he has given, by his frequent lectures, to the educational institutions in his own neighbourhood. In this respect he has been most successful. The questions upon which he has discoursed have been very varied, having included treatises on historical, antiquarian, social, and literary subjects. Mr. Hardwick's literary fame will, however, chiefly rest on his "History of Preston and its Environs," a volume lately issued from the press, the preparation of which has engaged a large share of his time for some years past. It is a goodly tome of seven hundred pages, replete with historic and antiquarian lore. Apart from the ordinary value which such a work, carefully prepared, must possess, Mr. Hardwick's researches in connection with the authorship of this work, solved one great

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* These lines will be found at page 62, in the first volume of our Magazine.

antiquarian problem, and threw much light upon, if they did not actually solve, another. His discovery of a Roman station (the ancient "Coccium") at Walton-le-Dale, completed the chain of stations in Antonine's tenth Iter, perfected the Roman topography of the west of Lancashire and Cumberland, and threw much additional light upon the whole of the north-west of England. His other service to the cause of antiquarian research was the information he brought to bear on the battle of Brunanburh, the great and decisive conflict which, ten centuries ago, drove the Danish invaders and their allies from English soil, and placed, for some time, an Anglo-Saxon dynasty on a precarious throne. This, however, is not the place to discuss these questions. Our Grand Master is now engaged on a permanent work on Friendly Societies, with a view to meet the requirements of both patrons and members, and to aid the cause of future progress. Considering the influence which Mr. Hardwick's literary labours have had on the Society, for no doubt to them and the personal efforts of kindred spirits, the new scales of payment adopted at the Preston A.M.C. are mainly owing, it is not too much to anticipate further benefit to our institution from the projected publication. Mr. Hardwick has likewise delivered, in numerous districts in connection with the Order, lectures and speeches on friendly societies, with the view of disseminating information amongst the members, and defending our Society from the attacks of parties antagonistic to its principles or practices. These exertions of Mr. Hardwick have been prompted by an anxiety to be of service to our institution. They have always been labours of love, and their prosecution has often indeed been attended with a pecuniary as well as a personal sacrifice. Our Grand Master, with an enthusiasm and disinterestedness peculiar to the literary character, has devoted himself to the Order, and employed all the energies of his singularly energetic mind in the elucidation of the truth, as regards Odd-fellowship, without thought of reward. But he has his reward, nevertheless; for his name is known and honoured throughout the land—no slight matter, when we consider that contemporary rather than posthumous fame is the crown that the great men of the earth—poets and painters, historians and statesmen, kings, priests, and councillors—all strive and struggle to win.

As some interest may be felt in the domestic history of our Grand Master, we may mention that he married, in the year 1839, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Thomas Addison, land surveyor, of Leyland, near Preston. He was left a widower at the close of 1841. He has one daughter. He has not entered the married state a second time, preferring to remain in his domestic, as in his public life, an *Odd-fellow*.

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## The Luck of Eden Hall.

### A PRAYER TO THE PEOPLE.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

Song, that all wond'rous things can save,  
Tells how, of old, to Eden's lord  
A magic gift the fairies gave,—  
Some kindly action's rich reward ;  
A crystal cup, that, safe, no ill  
Should unto Eden's race befall ;  
Theirs should be every blessing still,  
While theirs the Luck of Eden Hall !  
O, lords of Eden, treasure up  
The fairies' gift—your magic cup !

Lands, state and reverence, courage, power,  
Wealth that no wildest waste impairs,  
Health, genius, every good's their dower,  
While the good fairies' gift is theirs.  
But let a rash or faithless hand  
The magic blessing once let fall,  
Lost shall be power, and wealth, and land,  
Lost with the Luck of Eden Hall.  
O, race of Eden, treasure up  
The fairies' gift—your magic cup !

O truth, in olden fiction told !  
O England, heed the lesson well,  
A precious truth this tale of old,  
To ears that heed it, still should tell ;  
Unto thy trust a gift, how rare !  
By gracious Providence is given ;  
Oh, of that priceless gift take care,—  
Freedom, that priceless gift of heaven !  
O, race of freemen, treasure up  
Freedom, God's gift—your magic cup !

Since thou hast had it; time can tell  
How every blessing has been yours ;  
Still dost thou prize thy treasure well ;  
See how thy greatness still endures !  
Matchless the race that in thee dwells ;  
Thy sails are white on every sea ;  
To wondering nations glory tells  
Of all possessed and done by thee.  
O, land of freemen, treasure up  
God's priceless gift—thy magic cup !

Hark! through the troubled earth resounds  
 The strife for rights thy sons have here ;  
 While peace abides within thy bounds,  
 And wisdom rules thee free from fear,  
 Envious, thy state the nations see,  
 By tyrants gagged, by priests oppressed ;  
 O race, so great because so free,  
 How blessed are you with freedom blessed !  
 O, land of freemen, treasure up  
 God's priceless gift—thy magic cup !

Ah, prize it well! O my own land  
 Let not the mocking nations see  
 This blessing, given to thy hand,  
 E'er held less dear than now by thee !  
 Still let this highest gift of God,  
 Thee, land, above the nations lift !  
 So shall thy future path be trod  
 Secure from ill, through this God's gift.  
 O, race of freemen, treasure up  
 God's priceless gift—your magic cup !

So in its weird strength shalt thou stand  
 Rock-like amid the waves of ill ;  
 Thy conquering march through time, how grand !  
 Thy future ever grander still ;  
 But O, remember, in that hour  
 Thy hold is from thy treasure forced ;  
 To weakness turns thy vaunted power,  
 With freedom's loss shall all be lost.  
 O, race of freemen, treasure up  
 God's priceless gift—your magic cup.

**OUR LANGUAGE.**—Dictionary English is sometimes very different not only from common colloquial English, but even from that of ordinary written composition. Instead of about 40,000 words, there is probably no single author in the language from whose works, however voluminous, so many as 10,000 words could be collected. Of the 40,000 words there are certainly more than one-half that are employed, if they are ever employed at all, on the rarest occasions. We should, any of us, be surprised to find, if we counted them, with how small a number of words we manage to express all that we have to say either with our lips or even with the pen. Our common literary English probably hardly extends to 10,000 words, our common spoken English hardly to 5,000. And the proportion of native or home-grown words is undoubtedly very much higher in both the 5,000 and the 10,000 than it is in the 40,000. Perhaps of the 30,000 words, or thereabouts, standing in the dictionaries, that are very rarely or never used, even in writing, between 20,000 and 25,000 may be of French or Latin extraction. If we assume 22,500 to be so, that will leave 5,000 Teutonic words in common use ; and in our literary English, taken at 10,000 words, those that are non-Roman will thus amount to about a half. Of that half 4,000 words may be current in our spoken language, which will therefore be genuine English for four-fifths of its entire extent. It will consist of about 4,000 Gothic, and 1,000 Roman words.

## Beaumarchais.

BY J. A. WYNDHAM.

ON some half-dozen occasions during the opera season, the English musical public are told, by the neat blue and black "posters" of Mr. Gye, that Rossini's delightful opera of the "Barber of Seville" will be performed. Perhaps not oftener than once or twice in a half-dozen years does the same cultivated class observe a similar announcement with regard to the "Marriage of Figaro," of Mozart.

Two French comedies, of the same title, furnish the foundation for the *libretti* of these operas,—*libretti* which give but a very imperfect idea of their originals, both the work of a thorough Frenchman, who lived through a long life of opposition and busy speculation, who never allowed any obstacles to retard his progress towards the end he had in view, and who even succeeded in getting one of these same comedies produced on the stage in spite of Louis XVI., King of France. This comedy—written during the leisure of one of the busiest men in France, or in any other country, in fact,—was the revolutionary and subversive "Marriage of Figaro," a work so inimical to "the powers that be," that Louis XVI. himself said, "It is detestable, it shall never be played. If I permitted the representation of such a piece, to be logical, I should also have to destroy the Bastille." But this daring dramatic author proved himself more than a match for a king. The play was produced, and by royal command, the King and all his ministers "assisting" at its representation in their private boxes.

This redoubtable playwright was named Pierre-Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais, born Pierre-Augustin Caron, the son of an ex-dragoon turned watchmaker, and himself, up to the age of twenty-one, an obscure workman of the same craft.

It is a question, if even the well-informed people, who occupy the stalls and private boxes during the performance of these two operas, were possessed of any extensive knowledge of the career of Beaumarchais, the creator of the plots of these favourite pieces of musical composition, prior to the publication of his memoirs by M. de Loménie. Alluding to the little that was known for certain in the life of this remarkable man, and to the numerous errors of previous biographers, M. de Loménie says, "It appeared to me that this was a favourable occasion for endeavouring to paint Beaumarchais and his times, and that in this instance the history of an individual might throw some light upon an entire epoch, for the man of whom we are speaking, sprung from the lower ranks of society, went, in a certain manner, through every social position. The astonishing variety of his qualifications brought him into contact with the most different kinds of persons and things, and urged him to play, turn by turn, and sometimes simultaneously, the most different parts. Watchmaker, musician, song writer, dramatist, comic writer, man of fashion, courtier, man of business, financier, manufacturer, publisher, shipowner, contractor, secret agent, negotiator, pamphleteer, orator on certain occasions, a peaceful man by taste yet always at law, engaging like Figaro in every occupation, Beaumarchais

was concerned in most of the events, great or small, which preceded the Revolution."

Pierr Augustin Caron, who at the age of twenty-five assumed the name of Beaumarchais, was born on the 24th of January, 1732, in a watchmaker's shop in the Rue St. Denis, "close to that house in the market where it was, for a long time, thought Moliere was born;" a quarter which also claims as natives Regnard and M. Scribe; and hardly beyond its precincts, in the Rue Montorgeuil, at the house of his grandfather, a tailor, Beranger first opened his eyes on this world. The only boy in a family of six children, Beaumarchais' youth was spent in occupations, and in such company, as fairly entitled him, during this period, to the epithet which he afterwards applied to his own Cherabino in the Marriage of Figaro, viz:—"scamp." Among other and less innocent pursuits, for which the watchmaker's apprentice neglected his calling, was music, of which he was an enthusiastic student. The hard and practical mind of his father, old M. Caron, could never conceive that an influence so gentle should be the means of enabling his wild and dissolute son to take such a grand step in life as in reality it afterwards did. At the age of eighteen Beaumarchais was expelled his father's house. He took refuge with his relations, and through their influence he was again received by his parent, under certain conditions, among others, that he "should not go out at all in the evening," "nor attend supper parties," &c.; the violin and flute, "in consideration of his weakness," were allowed him, "but on the express condition he should only play them on working days after supper, and never in the day time, and that he did so without disturbing the neighbours and his father's tranquillity." This stroke of authority produced its effect; young Caron felt his honour at stake, gave himself entirely to the study of watchmaking, and by way of proving to his father that he was capable of attaining to the highest position in his art, at the age of twenty, he had already discovered a new system of escapement for watches. A celebrated watchmaker of that day, Lefante, attempted to rob him of the merit of his invention. A lawsuit followed, Beaumarchais made his first appearance in print, in a vigorous letter defending his right, and soon after the report of two commissioners, appointed by the Academy of Science, finally decided the matter in his favour. This affair brought the young man into a certain notoriety. He was ordered to construct a watch for the King, and he had the honour to present Madame de Pompadour with a watch in a ring—the smallest which has ever been made. Beaumarchais now styles himself Watchmaker to the King, and his tall graceful figure is seen among the crowd of dandies at Versailles. His friend Gudin leaves a sketch of him, which will account for the success he met with among the ladies of the period, who estimated above all others the style of manly beauty which characterized the bold young watchmaker. "As soon as Beaumarchais appeared at Versailles the women were struck with his lofty stature, his slender and elegant figure, the regularity of his features, his bright, animated complexion, his confident bearing, that air of command which seemed to raise him above all who surrounded him, and, finally, with that involuntary ardour which they exhibited on his appearance. One of these susceptible beauties fell in love with Beaumarchais, and soon after, under pretext of bringing a watch to repair, visited him in the obscure Rue St. Denis. This lady was the wife of an officer of the king's household; her husband, an old and infirm man, held one of the numerous absurd appointments about the court which were granted by the kings of France before the Revolution to the eager crowd of parvenus who were ready to make any sacrifice of money to secure even the slightest hold on the skirts of royalty. Royalty itself was enriched by this weakness of its subjects, and, as Montesquieu said in his "Lettres Per-

sanes," "The King of France has no gold mines like the King of Spain his neighbour; but he has far greater wealth in the vanity of his subjects, which is more inexhaustible than any mine."

In a few months this old gentleman gave up his appointment as Controller of the Pantry, having discovered that old age and infirmities prevented him from properly performing his functions. Young Caron got his place, and made his appearance among the courtiers. The harp, then little known in France, was beginning to become fashionable. The young watchmaker gave himself up to its study, and with such success that his fame reached the ears of the four daughters of Louis XV. He was appointed their music master, and director of their weekly concerts. So much good fortune was not, however, to fall to his share without a sufficient number of anxieties and annoyances. The young musical director had need of all the boldness and tact which formed so large a part of his character, to combat the prejudices of a crowd of cool and haughty aristocrats. Let us see how he conducted himself on these encounters, quoting an instance from M. de Loménie: "A courtier, who had boasted that he would disconcert the protégé of Mesdames de France, met him in the midst of a numerous group, just as he was coming out of the princesses' apartments, arrayed in his court suit, and said, as he handed him a very fine watch:—'Sir, as you understand watchmaking, I wish you would have the kindness to examine my watch; it is out of order.' 'Sir,' replied Beaumarchais calmly, 'since I have ceased to practise the art, I have become very inexpert.' 'Oh, sir, do not refuse me the favour I ask.'—'Very well; but I give you notice that I have become very awkward.' Then, taking the watch, he opened it, raised it in the air, and, pretending to examine it, let it fall upon the ground. Upon which he made a low bow to the proprietor of the watch, saying, 'I had warned you, sir, of my extreme awkwardness.' He then walked away, leaving the nobleman to pick up the remains of his watch." The king's mistress, Madame de Pompadour, and a rich old financier, Paris du Verney, had founded the *École Militaire*, but, wanting the *prestige* of a state visit from the king, it languished, for nine years, as a merely private institution. That which the powerful alliance of a court beauty and an intriguing old *millionnaire* could not accomplish was effected by the young ex-watchmaker, not long sprung from obscurity. The Princesses of France, accompanied by Beaumarchais, visited the school. A few days afterwards Louis XV. himself went in great state to the establishment. The grateful financier resolved to make Beaumarchais' fortune. He lent him money and gave him shares in many of his speculations. Beaumarchais, enriched, must become noble. The title of king's secretary was to be purchased. Now fairly on the track of social elevation and prosperity, the young man stepped boldly forward. Events succeeded each other with dramatic rapidity; he went to Madrid to compel one Clavigo, a flighty Spaniard, to marry his sister—he fell in love with a charming Creole—he produced the comedy of the "Barber of Seville"—he commenced his famous lawsuit with the Councillor Goetzman and the Maupeou parliament, suffering many checks, and receiving many cruel wounds, yet always coming out of the conflict a victor. Dramas, diplomacy, lawsuits, and state business were now the occupation of his life; not pursued singly, with slow and patient effort, but boldly, confidently, and with a vigorous and powerful will. He overthrew

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* Such burlesque offices as the following were held in these days: "Cravat-tyer in ordinary to the King," "Captain of the Greyhounds of the Chamber." There were also three Valets and Guards attached to the Greyhounds of the Chamber.

the Maupeou parliament—he covered the Councillor Goezman with ridicule—making society ring with the echoes of his trenchant satire—he demolished the iniquitous system pursued towards authors by the actors of the Théâtre Français, establishing out of the ruins of an unjust monopoly the Society of French Dramatic Authors. It will be interesting to quote from M. de Loménie a passage illustrative of the kind of warfare he had occasionally to engage in. It will also supply us with a sketch of the French Duke under the *ancien regime*, though we must admit that this noble—the Duke de Chaulnes—was one of the most ferocious and violent men of his time. The quarrel arose out of what Beaumarchais professed to term a platonic affection on his part towards Mdlle. Menard, a celebrated actress; but the Duke de Chaulnes refused to consider the attachment in that light. “We went up stairs, (it is Beaumarchais who speaks), my servant followed me; I asked him for my sword; it was at the furbisher’s. ‘Go and get it, I said, and if it is not ready bring me another.’—‘I forbid you to leave the room,’ said M. de Chaulnes, ‘or I knock you down.’—‘You have changed your intention then,’ I said; ‘Heaven be praised, for I could not fight without a sword.’ I made a sign to my servant, who went out. I was going to write; he snatched the pen from me. I represented to him that my house was a sanctuary, which I would not violate unless he forced me to do so by his outrages. I wished to commence a parley with him about his insane idea of wishing positively to kill me. He threw himself upon my mourning sword, and said to me, with all the rage of a madman, that I should go no farther. He drew my sword, his own being by his side, and was about to rush upon me. ‘Coward!’ I cried, and taking him round the body, so as to get beyond reach of the weapon, I endeavoured to push him towards the mantelpiece. With the hand he had at liberty, he dug his five claws into my eyes and lacerated my face, which became bathed in blood. Without losing my hold I managed to ring; my servants ran in. ‘Disarm this maniac,’ I cried, ‘while I hold him.’ The cook, as brutal and strong as the Duke, took up a log to knock him down. I cried still more loudly, ‘Disarm him, but do not injure him; he would say I had attempted to assassinate him in my house.’ My sword was torn away from him. Instantly he sprang at my hair, and completely stripped my forehead. The pain I experienced made me quit his body, which I was encircling, and with the full force of my arm, I sent a heavy blow with my fist straight into his face. ‘Wretch!’ he exclaimed, ‘you strike a Duke and Peer.’ I confess that this exclamation, extravagantly absurd at such a moment, would have made me laugh at any other time; but as he is stronger than I am, and had taken me by the throat, I could think only how I should defend myself. My coat, my shirt were torn, my face was bleeding afresh. My father, an old man of seventy-five, wished to throw himself between us. He came in for his own share of the scavenger-like fury of the Duke and Peer. My servants interfered to separate us. I had myself lost all restraint, and the blows were returned as fast as they were given. We were now at the edge of the staircase, when the bull fell, rolling over my servants, and dragging me along with him. The dreadful shock restored him somewhat to himself. * * * His fury recommenced, he drew his sword, which had remained at his side—for it must be remarked that none of my people had yet dared to take it away from him, thinking, as they informed me, it was a mark of disrespect which might have been attended with bad results for them. He rushed upon me to run me through; eight persons fell upon him, and he was disarmed. He wounded my valet in the head, cut my coachman’s nose off, and ran my cook through the hand. ‘The treacherous coward,’ I exclaimed; ‘this is the second time he attacks me with a sword, while I am without arms.’ He ran into the



kitchen to look for a knife; he was followed, and everything that could inflict a mortal wound was put away. I armed myself with one of the fire-irons."

The arrival of the commissary of police put an end to this domestic duel. The Duke was led away, and Beaumarchais retired to get his wounds dressed.

A short time afterwards, still composing songs, comedies and operas, and always having two or three lawsuits on hand, Beaumarchais trades in the four quarters of the globe; he has forty vessels of his own on the sea; his navy fights side by side with that of the State; at the battle of Grenada his officers are decorated; he discusses the expenses of the war with the king, and treats with the United States as one power would do with another. "Treated," says M. de Loménie, "as a democrat, under the Royalty, he was persecuted under the Republic as an aristocrat. Proscribed in his old age, he barely contrived to exist in a garret at Hamburgh; and when he returned to his native land, ruined in body but still vigorous in mind, he again mixed himself up in all the affairs of the day—superintended the production of the 'Guilty Mother;' and, with one foot in the grave, recommenced all the labours of his life, and defended himself against a legion of creditors, prosecuted a legion of debtors, and died with lawsuits pending, both against the French Republic and the Republic of the United States."

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## The Language of Flowers.

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In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,  
And they tell in a garland their love and cares;  
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,  
On its leaves a mystic language bears.  
The rose is the sign of joy and love,  
Young blushing love in its earliest dawn;  
And the mildness that suits the gentle dove,  
From the myrtle snowy flower is drawn.

Innocence dwells in the lily's bell,  
Pure as the heart in its native heaven;  
Fame's bright star, and glory's swell,  
By the glossy leaf of the bay are given.  
The silent, soft, and humble heart,  
In the violet's hidden sweetness breathes;  
And the tender soul that cannot part,  
A twine of evergreen fondly wreathes.

The cypress that darkly shades the grave,  
The sorrow that mourns its bitter lot;  
And faith that a thousand ills can brave,  
Speaks in thy blue leaves—Forget-me-not.  
Then gather a wreath from the garden bowers,  
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers.

## The Good Genius of Antwerp.

A RHINE LEGEND.—BY FREDERICK KNIGHT HUNT.

IN the Year of Grace one thousand five hundred and eighty-eight, the gossips of the Place de Meir were amused by a group of persons, who slowly made their way along its uneven surface. They were strangers, and from the baggage carried by two boatmen, and the point from whence they came, it was clear that the canal had been their route from Malines. Their dress was a compound of German and Flemish, with but slight trace of the gayer and more elegant costume of Spain, which at that time was patronised in Antwerp with much real satisfaction by the younger and richer portion of the citizens, but was regarded by the bulk of the people as a caged tiger might look on the spangled habiliments of its keeper. It was evident that the inquisitive looks directed towards the new comers gleaned, from the outward aspect of the party, but slight information calculated to arouse more than a passing interest. It was a widow and her family: she a portly dame, but much dejected in her manner, and they, five sturdy-looking youths and two daughters—the latter more remarkable for neatness than for beauty. All but the mother looked round about them inquiringly, as though to see how the aspect of their new home chimed with the idea they had foreshadowed of it, and one of them,—a boy about ten years old,—showed more than Flemish feeling, by shouting with glee as he pointed out to his sisters the beautiful spire of the cathedral, the decorated gables of some new Spanish-built houses, and the rich trappings of a passing cavalier. Suddenly the *carillons* broke forth with their music, and the shouts were doubled.

"Peter, Peter!" cried his mother, as the boy ran across the broad handsome street to gaze into a court yard, where a large basket of flowers had been placed: "you must be more staid, or you will never be a lawyer."

In a moment he was at his mother's side, and taking one of her hands in both of his, he walked obediently with her, as she led the way down a small street on the left hand, and entered a house. The boy looked round about him, and turning to the youngest girl, said, "I am sure you will like this place, sister. Do not be sorry we have left Cologne—we shall soon learn to love Antwerp as dearly as you love your old home on the Rhine."

In a week, the widow and her children were leading the quiet life of a quiet Flemish family. Peter was busily engaged in learning languages, which he did with great facility, and talking about his intended study of the law,—the profession of his father. But its dry details and subtle niceties were not adapted to his warm imagination. His spirit yearned for things more bright and glowing. When the attire of his brethren and sisters was discussed, he always gave his voice and vote in favour of gay silks and rich velvets, beyond the mother's means. When a fête day called forth the holiday attire, it was Peter who arranged the disposition of the family wardrobe; and criticised the garments of the multitude of citizens who thronged the cathedral at high mass; and when the mass was done, and the host of worshippers had departed, Peter would still linger before the picture of some saint, or stand by the hour watching the forms of the solitary penitents who knelt in prayer on the floor of the cathedral, or in some one of its many chapels. The flood of

rich light that then streamed through the lofty painted windows of the nave was another source of joy to him,—an object almost of his adoration, and he would gaze upon the gold and jewels and rich carvings of the grand altar, until its gorgeousness became almost a part of his mental self. With a thirsty mind, he drank in all that his eye could discover of the majestic and the gorgeous; and when his thoughts were forced by duty from their favourite theme, to the petty quirks, the mean evasions, the unworthy subterfuges, and the cold, hard, worldly realities of the law, the inner rebellion was cruel. The memory of his father's wishes, the desires of his mother, and the persuasion of his friends, weighed heavily in the scale; but a strong nature was too much for them, and Peter at length abandoned with exultation his legal studies to become a page in the house of a noble Spanish family.

* * * * *

Two and fifty years passed away, and the gossips of the Place de Meir were again listening to the same *carillons* that had sounded a welcome to the widow's family more than half a century before. The beautiful spire was there, and the music was the same, and there was a group wending their way towards the widow's house. But where is the boy?

Youth, long ago, had given place to manhood, and even more disgusted with the servile duties of his post than with the formalities of the law, the page became a painter. With the devotion of a spirit engaged in its proper sphere, he wrought late and early at his easel, and soon there came forth from it bold vigorous forms grouped in luxuriant profusion, and glowing with a richness of colour such as never before was produced by the painters of Flanders. Soon on all hands he was greeted as a master, and fame, and honours, and riches poured in rapidly upon him. Journeying to Italy to study the pictures of that country, his polished manners, and the news of his ability, procured him a warm reception at the Court of Mantua—whose duke he consented to serve as envoy to the Court of Spain. The stately *hidalgos* and lofty beauties of that sunny land were charmed with the handsome person, the finished address, and ready pencil of the young Fleming, and Philip the Third and the proudest of his *grandees* were anxious sitters before his easel. But the ambassador was not forgotten in the artist, nor was the object of his mission left unfulfilled. Returning to Mantua he reaped an abundant harvest of thanks and gold, and rich in the world's goods he went to Rome, to Bologna, to Venice, to Milan, to Genoa;—noting in each their treasures of art, and painting late and early with a noble desire to emulate the greatness of the Italian masters. Whilst thus engaged he got news of the mortal sickness of his mother—and the son hurried with all the impatience of filial love to Antwerp, but arrived too late to receive her latest breath.

Honours at home awaited him, but could not for a long time heal his grief. He was named a Councillor of State, and the Archduke Albert loaded him with favours, and gave him a pension, that he might have leisure if he chose it. They tempted him to live at Brussels; but Antwerp was his home, he said, and there he still with unabated ardour worked on, painting altar-pieces, and other such pictures, for most of the chief churches of Belgium. Going to Paris to take a commission for twenty-one large paintings, the King, who ordered them, would have them completed in that city; but *no!*—Antwerp was his home, and there he finished them. Some time before this he had married a native of the city, and this bound him in affection still closer to the place; but at length his wife died, and to amuse his grief he travelled through Holland, and afterwards accepted

missions for Madrid, and subsequently for England. In Spain he again made friends, and painted some magnificent pictures ;—in England he succeeded in procuring for Flanders a treaty of commerce ; and surprised King Charles the First by the variety of his accomplishments, the soundness of his judgment, the richness of his fancy, and the power and never-ceasing industry of his pencil. From London he went again to Spain, and thence once more returned with softened feelings to his much-loved Antwerp. There, in the house near the Place de Meir, the painter received visits from scions of royal houses ; there Ferdinand, the brother of Philip the Fourth, of Spain, and there Maria de Medici, on her way into exile, visited him ; and thus the painter diplomatist and courtier brought honour to the city, whilst he was enriching it by the immortal products of his pencil.

But hark ! the *carillons* are playing merrily, and the group we saw have entered the house, and three of them ascend its stair. There is a notary, a physician, and a noble-looking youth, and they come to see the painter die. There he lies, surrounded by his family ;—noble-looking sons and comely daughters, and his young, second wife. The physician says there is no hope, and the news affects the least the man it concerns most nearly. He is calmly resigned, and with a heart overflowing with love for those around him, amid the prayers and tears of his family, and the sorrow of his townsmen, he closes his earthly career.

Yet though long since dead in body, his name lives after him, and the works of Peter Paul Rubens attest their author's claim to the title of "The Good Genius of Antwerp."

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## April.

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*By the Author of "Spartacus," "The Cathedral Bell," and other Poems.*

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THE equinoctial gales are lull'd to rest ;  
 The early singing-birds unite their strains ;  
 And timid April, by the sun caress'd,  
 Now, with her breath of violets, walks the plains ;  
 And, when her lord, like some enamour'd youth,  
 Dwells on the changeful colours of her brow,  
 She, like some maid, heart-certain of his truth,  
 Smiles through her tears for bliss to share his vow.  
 The days extend—in many-tinted green  
 The buds unfurl their foliage ; and the trees  
 Which, promptest, bloom along the rural scene,  
 Show, like some dress'd regatta, in the breeze.  
 The swallows re-appear—and, hour by hour,  
 Both still and moving life mark Spring's engendering power.

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## Rough Notes of the Cotton Metropolis.

BY W. F. PEACOCK.

AUTHOR OF "OVER WELSH MOUNTAINS," &c.

### A WALK THROUGH A MANCHESTER WAREHOUSE.

"Labour is life! 'Tis the still water faileth;  
Idleness ever despaireth, bewalleth;  
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assalleth;  
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.  
Labour is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;  
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;  
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens:  
Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in tune."

"*Labour is Life!*" and the truth cannot be better evidenced than in a Manchester warehouse. A world itself, each animated atom has its particular place and use, tending to the unity of the whole. And as a "strike" amongst the feeders in a cotton mill is potent enough to stop all the work, so the slightest dereliction from duty, on the part of a warehouseman, is fraught with consequences undreamt of.

"If from the chain, whatever link you strike,  
Tenth or tenth thousand, breaks that chain alike."

And thus it is readily understood why every member of a Manchester house, however important or seemingly-trivial be the part assigned to him, should execute his business with precision, with punctuality, and with vigour. He must not be like the whining schoolboy; it won't do for him to creep like a snail, unwillingly. His heart and hand should go in unison; he must feel an interest in what he does, even though he be (as it were) the lowest step in the commercial ladder. Good masters make good men; and the best proof that the principals in our Manchester warehouses are what they should be, is the perfect concord which exists between them and their subordinates. I have known a case where a firm was temporarily restricted for cash, and the fact being bruited somehow, the warehousemen, high and low, down to the very porters, packers, and errand-lads, contributed (in the most unpretending and deferential manner) their savings; and a round sum was collected and timidly presented to those in power! The sum was not small; it amounted to several hundreds of pounds; and it was sufficient to avert the impending danger. The employers never forgot this.

I have also known many young fellows who earnestly opposed the early closing movement; harum-scarums many of 'em were, *out of hours*, but as punctilious of their employer's time as Sancho of the rights of Don Quixote. They would be at their posts considerably before the appointed time, and remain *until they were ordered off*. Do you believe this? 'Pon my honour I don't care a doit whether you do or not; just because *it's true*. When it was proposed to close at five instead of seven, one of these hearty youths (who was rather fond of pleasure IN HIS OWN TIME) said, "Now, look here!—it's too bad, now! I'm quite content to go at it until seven, but, by Jove!

if I find time to get 'sprung' after that hour, what the patience will become of me if I've two hours additional?" So you see it is rather pleasant than otherwise to be "under" a Manchester merchant; for to his unreserving justice and precision, he adds that kindness which endears him to his servants. Let the mad author of "Ernest Milman" hide his diminished head; such vile untruth as he put forward could only be invented for the purpose of selling the book; just as the people will pay to read Gulliver or Munchausen. I rather expect that the said "author" had been turned away from one of the houses which he taboos; or, perhaps, he had applied for the situation of office lad, and his credentials could'n't stand supervision! Well, let him rest, as you would a plague-stricken wretch whose *loale* is marked by the terrible red-paint sentence:—"Lord have mercy upon him!"

The folk of Ashton-under-Lyne are called "fellows," just as those of Oldham are "chaps," those of Bolton "billies," and those of the great port Liverpool, "gentlemen." Better name than any is ours; we are MEN. The Manchester man prides himself in possessing a title which is as honourable as without pretence.

Wellington said that a great country could not wage a little war. I may say that a Manchester warehouse cannot do a small business. Many of the "houses" are palaces, grand, commodious, and ornamental. I might particularize that of Messrs. Watts, 300 yards in length, and which has already been nicknamed, by those probably who think fortunes are only to be made in dingy counting-houses, "Watts's Folly." But I would rather generalize those of Messrs. S. Fletcher, Son, and Company; George Faulkner; McLaren and Nephews; Henry Bannerman and Sons; Henry Cooke; Potter and Norris, &c., &c.

Let us take an average warehouse, and survey it "from garret to basement," as Tom Hood said. We find it (possibly) to have, as the "firm," six partners, each of whom has the management and presidency of a separate branch. Their positions may be defined thus:—

- 1.
- 2.
3. ————— 5.
4. ————— 6.

No. 1 partner is the capitalist; No. 2, the second in priority; Nos. 3, 4, 5, and 6, have the management of respective "rooms" and branches, and possess each the same interest in the firm. Probably they have a fixed salary and a per-centage on sales.

Of other officers,—the cashier, bookkeeper, hooker-in, sub-bookkeepers, travellers, invoice-clerks, and salesmen; also entering-clerks, (or young men who record the sales) packers, &c.—No. 1 (the capitalist) has general supervision. No. 2 takes the "white" room; No. 3 the "dyed-goods" room; No. 4 the "grey" cellar; No. 5 the "counting-house;" No. 6 the "print" rooms. Besides these branches, there may be apartments devoted to fustians, "blues," flannels, muslins, &c. The "white" room is stocked with linen goods; the "dyed" room with rolls, sarsonets, and such things; the "grey" cellar contains calicoes, long cloths, &c.; the "print" rooms teem with the productions of Messrs. Hoyle & Sons, Schwabe & Co., Simpson & Young, and the other numerous calico-printing firms. The "blues" comprise such articles as chamberys, &c., and may possibly be the manufacture of Marnlands, of Stockport, or Kershaw, Leese, and Sidebotham. And if we glance

at the various "rooms" in their order, we may find them to be arranged somewhat as follows :—

A.		A. A.	
B.		A.	
C.		C. C.	
D.			
E.		E. E.	
F.		F. F.	

A. prints ; A. A. blues ; B. silks, &c. ; c. dyed goods ; C. C. fustians ; D. white goods (linens, muslins, &c.) ; E. packing room ; E. E. counting-house ; F. flannels, druggets, &c. ; F. F. greys, domestics, &c. Besides these there are many offices and minor apartments, which need not be particularised. I may, however, just indicate the "designer's" room, and the "safe" room. In the former may be seen one or two young men, busily engaged with colours and brushes, working at their table, upon which you see squares of prepared paper, cases of drawing pencils, &c. These "designers" are attached to the establishment, and the choicest of their works are given out to the various firms who print, or otherwise manufacture to the order of the Manchester warehouse.

I dare say the stranger may have forgotten that as he passed down Market Street yesterday (wonderfully spruced up, and great in the possession of a marvellous vest, with its bright hues and delicate pattern) a young man passed attentively scrutinizing the said vest. Well,—he was a "designer" in every sense, and his acuteness had suggested an idea. To-day he is actively pursuing it, and to-morrow he will have completed a design born of that identical waistcoat ; just as he would take an idea from the artificial flowers in his sister's bonnet ! And there is more originality in the adaptation of the pattern of a vest, or the flower, suggested, than a stranger would think.

The "safe" room contains the books of the establishment, when the business is ended ; ponderous ledgers, journals, and cash-books, each of which is equal in bulk to three or four family bibles. To get out these massive volumes in the morning, and to replace them at the day's close, somewhat tests the strength of the youths whose business it is, as four ledgers or journals make a weight equal to the lad's strength. The "safe" itself is a lion ; it reaches to the ceiling of the apartment, and is possibly four or five feet in breadth. Remark the thickness of its doors ; no easy matter even to close them, let alone break them open. He would be a clever burglar who could "smash" one of these Brobdignagian Milners ! You may form an idea of the business of the establishment from the many filled and disused books, which are here laid up carefully, like good old servants. In this apartment the partners, 3, 4, 5, and 6, are accustomed to take tea ; an elderly lady being hired, at stated seasons, to prepare it. Be good enough to remember that the partners are as particular in observing the hour of tea as anything else, and they pass through the counting-house to their cups and saucers, with the gravity which characterises all their movements. From Monday to Friday (for Saturday is only a half-day) they observe the hour to the minute.

Necessarily, the system of registering sales, &c., which is followed in one house, may not obtain in another. Therefore, exception might be taken to my subsequent remarks ; only I anticipate it by telling you that though you may take the system I am about to write of, as applying to some firms, you are not to suppose that it is followed by all. And as I can-

not mention *all*, I choose to present just one method. Let us make a purchase and see what comes of it: I will suppose you to have had dealings with the firm, and to enjoy their credit. Your orders, be they for half a dozen pieces, or as many thousands, are duly esteemed. Very good! —you are here to buy, and you begin at once. As you are here to buy *prints*, and as the print-rooms are the highest floors, we ascend this winding staircase. We leave behind us the counting-house, the packing-room, and the grey cellar. The latter, you will remember, is a great oblong, the centre of which is well stocked with calicoes; thousands of pieces being piled up on *settees*, in order the most precise. We shall accompany your purchase (when effected) down stairs, when it will be necessary to enter both the counting-house and packing-room. Now let us go up to the prints. This staircase, broad and handsome, is carried to the top floor; and, in our passage, we meet various clerks and officers, who are intent on their duties. Some have daybooks under their arms, — they are going down to the “giving-in window,” (of which anon), and some are walking about with nothing under their arms, but important matters in their heads. Customers, also, are ascending and descending; certain of them in earnest conversation with the accompanying salesman, &c. Then we meet a few porters, whose shoulders are loaded with bales or pieces; these “lots” are going down to the van in waiting, or to the cart or lurry. Had these “lots” been larger, they would have found their way earthward by the “well-hole,” which runs from the highest to the lowest floor. A trusty servant has the charge of this well, and by working a hand rope he lifts or sinks a great square box made to fit the well, and which contains the goods that are to be taken in stock, or (being sold) are to visit the packing-room for consignment elsewhere.

Well, we have reached the prints. Before you enter into conversation with the salesman, whose tender charge you will be until your business is effected, let us give a thought to the rooms we have passed through by the winding staircase.

The white room.—Here your glance took in the local partner, who was busily instructing some of his salesmen concerning a lot of goods just received. The linens, &c., were in great variety, stacked as in the grey cellar; and the counters around the room bore many opened pieces. Customers were engaged in various parts; and the salesmen’s *actions* and *moving lips* (they were out of hearing distance) showed to you that they felt an interest in the business. Clerks were registering, and porters, almost hidden by their loads, moving about with admirable zeal. So, also, in the dyed-goods room, which had, your olfactory nerves insisted, a perceptible smell of colour. Years ago, the centre of the warehouse was a large blank; the rooms were only so many galleries surrounding an open area, down which, if you looked, you felt the sensation of gazing from the whispering gallery in St. Paul’s! But, in the event of *fire*, what danger would be entailed by that open area! The draught would prejudice the whole building! Then, again, look at the space which could be gained for goods, if the flooring were carried across from wall to wall, and this area abrogated! So, between the fire offices and the firm’s interests, we find the warehouse as it is, and the improvement in being.

For an hour you are shown here and there in the print-room by Mr. Blank, and the various patterns exhibited. As you purchase these or those pieces, he lays one of them aside, as a key-note to the lot of each, and thus, when your business is finished, Mr. Blank has, perhaps, twenty or twenty-five different patterns under his hand, representing (possibly) five or six hundred pieces, and making an account of several hundred pounds. Now, you quit the “floor,” and Mr. Blank wishes you “good



morning!" with real sincerity, for you have given him no unnecessary trouble, and he feels grateful both for your business conduct and respectable purchase.

"Sam!"—At the sound of Mr. Blank's voice, a young clerk of fourteen years hastens to him. The boy has a safety ink-bottle dangling to his button-hole, a pen behind his ear, or between his lips, and a day-book in his hand.

"Ready?"—"Yes, Sir!"

Sam has opened his book, laid it in a proper position on the counter; and now stands, with dipped pen, prepared to record the sale.

Mr. Blank dictates at a good speed, somewhat as follows:—

"Sold to Jeremiah Blowthefire and Company," (you, my dear Sir, represent that firm), "so many Leopard Furnitures at *so and so*; so many Blue and Chocolates at *so and so*; so many —: what are these?" says Mr. Blank to himself; "well, call 'em Thibetian Spots at *so and so*!" And thus he runs on through the entire list; guiding himself by the representative piece of each "lot."

You are not to suppose ignorance of his business because Mr. Blank invented the "*Thibetian Spots*;" the pieces in question had no particular name, and as long as the proper lot is invoiced, Mr. Blank can style it what he likes. I, myself, have known instances of similar invention on the part of the clerks themselves.

Now, Sam has "entered" the sale to your notable firm; at the foot of the entry Mr. Blank has signed his initials in attestation, (after it has been "called over" and verified by Sam), and that worthy youth runs down stairs with his book. He traverses the right wing of the packing-room, in which your goods, having been momentarily conveyed down the well-hole, are being "made up" for transmission to your place, and approaches a window looking into the counting-house. At this window sits a clerk who is "giving-in" such entries as Sam's, and from similar day-books. His monotonous voice proceeds so quickly that you cannot discover how the clerks inside can write down what he says in the time. My friend! habit will make a telegraph of your quill, and endow your pencil with the attribute of an Ariel!

How busy everybody is in the counting-house! *Scratch, scratch, scratch!* Listen to the pens a-talking about hundreds and thousands of pounds. Some of the clerks are so expert that they will find time to write as the "giver-in" dictates, and *cast out* also, between his pauses! As the clerk re-enters your purchase, the invoice-clerk, beside him, duplicates it, so it is simultaneously recorded for the firm and for yourself.

Just bestow a glance at the counting-house fittings,—desks, chairs, panelling, rails,—everything; how massive and handsome! And what a beehive—this apartment in particular! From the partner, at his private desk, to the little clerk (new comer), who is writing away like a fifty-volume G. P. R. James,—what assiduity and method! The steam is got up to its highest point, but there's no danger of confusion, accident, or irregularity; every wheel is well greased, and the little wheels work under the superintendence of the larger and more experienced ones, which makes the tide flow smoothly throughout the length and breadth of a Manchester warehouse.

## The Beggar Boy.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

A beggar boy sank at a lordly door,  
Feeble with hunger and cold ;  
His father had died, of the poorest poor,  
And his mother waxed weary and old.  
He had left her alone in their sordid shed,  
In darkness, to mutter and grieve,  
And he had come to crave for the bitterest bread,  
'Mid the snows of Christmas eve.

He saw the broad windows gaily shine,  
He heard the glad noise within,  
He fancied the flow of the fragrant wine,  
And the greetings of friends and kin.  
And children were there, for he heard the sound  
Of their laughter, blithely elate,  
And the beggar boy wept with a grief profound,  
As he thought of his own sad fate.

He beat the steps with his tingling feet,  
And wished for the coming of day ;  
He caught each sound in the sombre street,  
But thought of his mother alway,  
He brushed the snow from his piteous face,  
To gaze on the starless sky ;  
And anon he appealed with a touching grace  
To the heart of each passer by.

In vain ! in vain ! for no ear was bent  
To hearken his sorrowful plaint,  
And he felt that his heart was crushed and rent,  
As his words grew fewer and faint.  
In vain ! for his suppliant murmurs died  
Unheard in the misty air ;  
Careless or callous, all turned aside,  
And left him to perish there.

At length, from a hundred old towers rang  
The tones of the midnight chime,  
And a hundred voices joyously sang  
The lay of the hallowed time.  
The boy looked up with a glad surprise  
At those sweet sounds of the night,  
And lo ! there appeared to his startled eyes  
A vision Divinely bright.

'Twas an Angel shape, and its garments shone  
Like the moon in her brightest hour ;  
Its voice had a soft and persuasive tone,  
That thrilled with celestial power.

"Poor child!" it said, "enough thou hast striven,  
Thou shalt hunger and grieve no more;  
I am Christ, come and live in the climes of Heaven,  
Where thy mother has gone before."

"I am ready and glad!" cried the beggar boy,  
As he sprang through the blinding snow,  
While his young heart beat with a tremulous joy,  
And his face had an Angel's glow.  
He went with the Vision, and when morn smiled,  
On the pitiless pavement lay  
All that remained of the orphan child,  
For the spirit had passed away.

## TWO SONNETS BY CUTHBERT BEDE.

### Moonrise.

All calm and silently the moon doth rise!  
Like some reproving spirit, sad and pale,  
Bending o'er sinful earth, with watchful eyes  
Marking men's deeds, and all their woeful tale  
Of shame and crime, and dread enormities.  
All pale she looks; the stars come twinkling out;  
White fleecy clouds float lightly o'er the skies.  
The earth lies hush'd, save when the children's shout  
Tells that the tired cottar's reach'd his home;  
Humble it is, but many a palace dome  
Has seen less happy faces, less delight,  
Than greet his coming. Sound is heard no more;  
The sleepy wave scarce ripples to the oar;  
And, e'en the clock tells drowsily the hours of the night.

### The Storm Spirits.

The Spirits of the Storm are out to-night,  
Like mighty millions mass'd in banded battle;  
And, through the crystal courts and coral caves,  
Deep down beneath the billowing, boiling waves,  
Their clattering coursers' hurried hoofs do rattle.  
Rushing and raging in their foaming might,  
They toss into the storm their manes of white,  
And bear their spirit riders up on high—  
With bared foreheads in the lightning gleaming—  
To meet the tempest raining from the sky.  
Then, down they plunge into the yawning deep,  
Laden with spoil of some rich argosy,  
While, on their billowy pillows, brave men sleep  
That sleep of death which knows no rise or dreaming.

## Spiritual Manifestations.

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EVERYBODY has heard of table-turning, rapping, writing, and a number of other curious phenomena, supposed to proceed from the same cause, which are held by some to be of great importance, as involving the means of intercourse with those who have passed into another state; by others, of no importance at all, except as an indication how far the mind will indulge in wild exaggeration and extravagant fancy; and by a third, and possibly more reasonable class, as a real phenomenon, depending on some hidden cause, the agency for which must be sought for among that large family of elements named "imponderables," and the directing impulse for which proceeds from the minds of the experimenters.

All sorts of books have been written, and all sorts of opinions have been hazarded, with regard to the subject—some founded upon experience and some upon hearsay; but a few sage and sober people, who have not yet had an opportunity of seeing the marvels, and so judging for themselves, remain yet without any opinion at all; and it is for these I write some part of what I have seen and heard, only hoping that I, the writer, may be received as a simple but truthful witness of facts, and that if I am ever caught exhibiting an unwarranted leaning to one theory more than another, just so far may my inferences be held valueless.

I will begin with simple table-moving. Three or four years ago it was a fashionable amusement at evening parties for a few ladies and gentlemen to sit about a round table, placing their hands upon it, sometimes with the little fingers of each person joined to those of his neighbour. After a time the table would begin to creak and crack, and gradually to move under the hands of the party with an impulse which varied in some degree with its size, but which increased as the experiment continued, so that in a few minutes from the commencement of the motion, it became so rapid as to be almost a whirl, and the party might be seen—I have myself often seen this—following, or rather moving round with it.

Now, the question soon arose, did the people move the table, or did the table move the people, or did both go together? It seems plain enough that the people must in some way or other have been the cause of the movement, because tables do not whirl about if left to themselves, neither do hats, nor other substances which yet, it appeared, on the same application of touch would go backward and forward, and round and round, as if they were alive. As long as these movements took place only under the hands of an excited party of girls and boys seeking for fun, and keeping their hands on the edges, it might with some plausibility be supposed that the impulse was unconsciously given by the slightest possible application of muscular force, and unconsciously increased as the table rotated in obedience to the push. So Professor Faraday said, and made a pretty little toy which he called an *indicator*, to show just how much muscular force was applied. And Mr. Faraday received all honour due to one who had dispelled a popular delusion, and made ignorant people scientific and sensible. But alas for the infallibility of science, and the renown of the ingenious apparatus! It soon appeared that tables would perform the same evolutions under circumstances in which muscular force could have no effect whatever. For instance, two young ladies with whom I am acquainted, found that their presence con-

tributed to the success of every table-moving experiment. With only their two small pairs of hands, a large table would move round and along. They also found that it was not necessary to place their hands on the edge, for that a circular or rotatory movement could be given to a table by placing all the fingers of their hands on the central point of the surface. This last fact is alone sufficient to set aside the idea of muscular force being the cause of the movement. The second instance is so wonderful that, by those who have never witnessed such things, it will not be received without hesitation; however, I can most positively declare that I neither mistake nor exaggerate in this account, which can be confirmed by six other credible witnesses, and, moreover, that it is one of an unreckoned number of table-moving experiments which I have witnessed, this one being chosen for a peculiarity which makes it conclusive in disproof of Professor Faraday's muscular theory.

Seven ladies and gentlemen were sitting round a circular table, in a drawing-room at a sea-side lodging house. No paid "medium" was present. The object of their meeting had been to witness some of the more wonderful phenomena to which I shall afterwards recur, and they had done so to a certain extent when a direction was given them, in what way need not here be specified, to stand up and join hands round the table without touching it. This they did for some time without any apparent result, and they were becoming tired of the position, and weary of waiting for they knew not what, when the table began to stir, and without the touch of either the hand or foot of any of the party, moved along the distance of two or three feet towards a gentleman sitting on a sofa, literally blocking him in, and obliging him to push himself and the sofa towards the wall. I will not go any further into details of this curious experience, because I shall have to recur to it when other phenomena and other causes are under consideration.

The next class of facts are those which illustrate the belief that these phenomena depend on some agency which must be sought among the "imponderables," and which is directed by some hidden action of the mind of the experimenter.

After the tables had moved about with a velocity and an apparent *will* which puzzled every beholder, a new sort of marvel made its appearance: instead of the tables, round which persons sat, moving and whirling along, and standing on one side, or tipping up, &c., sounds which had a strong resemblance to the giving off of electrical sparks, were heard. These sounds are most unquestionably produced by means of some one or other of the persons present. I am in constant communication with a person in whose presence, when in good health and under the usual conditions, they occur. She is quite truthful, and whatever she may consider the cause of the sounds, she describes the feeling which they produce in her as being like a very slight electric shock, beginning at her head and running down her arm. On any person present asking for two, three, or more raps, that number is given, or some reason is given for refusing. The method of obtaining sentences and answers by these raps, as well as by the tipping of the table, is generally known. An alphabet is either repeated aloud, or the letters are slowly pointed to, in succession, and when a sound is heard, or a "tip" is given, the letter at which it occurs is supposed to be indicated. In this way many scores of sentences have been spelt out, generally embodying affectionate messages to the persons present, always professing to come from persons who have left this world,* and, *as far as the medium is herself aware* always without any volition on her part. The phenomenon of rap-

* I beg to be understood as only stating what the messages convey. I do not assert that they are, any more than *why* they say they are, from spirits.

ping has so frequently been accompanied, in the case of the medium referred to, by that of *seeing*, that a description of one without the other would be imperfect. I will give an instance, out of very many, in which both occurred in my own presence.

A gentleman sitting in the circle was told by the raps that two friends were near him. He begged for their names. Not one of the party had the slightest knowledge of this gentleman's friends, or any conjecture as to who they might be. The medium herself saw him for the first time. The raps spelled out "I cannot give my name." The question was asked, "Can you find any other means of identifying yourself?" The usual affirmative two raps were given, and the medium almost immediately said that "a cloud was coming over her eyes and she should see." The raps ceased. In a minute or two she said, looking towards Mr. —, "I see two figures, both young; they look like husband and wife." She then proceeded to state with precision the age, size, and complexion of each, with many particulars as to hair, eyes, teeth, &c., too detailed and too specific, Mr. — said, to have been a series of accurate conjectures. He then confirmed all her descriptions, telling us of the manner in which these friends had been called away from this world, and expressing his own conviction that a strong sympathy and regard existed between them and himself.

Having disposed of the muscular, or Professor Faraday's explanation, which, indeed, was only applied to the simplest portion of the subject, we will now consider the electrical theory. There was nothing in the table rotating by the hands in the centre, or, so far as has been stated, in the self-moving table, to exclude the supposition that some "imponderable" element was at work, and the agent of the operation, whether the impulse given arose from the will of the operator or not, so that should nothing more conclusive than these two experiences ever have occurred, we might have rested patiently in the hypothesis that an emanation from the persons of those present was the cause of both phenomena. The same explanation, too, will apply to the sounds, considered merely as *sounds*, for besides their frequent resemblance to an electric spark, the medium herself states that a sensation like a slight electric shock passes through her frame when each rap is heard. It should be mentioned here that, by other persons present, light similar to phosphorescence is often seen by the sensitive persons of the party, over the medium's head and shoulders, while the rapping goes on, especially if the room is dark or dusk. The appearance of this light is one of the commonest accompaniments of the "manifestations," as they have been called. Those familiar with mesmeric phenomena will remember how frequently clairvoyants, and even waking mesmeric subjects, talk of light seen to issue or pour from the mesmeriser's hand and eyes. Reichenbach calls this light, on the seeing of which he has made many experiments, *odyle*, and supposes it to indicate the action of a fluid akin to electricity. The same appearance of light, it is asserted, is visible to some persons over the hands of writing, drawing, or playing mediums.

But here come in more elements of the question, which complicate it exceedingly, and show that *intelligence* from some source or other directs these operations. It may be the intelligence of the medium acting unconsciously, or it may be the mind of some one present acting (also unconsciously, be it remembered) on the medium's mind, which produces these marvellous effects. In the case of the self-moving table, it may now be stated that the gentleman against whom it rushed with such marked impetus had been declaring sentiments of utter disbelief in any spiritual existence, and of scepticism as regarded the Christian religion. Not one of those to whom it was spelt out, *by raps upon the table*, "Stand up and form hands all round, but do not touch the table," were at all aware for what purpose this direction

was given, and many of them had been expressing their wish to witness some other phase of the manifestations.

So having found, or proposed, a vague explanation of the agency employed in the raps and movements, we must begin the search anew, and try to discover from what mind or minds proceeds the intelligence by which they are directed. I do not pretend to settle this question; I should like to see better heads than mine employed upon it in earnest; but we can all see that when people are told to join hands round a table and stand round it, but not to touch it—such a distinct and coherent direction cannot come from nowhere or from no mind; and when, moreover, all do stand some time and become tired, and slightly out of patience, till they perceive, by the result, that there was an object and purpose in what they were desired to do, it is difficult, in accordance with any recognised mental law, for us to imagine that the direction emanated from one of themselves. If the command had not preceded the movement by nearly a quarter of an hour, during which time every one (the medium included) was conjecturing "What is all this for, &c.," the difficulty might have been less. Supposing the will of the medium, or of any one present, to have predetermined the attack on the sceptic, either that willing mind must have been conscious of the intention, or the old woman's mental philosophy is not properly appreciated, when

"She began to scream, and she began to cry—  
Lord have mercy on me, this is none of I,"

and our unconscious minds are able to do things strange enough to make our conscious minds wonder, while the latter are wide awake and looking on. But, as I said before, I have no theory; and although it is not beyond the bounds of conjecture that in the two cases given of vision, an occult, or if we like to adopt the term, *odylic* influence may have unconsciously passed from the mind of the surviving friend to that of the medium, yet there are instances in which even that conjecture fails to meet the difficulty.

I have not yet mentioned other branches of the curious subject—writing, drawing, speaking, and playing. More marvellous stories might have been told, such as of table-rising entirely from the floor, &c.; but as this is not written for the purpose of exciting astonishment, but rather to induce those who have the ability to examine and explain these things, I confine myself to occurrences which took place when no paid medium was present, and when the party consisted of persons known to be earnest and trustworthy.

It is pretty generally known what are meant by "Spirit drawing" and "Spirit writing." Let us call them involuntary or unconscious drawing and writing, and see whether any explanation yet given will fit them. And we must not forget that whatever theory fits one of these curious processes must be tried on them all, for they most certainly all proceed from the same cause, whether that cause is called "subjective," "objective," "psychological," "magnetic," "odylic," "æsthetic," or what not, or even by the more innocent of meaning than all the rest, "biological." Truth to tell, words in this instance, as in most instances where they are applied before ideas are clearly formed on any subject, have been used in a very slippery way—and when I have heard grave scientific people say in an off-hand condescending tone, "The whole thing can be accounted for on known psychological principles," it has really sounded nearly as much to the purpose as if they had said, "We will explain it all clearly enough even for *your* comprehension, and when we have time to spare will do so, according to gravitation and attraction."

But all the *ologies* in the world have not done this yet; perhaps because, when they do, new facts and new forces must be taken into the account

which may possibly—but I speak in ignorance—displace a few of the old ones.

When rapping has gone on for some time, it frequently happens that a sentence to this effect is spelt :—"Let G. hold a pencil ; I will write by his hand." G. takes a pencil, holds it for a few minutes quietly, and then declares, though his hand has begun to shake spasmodically, that he is not doing it himself ! What can possess G. ? Those who know him to be a quiet unimaginative person, stare and wonder ; but nobody wonders more than himself, when, after a series of lines and curves becoming more complicated as they approach the form of letters, this sentence is written.—"My dear son,—I am ever near you, trying to guide you aright. Love God, and be earnest in prayer.—Your Father."

G.'s father has left this world some years ; his son was not thinking of him with his conscious thought, whatever his unconscious thought may have been doing, and this, of course, he cannot take cognizance of, but turns the whole scientific question over to his friends the philosophers, who unfortunately do not enlighten him, and while waiting for an explanation adapted to the popular mind, poor G. lapses into the superstitious notion that his father's spirit has moved his hand. Oh, metaphysicians and natural philosophers, ought such things to be !

But G.'s hand writes again, and by it an explanation, unanticipated by himself, is given of the manner in which the hand is moved by the unseen power. This explanation is coherent, and, supposing the possibility of an unseen power at his elbow, which, as Euclid says, is absurd, it is intelligible enough. Is G.'s *under-current* of thought, which we may reasonably suppose gives the explanation, something like the *upper-current* of an insane person, who, we are told, reasons rightly from false premises ! and, if so, *why* are our under-currents insane !

But simple G. having written a great deal of really wise, loving, and pious sentiments, under the unaccountable delusion that his father's spirit, and not his own mind, is doing it all, proceeds to make strange meaningless marks upon the paper. As he goes on, his touch becomes freer, his tracing lighter and clearer, till at length, out of seeming chaos come form and symmetry—even grace. Perhaps a group of flowers, perhaps of figures, is drawn, and, strangest of all, though G. does not himself know what to make of these tracings, the hand of his brother, his sister, or his friends, which has been moved in the same way and with nearly the same effect, begins to write the explanation of his drawing. Every line has its meaning ; every form is a symbol ; and all together, drawing, writing, and rapping, combine to support the amiable but superstitious idea, that the spirits of friends are doing the work, and that they will continue to do this and much more, till they have overcome all difficulties and smoothed all discrepancies, and made us understand the loveliness of their spirit homes, and what we must be and do to share them.

We must not allow ourselves to fall into the error of believing that there is anything more in this than in many other strange delusions which have from time to time taken hold of the credulous and ignorant, and which have been in after ages dispelled by the spread of scientific knowledge. But why may not the present time have the benefit of scientific knowledge ! In the name of all that is learned, philosophical, and sober-minded, we entreat of our thinking men not to leave the clearing away of this mist to another generation, but to come to our aid, examine the disease, and prescribe the remedy. Why do the latent thoughts of sober middle-aged people always take this form, and impel their hands to write involuntarily the names of their departed friends !—names which they feel it almost a de-  
 cration to utter.



Besides the descriptions of heavenly happiness, assurances of unflinching affection and constant guardianship, which are given by the mysterious power, things are written which we, for want of knowledge, may well find it hard to ascribe to the under-current of the writer's thought, and against which his upper-current violently rebels. An instance of this may be valuable as an illustration of the remote psychological law with which we ask to be made acquainted.

A person belonging to a conscientious Unitarian family, found that the involuntary writing by his hand took a decidedly religious tone; at length, after much excellent persuasion and exhortation, he was by it told to pray to Christ, for that was the means appointed for his salvation. He started and hesitated, arguing with his "under-current," or "latent thought," or "dominant idea," that he loved and venerated Christ as his Saviour and teacher, but could not recognise Him as an object of prayer. In vain. The writing repeated, with many earnest arguments and loving explanations, "Yes, you must pray to Him." The medium used many arguments, and objected in every way to this direction, but in vain. His writing persisted, and not only enjoined the religious duty upon himself, but desired that the injunction should be shown to some Unitarian friends.

It has been said that explanations of the mode of influencing had been written by different mediums. Having collected it, as it were from different sources, I cannot give it *verbatim*; but this notice would be imperfect without some allusion to a theory which, however extravagant it may sound, is yet coherent and intelligible. The coherence, perhaps, proceeds from that strange propensity to reason rightly on false premises which characterises the usual state of the insane, and the *dominant idea* of the sane. Whether this be the case or not, the assertions will perhaps serve as psychological illustrations of delusion at some future period.

Thus the involuntary writing explains itself. Persons who know much of animal magnetism, or mesmerism, must have seen in some subjects, who are very sensitive, an effect produced which is called community of sensation between the magnetiser and his patient. The patient who receives the influence receives with it a perception of the magnetiser's sensations. If the mesmeriser, having brought his patient into this sympathetic state, puts anything into his own mouth, the patient tastes it, and often seems even more affected by the taste than the mesmeriser himself. A bodily sensation, such as a pinch or a shock of pain in any form, is felt even more acutely by the patient than by his mesmeriser, on whom it is inflicted.

A process, higher in degree but the same in nature, takes place with mediums. The brain of the medium, being mesmerised by the spirit till it is quite under the control of the latter, is in a state to receive and convey mental impressions. Then, whatever the spirit thinks or feels, the medium gives out. If the muscles of the arm, conjointly with the intellect, receive the mesmerism directed by the spirit through the brain, the medium writes. If the organs of the brain which receive impressions of form, size, &c., are thus mesmerised, the medium draws. If the influence is given to the medium in successive shocks, raps or tippings ensue. But as in every case the brain of the medium forms part of the channel for the communication, so the latter will always be more or less in the medium's own language. It is true that when spirits have obtained perfect control, they can give sentences and names, and recal their earthly characteristics; yet much more often are earthly friends puzzled by receiving an affectionate message containing sentiments which they recognise as coming from those they love, yet expressed in language which those spirits, when in the body, would probably have ridiculed. This will explain some of the difficulties as to language, spelling, and expression. It will, too, be readily seen how often, when the

brain is not completely under control, the medium's own thought is given out, either alone or mixed with that of the spirit. Thus many foolish and contradictory things are often written, and when the *telegraph wires* are thus out of working order, neither spirit nor medium can remedy the mischief for that time. Errors are especially likely to occur when questions are put for the sake of testing the accuracy of facts or statements, because any question which excites thought or conjecture in the mind of the instrument interferes with its passive state, and prevents the correct transmission of his mesmeriser's thought.

Such is the explanation. Those who read must place it where they like, in the realms of fiction, fancy, or fallacy. I, for one, confess myself

ONE OF THE PUZZLED.

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## A Curious Circumstance.

FROM THE GERMAN OF REINICK, BY ALFRED BASKERVILLE.

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As once I was walking o'er mead and lea,  
A curious circumstance happened to me;  
A huntsman I saw in the forest's brake,  
He rode up and down beside a lake;  
And many a deer flew past the spot,  
But what did the huntsman? He shot them not.  
He blew his horn by the forest green;  
Now tell me, good people, what could that mean!

And as I walked on along the shore,  
A curious circumstance happened once more;  
In a little bark a fish-hermaid  
Rowed e'er by the side of the forest glade,  
In the twilight the fishes around her shot;  
But what did the maiden? She caught them not.  
She sang a song by the forest green;  
Now tell me, good people, what could that mean!

Retracing my steps at evening's fall,  
The most curious circumstance happened of all;  
A riderless horse stood in the brake,  
An empty skiff reposed on the lake;  
And passing the grove of alders there,  
What heard I therein?—A whispering pair;  
The moon shone brightly—the night was serene;  
Now tell me, good people, what could that mean?

## The Encumbered Estate.

AN IRISH TALE OF 1847.

BY HENRY OWGAN, LL.D.

### CHAPTER I.

At a period comparatively recent, but in consideration of the sweeping changes which a few years have induced, not improperly coming under the denomination of "old times," an extensive district in the west of Ireland exhibited all the social features of a feudal and mediæval semi-barbarism. At that time the greater portion of the western province was under the careful and economical management of that wide and bottomless pit, the Court of Chancery. The more wealthy land proprietors—never seen and seldom heard of, and represented by resident agents—were little more than mythological personages, regarded with a distant and indefinite dread, resembling the feeling with which the Hindoo ryot speaks and thinks of that great abstraction, "The Company;" and the large rent-rolls which the resident gentry nominally possessed were enjoyed by lawyers and receivers, while the ostensible proprietors, driven to desperation by the lingering suspense and worrying vexations of the law, sought a temporary and deceptive oblivion in a reckless dissipation which recommended itself by a melancholy resemblance to the pride of other days. In the meantime, lands were lying uncultivated for want of capital, tenants were harassed, and, as fast as they could escape, driven to other lands by the pressure of rents and taxes. A fox was an animal as sacred as the ibis, and more sacred than a human being; and all hope, and even all desire of improvement, were extinguished in listless despair. Then and under such circumstances, an old and fast-decaying family, proud of the aristocratic name of D'Arcy, dwelt upon and possessed a considerable part of that bank of the Shannon which forms the southern boundary of the county of Galway. Out of a yearly income, amounting to about £5,000, wrung from an impoverished tenantry by the agents of the court, the family were allowed for their maintenance not quite one-tenth; and of that the greater portion was expended upon a pack of fox-hounds and a stud of two dozen of horses. The old family mansion, standing on an eminence from which it commanded a view of the river, and literally an imposing object at a distance, with its long façade, terraced gardens, crenellated walls, twisted chimneys, and venerable trees, was, internally, very little better than a ruin. The massive antique furniture that once made it as luxurious as it was picturesque, had disappeared gradually before the repeated visits of the sheriff; wooden panels had, in many conspicuous places, superseded the more costly and fragile glass, and upon the upper landing of the broad wainscotted staircase, the light shone down through many an aperture never designed by the architect. Still the pride of the family was maintained. Mr. D'Arcy rode after his dogs, invited his neighbours to substantial and half-dressed dinners, and almost deluded himself into the belief that he was looking forward to the time when the property would be cleared, and all would be, once more, *colour de rose*. His wife, in the meantime, feeling seriously, and keeping constantly in mind, that she was Mrs. D'Arcy, of Castle D'Arcy, and that she was not, just

then, in a position suited to her rank, lived in a morbid affectation of exclusiveness, and kept aloof from the society of the gayer and less pretending ladies of the neighbourhood. The younger portion of the family consisted of three daughters, who were growing up beautiful and uneducated, and passed most of their time on the backs of Connemara ponies; and two sons, whose fortunes constitute, more especially, the material of our narrative. The elder son, Hugh, the heir to all the expectations and liabilities of the house, was a haughty and improvident young man, rude and cavalier to his equals, familiar and sometimes even submissive to his inferiors. With little education, beyond the experiences of the fair-green and the stable-yard, he was timid and shy, even to awkwardness, whenever an unwelcome accident threw him into the society of ladies of his own rank; while, among the peasant girls—and the rustic maidens of that district are bright-eyed, black-haired, light-footed, and not ungraceful, though utterly unsophisticated creatures—he was free and happy and at home. He was, however, as he grew up, a handsome athletic young man, and a bold and fearless horseman. His brother, Bryan, was a youth of so totally different a disposition from all that had ever been known or remembered of the D'Arcys, that he was regarded by his father and many others, as a degenerate scion of "the old stock." Having been feeble and delicate from his birth, he had acquired a taste for sedentary occupations, and learned at an early age to find a pleasure in reading and music, and in adding to the slender store of information he had received from a governess who spent a short time at the castle. Another cause, which chilled and drove back every germ of a hereditary propensity to more manly and riotous amusements, was the heartlessness with which he was perpetually reminded of his being a younger son. These causes and effects, acting and reacting upon each other, estranged him in a great measure from his father and brother, and threw him altogether upon the affection and sympathy of his mother, which did not disappoint him.

Of all the children, Bryan was that one upon whom she bestowed most of that unchangeable and tender love which a mother, more than any other relative, can feel and prove; it was upon him, too, notwithstanding the unpromising aspect of present circumstances, that she rested the best hopes of her declining years. As the boys began to emerge from childhood, some years previously, their future prospects would sometimes, for a passing moment, engage the thoughts and speculations of their parents. Mr. D'Arcy was not, indeed, very much given to thinking deeply upon any subject, least of all upon the future; and when their mother directed his view towards it, and asked, "What is to be done with the boys?"—"Never mind," he would answer; "there's time enough yet to think about that—where's the use of anticipating troubles! Hugh, of course, will be safe enough when the property is cleared; and poor Bryan—why, if he lives and grows up any way strong, I'll try to get him into the army; if he's not man enough for that, I suppose he can go to college and try the church—the poor fellow is such a book-worm 'twill be no hardship to him." An allusion to the extrication of the property never failed to draw a sigh from Mrs. D'Arcy, and that sigh, falling like a shower-bath upon her husband's enthusiasm, always drove him away abruptly to the congenial society of those who were, or affected to be, more sanguine. As it was necessary, however, even for the sake of appearance, that education should receive some attention, the boys were sent to a grammar school, where the elder, unable to conceive what a man, inheriting £5,000 a-year, could want with book-learning, acquired nothing that he could by any ingenuity evade; and the other, delighting in the expansion of his mind as he felt it opening to successive ideas, and remembering his mother's warning, that he would

most probably have no other resource for life and respectability, made the most of his opportunities. When two years were spent in this experiment, and the boys returned home to enjoy their fourth vacation, Hugh declared that to school he positively would not return; the thing, he said, was perfectly useless to him, and he would infinitely prefer many other forms of expenditure to the same amount. Unfortunately, too, just at that time some pecuniary pressure rendered it impossible for Mr. D'Arcy, even had he been inclined, to continue the expenses of a boarding school; so that not only was Hugh gratified in his utilitarian theory, but Bryan also was compelled to remain at home. This disappointment came heavily and abruptly upon mother and son, and Mrs. D'Arcy proceeded to tax all a woman's persevering ingenuity for an expedient to counteract it. She had been for some years in the habit of receiving, from a wealthy sister residing in the capital, an annuity of a hundred pounds. Half of this she would have gladly devoted, for a year or two longer, to the advancement of her favourite son; but it was necessary, for many reasons, that Mr. D'Arcy should be kept in ignorance of the existence of this fund; and if Bryan were sent back to school, he would very probably desire to know where the money was to come from. Bryan knew, all this time, that it was anxiety for him that made his mother silent and thoughtful; unwilling to add to her disquietude, he was thoughtful and silent too—more thoughtful even than usual, for he had long stood in the shadow of that cloud of care that hangs prematurely above those who are taught to feel, in youth, that only their own heads and their own hearts must bear them up on the great tide of life, and makes them seem as though they were never young. However, after some weeks of anxious reflection, an expedient at length suggested itself, which obviated all difficulties, by enabling her to keep Bryan at home, and, at the same time, to forward his education. The vicar of the parish was a learned and simple-minded man. He had been highly distinguished in college; but, with all that fastidious delicacy of taste which too frequently accompanies talent, he had always shrunk sensitively from everything in the shape of *charlatanrie*, and consequently stood aside from the path on which promotion travels. Like every other poor clergyman, he was blessed with a numerous family, far out of proportion to his narrow income and thin congregation; but, unlike many others, was fortunately competent to impart to his children the education for which he was unable to pay. Accordingly, on Mr. Burnett's next visit to the castle, Mrs. D'Arcy took the opportunity to draw him into conversation about schools and colleges. That subject was one upon which he loved to expatiate fondly in presence of any whom he could believe to be an interested hearer. The happiest years—indeed the only really happy years—of his life had been spent in college, and the recollection of his successes, and his honours, and his proud pre-eminence in his class, his freedom from carking cares and oppressive responsibilities, used to come back upon him with that inextricable blending of pleasure and sadness that lends to distant scenes a softness and a beauty which, when present, they never knew. By an imperceptible transition, the prospects and abilities of her second son were brought under consideration; and so delicately was the suggestion insinuated that the poor and enthusiastic clergyman, never perceiving that he was indirectly solicited, readily volunteered to undertake the tuition of Bryan for a small monthly payment. It was accordingly arranged on the spot, that he should spend two hours daily at the Rectory, and take his part in the studies of the vicar's sons and daughters. These young persons, as I have remarked, were sufficiently numerous to present the appearance of a school, especially as the vicar's daughters and sons were all pursuing the same course of instruction—classics, mathematics, and metaphysics. It was his intention—his necessity in fact—to

prepare them all alike for a dependence on their own exertions; and he believed that the same substantial education usually given to the stronger sex, under such circumstances, could not fail to produce a corresponding development of intellect in the weaker. During the specified portion of each day, no other business was suffered to interfere with the rehearsal and illustration of lessons previously prepared; when this was satisfactorily accomplished, Mr. Burnett would put on his strong shoes, and with a stout walking-stick in his strong, bony, gloveless hand, and a book or two in his pocket, proceed to take his rounds through the parish, leaving his new pupil to go home or stay where he was, just as it might suit his fancy. The latter course, indeed, he very frequently adopted, for the artless, unaffected, and industrious family so soon and so effectually won his sympathy and esteem, that he often remained among them, sharing their coarse bread and their vegetable dinner, until nightfall warned him home. These studies continued regularly for nearly two years, when it was considered full time that Bryan and William Burnett, the eldest of his fellow-students, should go to college. But at this crisis a fresh difficulty confronted Mrs. D'Arcy. Her son's expenses would now become so heavy a drain upon her secret income, and would encroach so far upon her only means of enabling her daughters to appear respectable, that she began to debate with herself, whether she should not make some appeal to her sister's generosity on behalf of her favourite son. Bryan himself fully participated in this anxiety. His entrance fee would be the great difficulty to surmount; to ask any assistance from his father would be, he knew well, an idle and romantic experiment; he longed to consult with somebody or other, and the terms of intimacy on which he now stood with his class-fellows at the rectory, induced him to lay all his perplexities before them. Such a confession was the more easily made in a quarter where a limited income, subject to the many small demands of a frugal and struggling gentility, had long familiarised his hearers to the discussion of pressing wants and pecuniary difficulties. The vicar's eldest daughter was a girl of quick intellect, ready invention, and solid practical sense, with a graceful and symmetrical figure; her beauty of face consisted more in expression than in feature, and would probably have appeared to much more advantage, if enhanced by the artifices of dress, than in the severely plain costume to which she and her sisters were obliged to limit their desires.

"I don't see any difficulty at all in the case, my dear Bryan," said Mary Burnett. "Can you not go in for the same examination as William? Try for a sizarship, and then—that is, if you get it—your entrance will cost you nothing."

"It is a good idea, Mary," replied Bryan. "I should perhaps have thought of it myself; but I am sure the people at home would never consent to it—not even my mother. The blood of the D'Arcys," he added in a slightly sarcastic tone, "would boil up, and the ghosts of my stately ancestors would frown from the picture frames upon their mean and beggarly descendant!"

"Folly!" said Mary; "it would be an honour to both you and them. Lord chancellors and archbishops have entered college in that way; and many others who, although not so eminent as those, have left prouder names than any D'Arcy of 'em all, for many a generation—excuse me for saying it. I only wish I were a young man that I might try it!"

"I would much rather see you as you are, Mary," replied Bryan, almost unconsciously. It was the first time that he had ever by look or word betrayed a feeling that had been for many months, undetected even by himself, growing up within his heart. In sudden confusion he checked himself; he felt as if he blushed, and dared not look up to observe the effect of his words. Mary made no answer, and worked away more energetically than

before upon a pair of new bands which she was manufacturing for her father.

The result of the conference was, that Bryan made up his mind to act upon Mary's advice, and reserve for other uses whatever his mother should be able to supply toward the expenses of his entrance; and in order to befree to do so, to make no mention of his project at home. All the difficulty now resolved itself into that of answering up to the requisite standard at the examination, and to remove that one he devoted to his preparation every hour of his remaining time. The successes of some men are misfortunes in disguise. Such is always, in some degree, the case, when success involves duties and responsibilities to which natural tendencies are antagonistic; and so vivid is the presentiment of that antipathy, that often, when disappointed in an attempt to which we have as a matter of duty devoted all our energies, we only feel as if a crushing weight were suddenly lifted from our hearts. This, however, was not the feeling of Bryan D'Arcy and William Burnett, who were both successful—the element around them was the same still, only more vital and energising than before. The vicar's son was supremely happy in the reflection that he should thenceforth entail no expense upon his father, and possibly, in a short time, be able to assist him; and Bryan experienced the first thrill of a pride widely different from any that animated the rest of the family. Returning home to spend their first long vacation in the country, the two young college-men passed much of their time together—so much, that Bryan's intimacy with the inhabitants of the rectory would have become, if it were possible, closer and more familiar than ever; but they were not long enjoying their interval of rest when another change took place in the clergyman's family, which awakened feelings of a more agitating character than the first. The departure of a son into the world, to enter upon a distinct course of his own, is a sufficiently anxious and important event—a change which the parental heart must feel, thenceforth, as a conspicuous and memorable landmark in time. It is, however, one that in the natural course of things we must foresee—one for which we must prepare ourselves; but when a daughter—otherwise than by marriage—disappears from our home, and leaves an empty chair in the family circle, to encounter all the chances of a life among unsympathising and exacting strangers, our deepest and tenderest affections must overflow, for we know that we are committing the frailer barque to the storm, and sending out a helpless, innocent, and unexperienced child into the cold, wide, selfish world. Mary Burnett had just accepted the situation of governess in the family of another and more wealthy clergyman. It was a safer home than many others which she might have entered, but still, it was her first step; and on the morning of her departure, when all around her were in tears, she and her father alone—though sad and serious—were steady and composed. It was only when she was gone—when he returned into the house and found her not there—that he locked himself into his study and gave free vent to his emotion. Until that morning, Bryan never actually knew how dear to him Mary had become. He, too, turned away to hide his tears from curious eyes, and for many days could not trust himself to pay his customary visit at the Rectory.

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## CHAPTER II.

The reader will now be kind enough to stretch his imagination a little, and fly with me across a chasm of twelve years which separates this from the preceding chapter. In that interval, many changes—some imperceptibly, and some with heavy and crushing steps—have passed upon the personages of our

tale. Bryan had scarcely concluded his college course with considerable distinction, when his father, still a strong and active, though a sadly care-worn and persecuted man, was thrown violently from his horse, while following his favourite pastime; so instantaneous was his death; that he was raised from the ground without having once moved or spoken; and Hugh D'Arcy succeeded to the inheritance of a chancery suit, which was still eating away, term after term, the small remainder of the estate. The advice of an experienced friend, however, induced him to take the bold and decisive step of withdrawing his property altogether from the operation of the court. Raising a large sum upon a mortgage of the whole estate, he paid off every lawyer and all the petitioning creditors; and although bound by his agreement to pay a penalty interest for the loan, still, with the advantages of having all his income in his own hands, and the cessation of costs, he enjoyed a fair probability, by ordinary prudence and self-denial, of moving aside that pressure also by degrees. Self-denial, however, was not among his virtues. Rejecting every warning and entreaty to discontinue the expenditure of the pack and the stud, he married, in a short time, a high-born and portionless girl, who was as enthusiastic a fox-hunter as himself, and equally addicted to the profuse and boisterous hospitality of the west. In a few months after that event, his mother and sisters quitted the castle, and went to reside in town, where they were still remaining at the period from which we resume our narrative. Once, and once only, after Hugh's marriage, did his brother revisit his old home. He came uninvited, and being poor and unknown in his profession, was made to feel acutely that he did so. With a bitter smile he turned away, and never saw that old home again. Bryan D'Arcy was now a physician in extensive and increasing practice, in a large town in the west of England. The strictest and sternest frugality, the most patient and tireless attention to business, the most sensitive horror of the degradation of debt, and a proud and firm-set resolution to be independent, made him already a rich man, and gathered round him, besides, many generous and influential friends. After the first year or two of his professional life, during which he inflicted upon himself many severe privations, he began to send periodical remittances to his mother and sisters, and would have brought them to reside with him, but that his time was not yet his own, and he had not until now—and scarcely even yet—placed himself on that commanding elevation where he would be free to indulge in the relaxations of a home.

It happened one day about this time—the time from which our tale is dated—that as he was driving homeward from a wide round of professional visits, and pondering deeply over some pencilled notes of an unusually critical case, his coachman pulled up the horses with so sudden and powerful a jerk that he almost threw them back on their haunches. The Doctor, starting at the shock, and standing up to ascertain the cause, saw that a child, apparently of the higher class, had run across the road so close before the advancing horses, that nothing short of that violent check could have saved his life. The momentary danger past, a lady who accompanied that and two other children, to all appearance a governess, and habited in deep mourning, stepped hastily across the road, and seizing the young delinquent by the hand, proceeded to reprimand him severely for his fool-hardiness. Dr. D'Arcy, almost unconsciously, descended from his phaeton, and, approaching the lady, suddenly stood still, and remained as if paralyzed by the wildest amazement.

"Mary!" said he at last, as she fixed her eyes upon him in blank astonishment, "Mary, do you not remember me!—do you forget your old class-fellow, Bryan D'Arcy?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" she said, in a voice trembling with intense agitation, as the mist of memory passed gradually away, and distant times and scenes came rising into view. "Now, I do—I recollect you now.—It is a long time, Bryan—and, we are both so changed!"



"Externally; and only that, I hope," he replied, ordering his servant to take the carriage home, and walking on beside her.

"We are both altered," she continued, "time and the world have changed us both; but my change has not been like yours,—you are rising in the world—making a name and a fortune—I—my way of life, you know, is one that never leads to anything—the same unprofitable drudgery to the end!"

"There are some feelings," he replied, "that, I hope, never change—deep and fresh, while the heart beats! and why," he asked, "did you not let me know that you were here? I would have wished, you may suppose, to hear of the old country and the old friends, and most of all, of yourself. During my early struggle I lost sight of all."

"I am but a short time here," she answered. "I was uncertain of your being the same—and, I will tell you candidly—for I have seen and known much to make me distrust human nature,—I was not sure, even though you were the same, that you had not outgrown and outlived all those sentiments which the prosperous are ever prone to forget, though they form the only consolation—the only day-dream—of the unsuccessful and the unhappy."

"You were right and wrong, Mary," he replied: "right in general, and wrong in particular.—And how is our old preceptor?"

"You see the colour of this dress," she said, looking at him intently through her starting tears.—"Alas! and I was far away! But it is a blessing to know and feel that he is happy beyond our imagination!"

"Yes—He surely is—and what is William doing?"

"Holding a good curacy in Dublin, and likely, I think, to be promoted; the other boys are in college, doing well; and the whole family are living in town."

It may be expected that Mary and the Doctor met frequently, to talk again and again of the old times. Bryan never forgot their first parting—she was, to him, the same gentle, sensible, intellectual Mary Burnett still. Though a line or two of care had marred the smoothness of her brow, her deep eloquent eyes were brilliant yet; her smile shed the same sunshine as of old; and her voice rang the same music on his ear. He was busy, however, and business had made him serious: hours and half-hours were now so many bank notes to him; and though there was an under current of strong romance flowing within unseen, that urged his feelings along upon its changeless course, he had no time to waste in idle ceremonies. In a week or two, he wrote a short and earnest letter to his first love: it was candidly and unaffectedly answered; and in a few weeks more, she entered, as its mistress, his handsome and fashionable house. Great was the astonishment of his acquaintances, to find that the rising physician, who might have brought home a dowered bride from many a wealthy house, had chosen the poor and friendless governess: and great was the joy of William Burnett, when summoned over to marry his sister to his old congenial friend!

His married life had scarcely well begun, when a new Act—and an important one for his native country—passed the houses of the legislature. The Court for the sale of Encumbered Estates was established; and under the existing circumstances of the country—lying prostrate and all but lifeless under the effects of two years' famine—the consequences of the innovation were startling. The Court of Chancery was deserted; petitions flowed in, by hundreds, on the new commissioners; and broad and fertile lands were selling for seven years' purchase.

Bryan, having recently renewed his acquaintance with Ireland through the medium of a weekly newspaper, of course watched all those revolutionary proceedings with a deep and anxious interest. Every Monday morning found him reading over the long list of fresh petitions, and recognizing, as he proceeded, the names of many whose ancestors had lived in

careless and unstinted affluence, now ejected from those hereditary homes that, even in decay, they loved so well and clung to so tenaciously. One name in particular he did not find; and he was beginning to hope that his brother—coldly and heartlessly though that brother had treated him—had been more prudent than he expected, and might escape what the sufferers themselves regarded as a general and arbitrary confiscation.

"Ah! Bryan; here it is at last!" said Mrs. D'Arcy, one morning, taking up the newspaper, which the Doctor himself was in too urgent a hurry to open. "Just as we feared!—Hugh D'Arcy, owner; Benjamin Mc Screw, petitioner—not having been paid his interest regularly, I suppose, he wants to get back his principal."

"Let me see!" said Bryan, taking the paper to read it with his own eyes. "I must try what I can do about it."

"Surely, you have not money to buy it all, Bryan!" suggested Mary.

"No, but I think I can raise it. In the present glut, it will be sold for about a third of its value, and I must make some exertion to save it from strangers. There's no hurry, though, for no sale can take place these three months."

In the meantime, he had made arrangements with the banking company to whom he was in the habit of entrusting all his savings, and on the day appointed for the sale, having arrived that morning in Dublin, he was seen proceeding in the direction of Henrietta Street, accompanied by William Burnett and a solicitor. Looking across the crowded court, he saw and scarcely recognized his brother. Intemperance, the last and frightful anodyne of the desperate, and the many slow-torturing and insulting persecutions that, in every civilized community, are the lingering death of the debtor, had already brutalized his once handsome features, blanched his head, and made him old before his time. He listened to the biddings, with all the inexcitable apathy of despair; and when the purchaser's name was declared, started, looked around him stupidly and vacantly for a moment, and pressing his hat upon his head, turned away slowly and went out. Unwilling to stop him in the street, Bryan watched and followed him at a distance, until he saw him enter his lodgings; and then, ascending the stairs close behind him, but still unnoticed, met him the next moment face to face. As his long absent and long slighted brother took him by the hand, Hugh flung himself into a chair and wept like a child.

"I don't deserve it, Bryan," he said, "that you should come to see after me. When you were a poor student, I was proud and cruel to you. But, as it was to go from me, I'm glad you have it. Will you do anything for me, Bryan? I don't deserve, I know, but——"

"Yes, certainly—you can have the house and the domain rent-free. I shall never go there. With those hundred acres, if you give up sporting and drinking, you may be better off than you could be with the whole estate; and you know, Hugh, that's much more than you would do for me."

After a brief silence, Hugh thanked his brother warmly, and acquiesced in the arrangement. Bryan then left him, having but a few hours to spare for visiting his relatives, and advertising for an eligible agent; for he had lost all wish to return to the west, he loved his profession too well to give it up, and had become attached to the place where he met encouragement and achieved success.

The next morning he was sent for at an early hour, and followed the messenger to his brother's lodgings. It was an awful and melancholy spectacle that he was called upon to witness:—some empty bottles were lying overturned on the table, and between it and the fire-place lay the

ghastly and distorted body of Hugh D'Arcy. Drowning his care, he suffocated himself in that drunken sleep ; and had been some hours dead !

It is scarcely necessary to add, that Bryan provided generously for his widow and orphans ; and that by carefully nursing the Encumbered Estate, he has before now repaid his accommodating bankers the whole amount of their advances.

## Love, Friendship, and Truth.*

BY EDWARD L. HART.

WHEN sickness lays the strong man low,  
And on his fever'd bed,  
He hears his children weeping by,  
And vainly asking bread,  
In simple guise comes charity,  
That troubled head to soothe ;  
A motto on her garment spreads,  
'Tis Friendship, Love, and Truth !

When by a lov'd child's cold dead clay  
The mourners sadly stand,  
And see a mother's poor relief  
In grasping its small hand,  
Comes charity, with'saddened smile,  
As innocent as youth ;  
And still the words that round her shine  
Are Friendship, Love, and Truth !

That close black veil, that choking sigh,  
Those tears of scalding rain ;  
That child who weeps, scarce knowing why ;  
That sad funereal train ;  
What mean they, that they dim the air  
With gloom and dark despair !  
Is there no hope for answer to  
A widow's heart-breathed prayer !

Yea ; God hath bidden man arise,  
And see the labour done,  
That wipes the orphan's streaming eyes,  
That checks the grief begun.  
Then shining like an angel bright,  
Comes charity to soothe ;  
A motto still her garments bear,  
'Tis Friendship, Love, and Truth !

* This song may be sung to the air of the French national anthem "*Partant pour la Syrie.*"

God bless the honest hearts and brave,  
 That never heed man's sneer,  
 But do the work their Master bids,  
 To lessen sorrow here ;  
 And may our Order ever stand,  
 In prime and strength of youth ;  
 And may we never false become  
 To Friendship, Love, and Truth !

## Rabelais.

BY JOHN LEAF.

ONLY here and there an Englishman, it is presumed, has ever read the works of Rabelais, even in translation ; but there can be few to whom his name is not familiar, from allusions made to him in literature, as one of the greatest of European humorists. Not much is known respecting him, and perhaps a good deal of what is actually on record is at least partially apocryphal. According to Coleridge, who may be considered something of a judge, Rabelais is to be classed with the great creative minds of the world, with Shakspeare, Dante, Cervantes, and the like ; and, at the lowest, he has claims to be regarded as one of the deepest and boldest thinkers of his age. As a satirist of courts and convents, of ecclesiastical vices, and of the varied folly and baseness that was mixed up with the state of things which preceded the Reformation, he occupied a position no less dangerous than daring, and but for the extraordinary wit and adroit buffoonery with which he clothed, and in part concealed, his tremendous scoffing, it is probable he would not have escaped the penalties which befel some of the more serious reformers. He had too little seriousness of character to announce himself a reformer, and perhaps was too indifferent about the contest to care much which way it ended ; any way, being a free and jovial liver, and not averse to prebendal stalls and fat pluralities, he preferred to remain nominally connected with the old church ; and contented himself with laughing, and making others laugh, at the mummeries and absurdities, and abominable hypocrisies which it maintained and fostered. The life of such a man, could it be written, would form a curious and remarkable chapter of biography. Let us, therefore, glance at the few particulars which have been handed down to us, and by means of them shape out some conception of Rabelais and his idiosyncrasy.

Francis Rabelais is reported to have been born in or about the year 1483, at the ancient little town of Chinon, in the province of Touraine, France. His father, Thomas Rabelais, was an apothecary of that town, and possessed an estate in the neighbourhood called La Deviniere. As soon as the boy was old enough to be sent to school, he was placed under the care of the monks of the abbey of Seville, with whom, however, he made but indifferent progress. Finding that he did not improve, his father removed him to the university of Angers, where he studied some time at a convent called La Baumette, but here again without any very considerable success. For

some misdemeanour he is said to have been severely used, and when he left the place it was probably in disgrace. One advantage he, nevertheless, appears to have gained there : he became acquainted with two young gentlemen named Du Bellay, one of whom was afterwards a Cardinal, and had the means of doing Rabelais a variety of services.

We know not whether it is to be taken as "another account" of his early training, or whether what is next related took place after he had quitted La Baumette—but according to a respectable old writer, Rabelais was received into a convent of Franciscan friars, in Lower Poicton, and became one of their order. This convent has been supposed to have been Fontenay-le-Comte, where, owing perhaps to a better course of training than he had previously undergone, he is said to have proved a great proficient in learning ; "insomuch that, of the friars, some envied him—some, through ignorance, thought him a conjuror, and, in short, all hated and misused him because he studied Greek, the beauties of which tongue they could not relish—its novelty making them esteem it not only barbarous but anti-christian."

But while thus laying the foundations of a scholastic reputation, Rabelais was of too mercurial a temperament to conduct himself with that propriety which was required by the rules of the establishment. A monk relates that for some unlucky action he was put *in pace*, that is, within four walls with bread and water, and was only redeemed out of it by the good offices of the lieutenant-general (or chief judge) of the bailliwick. The local tradition goes, that on a day when the country people used to resort to the convent church to address their prayers, and pay their offerings, to the image of St. Francis, which stood in a somewhat darkened position near the porch, Rabelais, to ridicule their superstition, privately removed the saint's image, and in a suitable disguise mounted himself into its place. There, for some time, he was much amused with the awkward worship paid to him, but at length he could not forbear laughing, an act which, occasioning some motion of his person, led the stupid gaping worshippers to cry out, "A miracle! our good Lord, St. Francis, moves!" Great, of course, was the commotion, some doubting what they saw, and others going into ecstasies of adoration. Doubtless the fact of a miracle being performed would have been established, and thereafter passed current in history, had it not been for a crafty old knave of a friar, who, suspecting something wrong, stealthily crept behind the scenes and caught the sham Saint Francis before he could get out of his hole. Taken in the act, there was no denying his delinquency ; nor could he expect any mercy from the monks. The whole fraternity seized on him, and with their knotted cords applied to his bare back gave him a most hearty chastisement. But this being not deemed sufficient for the heinousness of his offence, the bread and water with solitary confinement within four walls was afterwards imposed. Thus is he admonished to refrain in future from practical jestings in disparagement of saints and friars !

The brotherhood of St. Francis could, after this, afford no very cordial companionship for a man of Rabelais' levity of mind, and, accordingly, it is not surprising that he sought to withdraw from the beggarly fellowship with a view to enter the wealthy and more easy order of St. Benedict. By the intercession of friends, he obtained from Pope Clement VII. permission to that effect. At the abbey of Maillezaïs he was entertained for a while in a fashion more agreeable to his tastes ; but here again his mercurial temper at length prevailing over his sense of ecclesiastical decorum, he was induced to part company with his new associates ; and now, laying down the regular habit, he assumed that of a secular priest, and for some time rambled about without a settled residence. In those days a man might,

more easily than now, change his particular profession, or even take up two together. Hence Rabelais, grown weary perhaps of clerical restraints, began to study medicine, and on fixing himself at Montpellier, took his degrees as a physician and practised physic with reputation. In the university of Montpellier he also read lectures on medicine "to a numerous auditory," and is said to have published "a physical tract, which did not sell."

If there be any truth in this latter rumour, the circumstance was probably one that influenced him in leaving Montpellier shortly afterwards, for the wider field of Paris. It has been surmised, however, that he was sent by his university to solicit something in its behalf at court, and was then invited by influential people to stay in the great city. This seems not unlikely, as his old school-friend, John du Bellay—afterwards Cardinal—was then Bishop of Paris, and was therefore in a position to render him effectual services. It appears certain that Rabelais attended the bishop, when as ambassador of Francis I. he was sent to Pope Paul III., though it is believed that the chief occasion of his going to Rome was, to get an extinguisher put upon certain ecclesiastical censures which had been fulminated against him for leaving his convent. It is not unlikely that our facetious doctor had then a prospect of some of those fat benefices into which he soon afterwards entered, through favour of Cardinal Bellay; and, for that reason, one can conceive he would be glad to be delivered from the censures under which he lay, as while they remained out against him, he would be incapable of enjoying any preferment. Thus Rabelais would seem to have gone to Italy in the quality of a penitent monk, suing for absolution. This absolution he duly obtained of Pope Paul III., on the 17th of January, 1536—Rabelais being then of the sober age of fifty-three. Being now freed from all his previous disabilities, the course was open to him either to resume his clerical functions, or to practise physic—provided the last was done "without gain and only by way of charity."

Singular enough, no sooner do we find him authentically and officially "absolved," than, in the very next story we come upon, he is represented as requesting his Holiness to be kind enough to "excommunicate" him. Of course we are prepared to hear that the request was made in jest; but one would have expected that a man in his situation, and before such a presence, would have hardly dared to indulge himself in so bold a jocularity. However, the story runs to this effect. Cardinal Bellay—made Cardinal during his present embassy—having brought him with the rest of his retinue to the Pope, that—according to the fashion of that day—they might beg some favour of his Holiness, Rabelais, being bid to make his demand, had the audacity to beg that he might be excommunicated. Even if so strange a request had not come from a man who had bulls of recent absolution in his pocket, it would have been sufficiently strange to cause surprise; and, accordingly, Rabelais was ordered to say why he had made it. His answer was quite ready. Addressing himself to the Pope, "May it please your Holiness," said he, "I am a Frenchman, of the little town of Chinon, whose inhabitants are thought somewhat too subject to be thrown into a sort of unpleasant bonfires; and indeed a good number of honest men, and amongst the rest, some of my relations, have been fairly burned there already. Now, would your Holiness but excommunicate me, I should be sure never to burn. My reason (for so thinking) is, that passing through the Tarantese, where the cold was very great, in the way to this city, with my Lord Cardinal du Bellay, having reached a little hut where an old woman lived, we prayed her to make a fire to warm us; but she burned all the straw of her bed to kindle a faggot, yet could not make it burn; so that at last, after many imprecations, she cried, 'Without doubt, this faggot was

excommunicated by the Pope's own mouth, since it will not burn.' In short, we were obliged to go on without warming ourselves. Now, if it please your Holiness but to excommunicate me thus, I might go safely to my country." His object in all this, we are informed, was to expose the persecuting temper of the Romish clergy, among whom he had no great reason to expect he should be very popular after his return; but some have thought it was also meant as a satirical allusion to the inefficiency of some former excommunications, which, as in England by Henry VIII., and in Germany by the Lutherans, had been treated with undeniable contempt.

He who could bear himself thus sarcastically in the very face of his Holiness, was, doubtless, no less liberal of his biting jokes before others. The Italians, it is said, are of all men the least disposed to forgive raillery, when they are themselves the subject of it. From Rabelais, it would seem, they heard more than they could tolerate, "insomuch that he was obliged to leave Rome without much preparation." We are to fancy him picking his way alone, by roads not very familiar to him, and rather indifferently accoutred; for either he could not wait for the return of the embassy, or by some chance he had been left behind. He had a license from the Pope to practise physic in Rome, but this being coupled with the proviso that he should do so only "in the way of charity," it is scarcely likely that such a business had detained him. Be all this as it may, he was travelling homewards, and had arrived at Lyons, when he found himself destitute of road-money. With his love of good eating and drinking, this was a sore and harassing dilemma. Let the reader picture it for himself, and bethink how, in such circumstances, he would act. Not one in a million would be likely to hit upon our wit's expedient. Being lodged at the Tower and Angel, a famous inn in Lyons, pondering as we may conceive, one morning after breakfast, how he should manage to pay his bill, his attention was idly directed to a heap of ashes in the chimney—wood ashes, be it understood, as in those days, there were no coal fires in France. The ashes were soft and powdery, and looked very like an apothecary's compound, and from that resemblance the perplexed traveller caught a hint. He took some of the ashes, and wrapt them up in several little papers. On one of them he wrote "Poison to kill the King;" on another, "Poison to kill the Queen;" on a third, "Poison to kill the Duke of Orleans." Putting them into his pocket, he sallied out into the Market Place, and going into the Exchange he met with a young merchant who, from the style of physiognomy, seemed a promising subject for a bit of practical banter. Getting into conversation with him, Rabelais told the unsuspecting simpleton that, by a certain skill he had in divining characters from the cast of a man's countenance, he could perceive that he (the merchant) had a great desire to get an estate easily; and he went on to say that if he would come with him to his inn he would put him in a way to get a hundred thousand crowns. The greedy merchant, as was expected, took bait at the proposal, and going with Rabelais, the two sat down to drink. He who was to be so much obliged, of course, gave orders for the wine, and, the drinking being well commenced, came at once to the main point—namely, how to get the hundred thousand crowns. Rabelais was in no hurry to communicate; nevertheless, after another bottle or two, and meanwhile pretending a great deal of caution, he brought forth the papers of powder, and proposed to him that he should make use of them according to their superscriptions. So startling a proposal might have been expected to require a little consideration, yet, scarcely hesitating, the merchant promised to undertake the business; and it was agreed between them that they should meet again next day to take final measures in regard to it. For the present, away goes the credulous trader—not, however, to deliberate in private on the treasonable project,

but he runs straightway to a judge to lay an information against Rabelais. Instead of returning to him next morning he gets out of the way, and there enters in place of him a lusty strong-fisted constable, who carries off the jolly doctor to answer for himself before the judgment seat. The Dauphin of France had actually *been* poisoned not long before, so that it seemed not unlikely a plot might be in preparation for poisoning the rest of the royal family. On being examined by the judge, the prisoner would give no answer to the accusation, further than by saying, that he had told the young merchant he had never thought him fit to keep a secret, and that, for himself, he only desired the papers might be secured, and he and they be sent forthwith to the king, for he had strange things to say to him.

Accordingly, he is carefully conveyed to Paris, being handsomely treated by the way, at free cost, as was the manner with king's prisoners; and being come to that city, was immediately taken before his majesty, who, knowing him of old, asked him what he had done to be brought up in that condition. Here the judge, advancing, made his report, showed the powders with their labels, and the information which he had drawn. Rabelais was then permitted to make answer; which he did by taking up the powders and showing the king that they were nothing more than innocent wood-ashes—whereupon his majesty immediately perceived what appeared to him a pleasant jest, an ingenious stratagem on the part of the accused for getting a free lift home, with good tendance and provision by the way; and the poor judge was only laughed at for his pains.

The author, on whose authority we have this story, declares frankly that he would not be answerable for its truth, any more than he would for many others ascribed to the same person. "When a man," says he, "has once been very famous for jests and merry adventures, he is made to adopt all the jests that want a father, and many times such as are unworthy of him." Nevertheless, it is not to be doubted that the story accords well enough with his character; and no account of Rabelais would look authentic, if some comical stories did not form a part of it. Whether the following be of the reliable or problematic sort we are not certain, but we find it set down, on apparently good authority:—

At the university of Montpellier, it used formerly, and perhaps continues, to be the custom to admit none to the degree of doctor of physic there, who has not first put on the gown and cap of Rabelais, which were for a long while, and may possibly be still, perserved in the Castle of Morac, in that city. The ceremony is considered one of veneration for the memory of the man, on account of an important service he once rendered to the university. Some scholars having occasioned an extraordinary disorder in the place, the Cardinal Archbishop of Sens, then Lord Chancellor of France, upon complaint made of it, caused the university to be deprived of a number of its privileges. The members naturally desiring to have them restored, and Rabelais being then a resident, nothing was thought fitter than he (a man already famous for his wit, eloquence, and learning) should be despatched to Paris to solicit their restitution. On arriving in Paris, however, it seemed to be doubtful whether he would prosper in his errand. The difficulty lay in gaining audience of the Chancellor, who, being greatly incensed at the disturbance, refused to hear anything on the behalf of the university of Montpellier. So Rabelais, having vainly tried to get admitted, had to think of some witty device which might serve his purpose. He attired himself, we are told, in a green gown and a long grey beard, and in that plight appeared at the Chancellor's palace. From some singular gesticulations which he made, the porter and servants mistook him for a madman, but condescending to ask him, in a peremptory manner, who he was, and what he wanted, his reply did not much enlighten them. "Being asked some



other questions, he answered in Latin, which the other understanding not, one of the Chancellor's officers that could speak the tongue was brought, who, addressing himself to our doctor in Latin, was answered by him in Greek, which the other understanding as little as the first did Latin; a third was fetched who could speak Greek; but he no sooner spoke in that language to Rabelais, but Rabelais answered him in Hebrew; and one who understood Hebrew being with much difficulty procured, Rabelais spoke to him in Syriac: thus having exhausted all the learning of the family, the Chancellor, who was told that there was a merry fool at his gate who had outdone every one, not only in languages, but in smartness of repartee, ordered him to be brought in. It was a little before dinner. Then Rabelais, shifting the farcical scene into one more serious, addressed himself to the Chancellor with much respect, and having first made his excuse for his forced buffoonery, in a most eloquent and learned speech, so effectually pleaded the cause of his university, that the Chancellor, at once ravished and persuaded, not only promised the restitution of the abolished privileges, but made the doctor sit down at table with him, as a particular mark of his esteem."

A grand hoax was played by Rabelais upon a certain medical faculty. Hearing that this learned faculty, for the sake of small sums of money, was in the habit of admitting ignorant pretenders as doctors of physic without examination, and even without seeing them, Rabelais sent the usual fees, and got one made doctor there, unseen, by the name of Doctor Johannes Caballus, who was, indeed, his own horse jack, or, as some relate, his mule—there being a little variety in different versions of the tradition. Touching this same Johannes Caballus, there is another story, in which he appears with less dignity, but rather more in character. Rabelais being at Paris, and, as was his wont, more careful of himself than his beast, had trusted him to the care of some printers' men, desiring them at least not to let him want water. But he having perhaps forgotten to give them drink money for the trouble, they, in return, uncharitably forgot the poor brute. At the end of three days, the creature, having drunk as little water as his master, (who, however, had its substitute in wine) began to poke about on a foraging expedition, and thereby got into involved circumstances. It was Sunday morning, and most good people were at church, but there were some lazy heretical boys about, who, espying John, showed a disposition for a lark at his expense. One mischievous urchin took a fancy to get upon his back; presently another got up behind him, and then another, and yet another, until as many as four had mounted. Without bridle or halter they rode for some distance prosperously along. Johannes was a grave animal, and proceeded steadily; steadily and leisurely he went down the street called St. James', until, at length, he came near a church, when, turning, he walked stolidly into the porch—being drawn thither by the scent of water. In vain did the four outriders kick and bully him, in vain did they strive to turn him back into the street: thirsty Johannes was headstrong, and marched straightway up to the holy-water. Sacrilege and desecration! his profane nose plunges into the sacred cistern, he drinks, elevates his nostrils in the face of the congregation, and derisively shakes his ears! Poor John, in fact, felt victimized, and this was his manner of expressing his resentment. In making holy-water they put salt in it, and, to an unsophisticated taste, salt water is not agreeable. So, of his own accord, John turns back with his four riders, apparently impressed with his failure in seeking water, but quite unconscious of impiety. The congregation, meanwhile, had been not a little horrified and astonished by the incident. Some of them took the poor animal and his bestriders for a sort of spectral quadruped laden with souls from purgatory, coming to cool their foreheads, and thus, in

a silent plaintive way, admonish sinners to make good use of holy-water which they had it. Others looked upon the spectacle as a sheer intentional profanity, instigated, probably, by the enemy of mankind, or by some wicked, reckless heretic in his service. What, therefore, could be more proper than that the poor brute should be seized and put into the pound, and his owner be thus compelled to come forward and claim him? When it was discovered that his master was none other than the witty, scoffing Rabelais, it was at once concluded that he had planned the whole scandalous adventure, with a view to ridicule the priesthood and the established ordinances of religion; and the unhappy Johannes Caballus was not released from his dreary duration until his master had paid pretty dearly for his drink.

Though innocent enough of any irreverence in this matter, as the reader can perceive, Rabelais certainly indulged himself freely in satirical reflections on priests and their superstitions; and he is even said to have sometimes changed words while reading the public service to give it a sarcastic application to the monks. At the same time he did not spare any extravagance of opinion, or absurd asceticism, that was noticable in the ecclesiastical reformers. There is an anagram of his, anything but complimentary, on the name of John Calvin, who had called him a madman. Rabelais, indeed, like the ancient Democritus, made himself merry with all the follies and impertinences of mankind; and so great was his natural mirthfulness of mind that almost everything he said or did was stamped with the marks of fun and levity. Only in regard to one thing was he ever known to be a little serious, and that was the payment of a tavern reckoning; this used to make him somewhat grave, partly because his purse was never over full, and partly, perhaps, to guard himself against being imposed on by the vintners. To this day, we believe, the time of paying a tavern score, among good fellows, or Pantagruelists, is still called in France *le quart d'heure de Rabelais*—that is Rabelais' quarter of an hour, when a man becomes uneasy about his bill.

On account of his wit, good sense, and learning, and through the patronage of the Cardinal du Bellay, Rabelais obtained, and for many years enjoyed, very liberal preferments in the church. He was a prebendary of St. Maur des Fossees, in the city of Paris, and curate (in the French sense) of the parish of Meudon, in the same diocese. Thus, it will be seen that the institution of pluralities in the church was not a thing which Rabelais objected to. At Meudon he had a pleasant country retreat, and here he is said to have composed his far-famed *Gargantua and Pantagruel*—but on this point there seems to be a doubt. Another circumstance is less uncertain, namely, that Rabelais was living here when overtaken by his last sickness. He, however, had himself removed to Paris, and there, "in a house in the street called *La Rue des Jardins*, in St. Paul's parish," we are informed, he died, "about the year 1553, aged 70 years."

The passion for jesting, which distinguished him through life, is said to have been strong in him to its close. Cardinal du Bellay having sent a page to inquire after his condition, his answer was, "Tell my lord I am just going in quest of a great Perhaps (*un grand peut-etre*)."

Not long before his departure, he is reported to have called for his domino (a sort of hood worn by ecclesiastics) saying, "Put me on my domino, for I am cold; besides, I will die in it, for *Beati qui in domino moriuntur*." This, surely, was grave jesting. According to a monkish writer, his last words were, "Let down the curtain, the farce is over." After his death a sealed paper was found which proved to contain his last will, consisting of these items:—"I owe much; I possess nothing; I give the rest to the poor."

*Lines written in one of Miss Mitford's Villages.*

—  
BY RUSTIC.  
—

UPLAND lawns and greeny dells,  
Cottage chimneys, ding-dong bells,  
Little birds that sing in trees,  
Pretty flowers and humming bees,  
Butterflies that fly zig-zag,  
Humble bees with honey-bag,  
Tiny chirpers in the grass,  
Skipping from you as you pass ;  
Little skylarks up so high,  
Rooks that caw in meadows by,  
Silly sheep and lowing cows,  
Cock-a-doodles, bow-wow-wows,  
Little girls and little boys,  
Full of nonsense, full of noise,  
Tell me now, if into rhyme you throw 'em,  
Don't they make you a nice, little, pretty poem ?

*A Glance at London after Midnight.*

—  
BY STEPHEN LEIGH HUNT.  
—

A dewy freshness fills the silent air,  
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,  
Breaks the serene of heaven ;  
In full orb'd glory, yonder moon divine  
Rolls thro' the dark blue depths ;  
Beneath her steady ray,  
The desert circle spreads,  
Like the round ocean girdled with the sky.  
*Southey.*

It is only when free from smoke, and viewed by moonlight from some eminence where the visitor can look down upon the streets and public buildings, that the clearest, and perhaps the most picturesque view of the "great metropolis" is obtainable. The day is, at last, over; the din and turmoil have ceased; not a sound to be heard; not a creature is to be seen; and, so striking is the effect, that you might fancy London had suddenly become a city of the dead,—albeit, it will arouse itself in a few hours, and present an unparalleled scene of business and bustle.

Glancing over it now, the eye of the spectator is first attracted to the public buildings and bridges—London Bridge, Southwark, Blackfriars, Waterloo, Hungerford, and Westminster, the latter apparently terminating in that fine old specimen of Gothic architecture, the abbey, alike the coronation shrine and sepulchre of kings, and even greater men than they,

who have attained, at least, their earthly immortality. How grand and solemn the venerable structure looks in the pale moonlight, partly standing out in soft relief, and partly buried in gloomy shadowing! Now let us turn our gaze the other way: there is old St. Paul's—truly, both old and majestic—the grand cathedral of this Christian city, if not Christian land, towering in stately height and might over all the surrounding edifices of a similar sacred character—the very Pope of the parish churches.

Let us take a view of the river, its forest of masts, and its dense mass of wharfs and warehouses on either bank, as far as the eye can pierce into the distance. What a silvery ripple is on the water, and how inky black the stream appears just under the arches, reminding us of the crime, diabolical wickedness, desperate strife, and hopeless struggles, even for existence, ending in suicidal death, which abound in our modern Babylon.

Descending from our pinnacle of observation, we find ourselves in the desolate streets. What a feeling of loneliness they give one, suggesting the idea of our being the last of the population living, a delusion which becomes so strong that we disconsolately ask, what is to become of us! Of what use is the money in the bank, the bullion in the mint, or the jewellery and merchandise in the shops and warehouses, presuming even that we can get at them! Will they save us from the pestilence of the death which is around us, and how are we to escape it! Possibly, not even by flight, for the contagion of mouldering mortality must rapidly spread throughout the provinces, and ——— but hark!

“As slow our ship her foamy track,  
Against the wind is cleaving,  
Her trembling pennant still looks back  
To that dear isle we're leaving.”

That fellow is the most pleasing singer we have heard for a long time, and the poet is quite right about the dearth of the isle, though we have no idea of leaving it; for,

“Where has commerce such a mart  
As London—opulent, enlarg'd, and still  
Increasing London? Babylon of old  
Not more the glory of the earth than she,  
A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now.”

So writes Cowper, and the quotation is singularly applicable at the present time, reminding us that, as a gigantic metropolis, it is creative alike of good and evil, whilst in the full energy of its vitality, and subject to all the throbs and throes, sorrow and suffering, misery and happiness, which affect humanity, even in a state of unconsciousness.

The ruined merchant dreams of wealth; the millionaire of poverty and disgrace; the aspiring vocalist of a brilliant *debut*; and the young poet of inditing verse far superior to the loftiest effusions of Milton or Shakspeare. In yonder bedroom, where a faint light glimmers through the casement, lies a patient in the last stage of illness, just dropped off into a slumber, which his medical attendant was anxiously wishing for as the only chance of his recovery; and a little farther off we might point to the domicile of one who, with the vigorous constitution that nature gave him, ought to have been sleeping soundly in the prime of health, but, as the result of his incorrigible dissipation, is undergoing, in a frightful fit of delirium, the consummation of that “happy riddance” of which his friends and relatives have long hoped to hear. Thousands are sleeping on beds of down, and thousands more on every conceivable substitute, from the whole some

mattress to infectious rags, while others, destitute even of a night's lodging, lie huddled up under archways, and in the holes and corners of unfinished houses.

Looking around, we are reminded of those who "murder sleep." See that tall slim figure, hurriedly entering the main street, from yonder court-way! He has quitted a party of gamblers, still absorbed in the fearful excitement of play, which has rendered him, as it will most of them, utterly penniless. Listen! what sound of wheels is that!—a cart containing two ruffianly-looking fellows, and a boy—burglars driving furiously home to their den in Whitechapel, with their night's booty; and what odd-looking vehicle have we here, crowded with outside passengers! A fire-engine, and its attendants perched on the top, seemingly on their return to the station, after one of those disappointing journeys that are sometimes caused by a mistake as to the locality of a conflagration, the consequence of which is, their arrival long after the flames have been extinguished. Now there is an individual among the group of firemen—a broad-shouldered, thick-set, sturdy little fellow, in a rusty suit of black—the "fire reporter"—who, as an impersonation of one of the eccentricities of London life, and most remarkable of that class of contributors to the newspaper press, denominated "penny-a-liners," deserves especial notice.

For facility in obtaining intelligence, the "fire reporter" invariably takes up his abode within a few doors of one of the engine stations, and, by the genial aid of a few pints of beer, establishes a friendly acquaintance with the brigade, who arouse him from his slumbers whenever, during the night, they may be called out on their avocation. Up he gets, and away he is whirled to the scene of conflagration. No matter how tempestuous the weather, he braves it all. The idea of "a good fire" in perspective, cheers him through the rain or snow, and the bitterest blasts of winter; albeit, they are in keen contrast with the cosy warmth of the bed out of which he has just turned. On a dark or foggy night, when the swarthy faces of the brigade, their glittering helmets, and the fiery red of the engine, are illumined by the glare of torches, smoking and blazing in the wind, from the furious speed at which the horses are galloping, our reporter looks like the condemned victim of some secret society, whose emissaries are carrying him off to his *auto da fe*; and, to speak soberly, perhaps his life is, sometimes, seriously imperilled. No wonder, therefore, that he spins out his penny lines to as great a length as possible, in spite of his having only a few hours to write his report, and take it round to the offices of all the morning papers. Doubtless you will ask how and where does he put pen to paper, to tell of the "awful destruction," great "loss of life," or other direful accident caused by the "devouring element?" In a coffee shop or public-house, should there be one open, and if not, he makes a writing-desk of the step of a door under a gas lamp, or of one of the shambles in a neighbouring market, taking five or six copies of his report at once, by means of a "manifold writer."

As a contrastive sample of night toil, purely mechanical, we may advert to the law-writer, who, by the rapid and unceasing exercise of his pen from night to morning, and sometimes in the day, occasionally earns from five to six pounds per week, which he commonly spends, in what he calls "relaxation," during the two first days of the week. Next, take the poor milliner, who, though her work requires the exercise of great taste and judgment, and is too often continued through day and night, "till the eyes grow weary and dim," is so wretchedly paid that she can scarcely earn the means of subsistence—an evil extending almost to every kind of employment in which women are exclusively engaged.

But whither has our reverie brought us! To the Strand, opposite

the office of one of the daily newspapers—the *Morning Chronicle*. In those upper rooms, where the gas lamps are burning, you may see the compositors at work. Some of them are making corrections, while the rest are setting up the fag end of a debate in parliament, or the editor's "leader," or, perhaps, a critique or review, or — look ! there goes our friend, the "fire reporter," rushing up that court, and in at the door under the gas lamp, as if he were on an errand of life and death. Poor fellow ! his mode of getting a living is almost as exciting and quite as precarious as that of a gambler, for it is possible that the pressure of more important matter may cause his copy to be excluded altogether, from every one of the papers, or it may be cut down to a few lines—so many pence—but, if used in full, he will probably have earned a couple of pounds by his night's labour. See ! there he is again, hastening, by a short cut, to his last place of call, the office of the *Morning Post* ; and, following his footsteps, we find ourselves close upon the purlieus of the west. But hark ! Saint Paul's, Covent Garden, strikes five, and yonder is a peripatetic coffee shop, the proprietor of which is spreading his table for the benefit of those whom poverty has injured to the discomfort of a breakfast in the street, or those who, after making a "night of it," take a cup of coffee *al fresco* just "for the fun of it." London is beginning to wake up ; our "after midnight" has already encroached upon the day.

### The Anonymous Letter.

To write an anonymous letter is ungentlemanly : of this there can be no doubt—nay more, it is mean, dastardly, skulking, depraved ! But what could I do ! Colonel Plinth was about to marry his cook !

To write an anonymous letter is degrading, to say the least : it would require the skill of a Sophist to render it justifiable, perhaps ; and yet, when Colonel Plinth was going to marry his cook—

A vixen—a perfect Saracen of a woman behind his back ; and he, a man of nice honour, who had gained golden laurels at Seringapatam—an aide-de-camp to Sir David Baird—my friend ! The intelligence had come like a thunder-bolt.

To write an anonymous letter, except under the most imperative circumstances, is unquestionably atrocious. I felt that, even posited as I was,—with the most benevolent intentions, conscience—my conscience, as a gentleman and an officer, would hesitate to approve of it. I paused—I determined to weigh the matter well ; but the conviction fell upon me like an avalanche, that not a moment was to be lost !—Colonel Plinth was on the eve of marrying his cook—

Rebecca Moggs ! And he my brother-in-law—the widowed husband of my sainted sister—a K.C.B.—a wearer of four medals, two crosses, and the order of the Golden Fleece—a man who had received the thanks of parliament—the written approbation of my Lord Clive—two freedoms in gold boxes !—a man who, had he nobly fallen on the ramparts of Tippecoo's capital, would have been taken home in rum, and buried in St. Paul's.

His fragment—his living remains—(for he possessed only one organ of a sort—having lost a leg, an arm, an eye, and a nostril)—had resolved on, what I considered, a sort of demi-post-mortem match, with what !

A blowy, underhung menial, whose only merit consisted in cooking mulligatawny, and rubbing with a soft fat palm the wounded ankle of his partially efficient leg ; the illegitimate offspring of a Sepoy pioneer's trull ;—

a creature whom my lovely and accomplished sister had taken from the breast of her dead mother (the woman, a camp follower, received an iron ball in her brain from one of Tippoo's guerilla troops in the jungle)—one whom Evadne had brought up, with maternal care, in her kitchen ;—a scullion ! And such a one to be Colonel Plinth's wife—to take the place of Evadne ! Good God !

To write an anonymous letter is rather revolting ; much may be said against it ; it is one's *dernier resort* ; still it has its advantages, and why neglect them ! Had Colonel Plinth not been what he was—were he but a casual acquaintance, or a mere friend—then indeed—

But he was my brother-in-law—my brother in arms—in a word, Colonel Plinth.

Had he been a man who would listen to reason—who was open to conviction—to whom one might venture to speak—why really—

But he was as hot as curry ;—yet not deficient in sense ; but dreadfully opinionated ;—tetchy—easily susceptible of feeling himself insulted—careful as to keeping his pistol-case in such a state as to be ready at a moment's notice—a being inflamed in body, soul, and complexion, by the spices and sun of the burning east.

To remonstrate with him would have been absurd ; he would have cut me down with his crutch :—he had amassed three thousand a-year.

To write an anonymous letter was not exactly the sort of thing ; but why see him rush into a match which would dishonour himself, and shed a sort of retrospective shame on my sainted sister !

The cook was far from immaculate. A native servant, whom I discharged at Calcutta for repeatedly staying out all night—but why expose the weak side of humanity !—

And another young fellow of her acquaintance, whom I pardoned for having robbed me, on condition of his frankly confessing all his misdeemeanours—

Besides, there was Larry the trumpeter—

And one or two more.

Under such circumstances—conscious of his infatuation, I ceased to waver : the end sanctified the means, and I wrote him an anonymous letter.

She, of course, would make a point of having children—and then where were my expectations !

Evadne had never been a mother : the colonel was the only Plinth in the universe ; and posited as I was—Evadne being the link—I naturally had expectations.

To say nothing of being nine years my senior, he was a wreck—a fiery wreck, full of combustibles, burning gradually to the water's edge.

The sun of his happiness would, as I felt, set for ever, the moment he married such a creature as Moggs—innately vulgar—repulsive—double chin—tumorid—protuberant—

Social festivity was everything to Colonel Plinth : but who would dine with him, if his *ci-detant* cook were to carve !—Evadne's adopted—Larry the trumpeter's love !—I couldn't.

Therefore, under a sense of overwhelming duty to Colonel Plinth, I wrote him an anonymous letter.

Every precaution was taken : the hand was disguised—the paper such as I had never used, and, to crown all, I dropped the important document in a very distant and out-of-the-way post-office.

Conscious of perfect security—animated by the cause I had espoused I played away upon him from my masked battery, with prodigious vehemence. Reserve was out of the question ; in an anonymous letter, the writer, of course, speaks out :—this is its great advantage. I took a rapid review of

his achievements—I recalled the accomplished Evadne to his mind's eye,—I contrasted her with his present intended : Larry the trumpeter figured in, and the forcible expression as to Caesar's wife was not forgotten. I rebuked—I argued—I ridiculed—I scorned ; I appealed to his pride—I mentioned his person. I bade him consult a *cheval* glass, and ask himself if the reflection were that of a would-be bridegroom. I told him how old he was—what the Indian army would think—in short, the letter carried upon the face of it the perfect conviction of a thirty-two-pounder. Here and there I was literally ferocious.

I dined alone that day, and was taking my wine in the complacent consciousness of having done all in my power, when Colonel Plinth knocked. Of course I knew his knock : it was always violent ; but on this occasion rather less so than usual. I felt flurried : as he ascended, my accurate ear detected a strange footstep on the stair. Hastily pouring out and gulping down a bumper, I contrived to rally before my friend entered.

Commonly his countenance was turbid—*billowy*,—rufous,—the Red Sea in a storm : now it was stony—pale—implacable : he was evidently *white* hot with wrath. His eye, usually lurid as that of a Cyclops at the forge, was cold—clear—icy ; his look froze me. I had seen him thus before—in the breach at Seringapatam.

His salute was alarmingly courteous : he begged leave to introduce a friend—Baron Cahooz, a noble Swede in the Prussian service. Never before had I beheld such a martinet ; where could Plinth have picked him up !

The Baron, in very good English, expressed his concern at making so valuable an acquaintance as that of Major Mocassin, under such infelicitous circumstances. Colonel Plinth had been insulted : but as I had so long been his most valued friend—as we had fought and bled on the same fields—as those arms (his right and my left) which had been so often linked together, were mouldering, side by side, in the same grave—as I was his brother-in-law, Colonel Plinth would accept of the amplest possible apology : with any other man than Major Mocassin, Colonel Plinth would have gone to extremities at once.

I was petrified during this speech ; but at its conclusion some sort of an inquiry staggered from my lips.

Baron Cahooz did not understand.

I declared myself to be in the same predicament : would he be so good as to explain !

In reply, the Baron hinted that I must be conscious of having written Colonel Plinth a letter.

Fearing that Plinth's suspicions had been aroused, and that this was a *ruse* to trap me into confession—remembering my precautions—and feeling sure that nothing could, by any possibility, be brought home to me, unless I turned traitor to myself—I denied the imputation point blank ! Indeed, what else could I do ?

Colonel Plinth uttered an exclamation of bitter contempt, and hobbled towards the door.

Baron Cahooz handed me his card :—nothing further could be done : he hoped the friend whom I might honour on the occasion would see him as early as possible, in order to expedite the necessary arrangements.

I made a last effort. Advancing towards the door, where Plinth stood, I begged to protest that I was mystified—that he must be labouring under a mistake.

“ A mistake ! ” shouted he, in that tremendous tone which for a moment had once appalled the tiger-hearted Tippoo,—“ A mistake, Major Mocassin ! There's no mistake, sirrah ! Will you deny your own handwriting ? ”

So saying he threw the letter in my face and retired, followed by Cahooz.



In another moment the veil was torn asunder. Having never before attempted an anonymous letter, and acting under the influence of confirmed habit, I had concluded the fatal epistle, without disguise, in my customary terms :—" *Yours ever*, JOHN MOCASSIN!!"

NOTE.—The foregoing paper was drawn up and sent to his cousin, in Kentucky, by Major Mocassin, a few hours after Colonel Plinth and Baron Cahooz had quitted him. On the inside of the envelope appears the following :—" 'Tis now midnight. Rear Admiral Jenkinson has settled everything with the Baron, to their mutual satisfaction; we are to be on the ground by six in the morning. If I fall—"

After considerable research, we have discovered two announcements in the public prints which form valuable appendages to Major Mocassin's document. The first extract is from a London journal, published in 1819, the second from a Bath paper of two years later date.

No. 1.—"Yesterday, at his own residence in Wimpole-street, by special licence, Colonel Plinth, K.C.B., to Rebecca Louisa Moggs, a native of Masulipatam. The gallant colonel went through the ceremony with his only remaining arm in a sling—having a few hours before exchanged shots, both of which took effect, with Major Mocassin."

No. 2.—"The busy tongue of fame reports that a gallant major, who served with distinction, and lost an arm, under Sir David Baird in the East Indies, is about to lead to the altar the dashing relict and sole legatee of a brave and affluent brother officer who recently died at Cheltenham. A mutual attachment is supposed to have been long in existence; for the bridegroom elect fought a duel on the lady's account with her late husband, on the very morning of the marriage. Pecuniary motives may, perhaps, have influenced the fair one in giving her hand on that occasion to the gallant major's more fortunate rival."

### Notes upon Books.

In the good old times, when learning was the sole property of ecclesiastics, when Bibles were chained to church walls, and the ability to compass plain reading and writing was considered a liberal education, it was said that he who planted an oak deserved well of his countrymen. In our day, however, the proverb has lost something of its force and meaning, and another saying, no less significant, has taken its place. We no longer give the place of honour to the planter of a grove of oaks, but we say, that he who writes a good book becomes a benefactor to his country and his race. Employing this illustration of a change in manners as a key-note, how easily might a magazine article, a pamphlet, nay even a volume, be written. It might be shown how early appeals to popular taste were made through the medium of architecture and painting; how music and oratory were brought in as efficient aids to intellectual progress, and how modern literature grew, step by step, out of ballads, legends, and monkish traditions. But the platform is too wide for our present purpose, and we make a present of the idea to any ambitious student into whose hands these pages may happen to fall. In our day, books are numerous enough, though good books—books that are fitted to instruct the ignorant, and enlighten the world; books that are worked out, thought out, written out from their authors' own minds; books that bear the marks of integrity about them; original books, that are not merely the *réchauffage* of other men's works but

are real creations; genuine books, in which a man thinks what he says, and says what he thinks—are almost as scarce as in those

“Happy days, when letters first were taught  
To act as faithful messengers of thought;  
When yellow parchment, with its polished grain,  
And snowy paper first received a stain.”

When, therefore, a really good, original book—no matter what its subject, so it be not hurtful to morals and good taste,—makes its appearance, we welcome it as a friend, and mentally take its author to our homes and hearts. Such a book,—true to its own purpose, and displaying such an amount of original research, learning, and good common sense, as entitles it to national recognition,—is Charles Hardwick's “History of Preston.”* Independently altogether of its author's connexion with the great Unity of Odd-Fellowship, this book has claims upon the literary public, second to that of no county or local history that has hitherto appeared. Beginning at the very beginning, Mr. Hardwick traces the history of his native town from the earliest times. From the pre-historic days when Roman galleys floated in the estuaries of the Ribble and the Wyre; when the painted savages whom we love to call ancient Britons roamed over the unreclaimed wilds, and built their wigwams in the pathless woods and forests of the “country of the Brigantes”—as the district lying between the Scottish borders on the north, and the Mersey and Humber on the south, was called: from the days when Saxon and Dane fought hand to hand for the possession of the soil, and drove the aborigines back into their fastnesses, as the red Indians, in modern times, have been driven into theirs, till they became lost and utterly extinct: from the period when the more polished northmen, led by Conquering William, satiated with continental victory, turned their arms against England, overcame the son of Godwin, and routed the Saxons on the bloody field of Hastings: from the conquest of Lancashire and Yorkshire by Gilbert de Lacy, one of William's subordinate chiefs: through all the strifes and struggles of those eventful times, Mr. Hardwick brings his history, till we come to our days, and elections, strikes, lock-outs, and municipal dissensions, take the place of wars and tumults; till trade and commerce have routed knight and baron, with all their gaudy panoply of men-at-arms, and servitors, and waving banner, and glancing helmet, and glittering sword, quite out of the field, and nothing of old romance is left but what we learn from books.

But to leave these generalities and to come to facts. To treat this “History of Preston” as it deserves, we should devote at least twenty pages to its consideration. This, however, is quite beyond our scope, and we can merely indicate what our inclination would lead us to examine. Besides presenting the reader with an excellent historical and topographical description of “Proud Preston”—as it is popularly called, from the letters P.P. (*Princeps pacis*) on the corporation seal, which exhibits a lamb couchant, surrounded by the legend “*Sigillum Comene Villa de Preston*,”—the author has done the state some service by his discovery of the Roman Station of Walton-le-Dale. This discovery must be considered a highly valuable one; as, besides throwing considerable light on the history of the Roman occupation of this island, it has necessitated an entire reconstruction and revision of the previously admitted topography of Lancashire. All the writers who had hitherto investigated the question as to the Roman Station (the Coccium of the tenth inter) in this neighbourhood, have been

* “History of the Borough of Preston and its Environs, in the County of Lancaster;” by Charles Hardwick (member of, and contributor to, the Lancashire and Cheshire Historic Society; author of “Friendly Societies, their History, financial Prospects, &c.”)—Preston: Worthington and Co. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

wandering in the dark. Mr. Hardwick's perseverance and antiquarian research have set the historians right, and established the precise situation of the Roman camp, in Lancashire, as nearly as may be. "The discovery," he says, "of a second station on the Ribble, completes a double line of forts, to guard the passes over the principal rivers in Lancashire. One is at the head of the tidal estuaries of the Mersey, the Ribble, and the Lune, which, Tacitus observes, Agricola himself 'surveyed, and fixed the stations;' namely, Condate at Stockton Heath, near Warrington; Coccium at Walton, near Preston; and Bremetonacis at Lancaster, on the Lune. The higher or inland line, on the same rivers, is formed by Mamutium, at Manchester; Rigodunum at Ribchester; and Ad Alunum at Overborough, near Kirby Lonsdale." (p. 34.) The supposition, that Ribchester was once a port, is for ever set at rest by Mr. Hardwick's discovery. "For if," says he, "the tide had, at the time referred to, risen six feet higher, or, what would amount to precisely the same thing, had the level of the valley been depressed but six feet, the station could not have existed. Indeed, it must have required, *then*, as *now*, to be well embanked, to ensure protection from the ravages of the winter floods, providing the river current and tidal flow were no greater than at the present time. In all human probability, the valley of the Ribble presents, at the present hour, nearly the same *general* features as when the Roman legions left the country. Its superficial aspect may have changed; the alluvial deposits may have increased; the river channel may have become 'sanded up' or diverted; marshy swamps may have been converted into solid earth; the dense oak forests, which once crowned its banks, may have fallen beneath the axe of civilization; but no *proof* has yet been advanced that its *great* outlines have changed since the day when the painted Setantian warriors succumbed to Roman discipline and Roman valour, and resigned their stronghold, in the midst of the swamps of Walton to the soldiers of the victorious Agricola." (p. 54.) Mr. Hardwick has thrown some curious light on the discussion, as to the locality of the great battle of Brunanburg, fought between the Saxons and Danes, A.D. 934-7, which placed the sceptre of all England in the hands of Athelstan. As the Saxon chronicle has it—

Here Athelstan king  
Of earls, the Lord  
Of heroes, the bracelet-giver,  
And his brother eke,  
Edmund etheling,  
Life-long glory  
In battle won,  
With edges of swords,  
Near Brunanburh.  
The board-walls they clove,  
They hewed the war-lindens,  
Hamora lafan'  
Offspring of Edward.  
Such was their noble nature  
From their ancestors,  
That they in battle oft,  
'Gainst every foe,  
The land defended,  
*Hoards* and homes,  
The foe they crushed;  
The Scottish people  
And the shipmen  
Fated fell.

The field 'dæniède'  
With warriors' blood,  
Since the sun, up  
At morning tide,  
Mighty planet,  
Glided o'er grounds,  
God's candle bright,  
The eternal Lord's,  
Till the noble creature  
Sank to her settle.  
There lay many a warrior,  
By javelin strowed;—  
Northern-man  
Over shield shot;  
So the Scots eke,  
Weary war-sad,  
*West Saxons onwards*  
*Throughout the day,*  
*In numerous bands*  
*Pursued the footsteps*  
*Of the loathed nations.*  
They hewed the fugitives,  
Behind, amain,

With swords mill-sharp.  
 Mercians refused not  
 The hard-hand play  
 To any heroes,  
 Who with Anlaf,  
 Over the ocean,  
 In the ship's bosom,  
 This land sought—  
 Fated to the fight.

Five kings lay  
 On the battle-stead.  
 Youthful kings  
 By swords in slumber laid.  
 So seven eke  
 Of Anlaf's earls.  
 Of the army countless :—  
 Shipmen and Scots,  
 There was made flee.

The site of this famous battle had long been a matter of dispute between antiquarians. Mr. Baines, the historian of Lancashire, inclines to Bromborough in Cheshire; others name Bamboro in Northumberland, Bourne in Lincolnshire, and Banbury in Oxfordshire. Sharon Turner, in his "History of the Anglo-Saxons," is in favour of the first-mentioned. He says:—"It is singular that the position of this famous battle is not ascertained. The Saxon song says it was at Brunanburh; Ethelwerd, a contemporary, names the place Brunandune; Simeon of Durham, Weondune or Ethrunanwerch, or Brunnan byrge; Malmsbury, Brunsford; Ingulf says Brunford, in Northumbria. These, of course, imply the same place: but where was it? Camden thought it was at Ford, near Bromeridge, in Northumberland. Gibson mentions that, in Cheshire, there is a place called Brunburh [the Bromborough before mentioned]. I observe that the Villare mentions a Brunton in Northumberland." Again, Dr. Giles, the annotator of "Ethelwerd's Chronicle," fixes on Brumby in Lincolnshire. Mr. Hardwick, however, suggests a Lancashire site, and ingeniously connects the great "find" of treasure at Cuerdale, near Preston, in 1840, with the battle in question, bringing forward the Saxon chronicle itself to support his views. "If Mr. Baines' view (that the battle was fought at the date mentioned) be correct," says our author, "the deposit of the Cuerdale coins may have taken place about this time. It is true Anlaf was ruling chief in Dublin, and next, one of the wings of his army 'was very numerous, and consisted of the disorderly Irish.' The coast of Lancashire being a part of the Danish province of Northumbria, was in every respect best adapted for the landing of this portion of the invading army. Yet the elder historians expressly state that Anlaf commenced the warfare by 'entering the Humber with a fleet of 615 ships.' It is possible, however, this may refer to the landing of the '*fleets of the warriors from Norway and the Baltic*,' who joined in the expedition. The great battle did not take place immediately on the arrival of these piratical adventurers, for we are told, the governors, whom Athelstan had left in Northumbria, were soon overpowered. 'Gudrekir fell, and Alfgeirr fled to his sovereign with the tidings.' The Irish troops may, therefore, have landed on the coast of Lancashire, and afterwards joined their victorious friends from Scotland, Denmark, and Wales, before Athelstan appeared to check their progress. The English monarch appears to have negotiated, at first, for the purpose of gaining time to collect sufficient force to attack the invaders. Anlaf is said to have imitated the expedient of Alfred the Great, and entered the Saxon camp, in the disguise of a humble harper. Athelstan, being informed, after his departure, of the true character of the minstrel, removed his tent to another portion of the ground. In the evening the camp was surprised, and the Bishop of Sherborne, who had taken up the position vacated by the king, was killed in the onslaught. A terrible struggle ensued, but the Saxons eventually triumphed. The next day, Athelstan prepared for a general engagement. After a night's rest, a sanguinary struggle took place, the confederated invaders were utterly routed; Anlaf fled to his ships, and sailed for Dublin. The small 'find' of thirty-five coins of a similar character to those discovered

at Cuerdale, made in 1611, at Hardkirke, on the property of Mr. Blundell, of Crosby, strengthens Mr. Baines's position that the great battle may have been fought upon the west, and not upon the east coast; or, at least, that Anlaf most probably embarked at some port in Lancashire, on his flight to Dublin in 926. Amidst so much contradiction and uncertainty, an attempt to determine which of the many suggested places should be preferred, is a task both difficult and unsatisfactory. Another suggestion for the solution of this great topographical enigma may, therefore, be offered without much presumption. Mr. Clay has shown that the site of the Cuerdale 'find' is marked on the old map, as the *locality of a battle*. It is well known the Danish and Saxon warriors used the Roman roads in their military operations; and many of their conflicts occurred in their immediate vicinity. It is probable enough, the Wyre being the best natural harbour on the coast of Lancashire, that Anlaf's Irish troops and a portion of the Danish rovers landed there, and committed some of the ravages, the memory of which tradition has perpetuated. A struggle may have taken place at the 'pass of the Ribble,' at Walton. The site of the 'find' is about a mile from the spot. The direct Roman road into Mercia passes by Walton and Warrington into Cheshire. From these facts an important question naturally arises. Are there any places on this line of road which answer to the Saxon Brunanburh? Yes; at least quite as nearly as any of the localities whose pretensions have hitherto been advanced. The Rev. T. Sibson, in his survey of the Roman road, says Bamber Green (now called Bamber Bridge) is a corruption from Bam-berg, which signifies 'War Town.' The neighbouring village is called Brownedge. It is situated on a rising ground, and will represent Brunendune quite as well as Bromeridge! There is as great a probability that Bam-berg is a modernised rendering of Brunanburh as either Bamboro' or Bambury! Bromborough certainly retains the letter *r* in the first syllable, and may, perhaps, therefore, present the nearest approximation. But Bromborough, being on the south side of the Mersey, is not in *Northumbria*! Banbury, in Oxfordshire, as well as Bourne and Brumby, in Lincolnshire, are disqualified for a similar reason. The place must be found somewhere north of the Humber and Mersey. Brownedge is not much more than a mile from Cuerdale. This may be the spot indicated by the crossed swords on the old map engraved in Dr. Whitaker's 'History of Whalley.' Both Bamber Bridge and Brownedge are situated between Cuerden and Cuerdale. The two latter names are evidently Danish, and the two former Saxon. The original burgh or fort, from which the Saxon name is taken, would most probably be situated upon the rising ground of Brownedge. Its commanding site is at present occupied by a Catholic Chapel. The great Roman way passes immediately by it. Some outwork near this place would be absolutely necessary to protect the Roman station, at Walton, from surprise on the south. Hence the probability of the Saxons naming the place Brunanburh, from which Bamberg and Brownedge may have been derived. The syllable *an* or *en* is often written in the old Saxon names of towns, though dropped in modern orthography. Thus Axanminster, Bedanford, and Oxenford, are reduced to Axminster, Bedford, and Oxford. Brunan, in the Teutonic, signifies 'springs.' There are, however, rival localities even in Lancashire. On the Wyre, near the commencement of the Roman agger, or '*Danes Pad*,' in the immediate neighbourhood of the old '*Portus Setantiorum*,' is a place named Bourne or Burn, written in the Domesday survey '*Brunc*.' This is the nearest etymological coincidence, and the locality answers well to the description of Brunanburh. Bourne Hall is situated upon a '*dune*' or hill, which commands a now artificially blocked up channel of the Wyre. Therefore, Brunandune or Brunford would strictly apply to it. Edward Baines has, in his

Domesday map of Lancashire, placed Brune upon the Ribble, as though it represented the Bryning of the present day. This is evidently a mistake. In the text it is named in order between *Rushale* (Rossall) and *Torntum*, (Thornton), which identifies it with Bourne. Bourne is in the neighbourhood of Poulton, 'near which town, according to tradition, a great number of bones were ploughed up in an adjoining field, about sixty years ago.' It is likewise said, that, being pronounced human, they were buried in the church yard at Poulton. Burnley, in Lancashire, is situated on the Brun or Burn. Anglo Saxon remains have been discovered at a place in the neighbourhood, called Saxifield, where tradition says a battle was fought at the time of the heptarchy, and a distinguished chieftain slain. Large quantities of bones and some other confirmatory relics have been found on the spot. The situation of Burnley, in the interior of the country, is, however, detrimental to its claims to the site of the decisive battle of Brunanburh. Many expressions in the poem seem to imply that the final struggle took place near the sea shore. Not far from Rochdale, is a spot named 'Kil-danes,' near Bamford. The site is not much over two miles from a place called 'Burnedge' or 'Brunnidge.' Kil-danes may be a burial place of Scandinavian soldiers slain in battle. A sword belonging to a Danish warrior, and other remains, have been found here. The great Roman road from York to Manchester, passes near the place, and a Saxon castle stood not far from the spot. The objection to Burnley, however, applies equally to Rochdale, both places being at some distance from the sea. The treasure may have been deposited at Cuerdale, on the defeat of one of Athelstan's governors; and Anlaf's troops, unable to maintain their position, may have eventually succumbed to the army of the king, on the banks of the Wyre or Ribble. It is evident more than one battle was fought during the short campaign. The similarity of the names of the places, and their near neighbourhood, may have caused the confusion of terms exhibited by the Saxon and other chroniclers. The song states that the Mercians, '*throughout the day*' of the great fight, 'in numerous bands, pursued the footsteps of the loathed nations;' the rout was continued to the coast, for Anlaf himself is said to have been 'made flee, by need constrained, to the ship's prow, with a little band. The bark drove afloat—the king departed—on the fallow flood his life he preserved.' Athelstan's governor, who retreated on the landing of the invaders, and carried the news to the king, was named Alfsgeirr. He fought at the battle of Brunanburh, and was defeated in Anlaf's midnight attack. According to Sharon Turner, he 'fled from the field, and eventually the country.' There is nothing improbable in the conjecture that this governor may have lived at Cuerdale, and have buried the treasure on the landing of the Irish forces under Anlaf. His flight from the country will explain why the hoard was not recovered, the after difficulty of discovering the precise locality of its deposit, and the popular tradition on the subject. The present is, by no means, the first house erected on the site of Cuerdale Hall, as abundant remains of old foundations in the gardens testify. The song especially records that the Saxon warriors defended their '*hoards*' and their homes." (pp. 79—83.) This suggestion of Mr. Hardwick's, as to the site of the great battle, has, of course, met with both opposition and defence; but, though the point still remains unsettled, we cannot help thinking that, from all we have read on the subject, the Historian of Preston has the best of the argument.

We had marked down numerous interesting passages for quotation, but we find that we have nearly exhausted our space. We shall return to this highly valuable work at an early day. Meanwhile, we may observe that the volume is excellently well got up. It consists of nearly seven hundred pages, capitally printed on fine paper, handsomely bound, as such a

book should be, and illustrated with about a hundred steel-plate engravings of views in Priest's Town (the ancient etymology of the place) and its delightful neighbourhood. We, like many others probably, had imagined Preston to be a close, dirty, manufacturing town; but, on a visit lately, for the second time in our life—the first was at night, when we arrived in the dark and left in the dark—we were agreeably surprised to find this historical town to be not only clean and airy, but beautifully situated on an eminence, and surrounded by hill, dale, wood, and water, with the Ribble flowing at its feet, and in the distance, on one side the great murmuring sea, and on the other the giant mountains, so aptly termed the backbone of England; as if—as Mr. Hardwick prettily puts it—dame nature had not yet satisfactorily solved the problem as to whether she intended Preston to be an inland or a seaport town. Now that Charles Louis Napoleon, Emperor of the French, by the grace of God and the will of the people, has thrown some difficulty in the way of continental travel, summer tourists cannot do better—after reading Mr. Hardwick's book—than avail themselves of the cheap railway trips offered by the two great companies whose lines place Preston in direct communication with the whole of the south, and wander along the banks of the Ribble, from Ribchester the clean to Lytham the beautiful, one of the most quiet and delightful walks within our ken.

We had intended to have quoted the best chapter (in a merely literary sense) in the book,—the Valley of the Ribble,—and to have said something of the town of Preston itself, its municipal government, merchant guild, manufacturers, trade, and commerce—on all which subjects Mr. Hardwick is tersely eloquent; but we find ourselves at the end of our tether—some other volumes before us yet claiming a word or two of notice, in virtue of their youth, their age, or their merits.

AMONG the books on our library table—and it must be understood that we notice only those which have been specially sent us for review—we are happy in being able to give a first place to the "Wolf Boy of China," by our friend and contributor, William Dalton. This pleasant story is intended for the reading of boys, and deserves to be placed beside "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Vicar of Wakefield," on the shelves of every boy's library. Under the guise of the adventures of Lyu Payo, the wolf boy, the author takes his readers into China, and gives them much valuable information concerning that strange and interesting country. Each chapter is headed by a Chinese proverb, illustrative of some peculiar custom or some moral truth familiar among the Chinese people; and the book itself is handsomely bound and printed, and contains several well-engraved pictures of oriental manners, after the designs of that rising artist, W. McConnell.—A new edition of that charming book, Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne," has been published by James Blackwood. The work is illustrated with numerous engravings of birds, &c., and the text has been newly edited by a competent naturalist.—From the same house (forming a new volume of Blackwood's London Library) we have Gabriel Ferry's "Cavaliers and Free Lances of New Spain," full of adventure, and abounding with interest and mystery; "Lorimer Littlegood," a tale of modern life, capitalily worked out; the "Man about Town," and the "Absent Man," by Cornelius Webbe; and the late Plumer Ward's excellent story, "De Clifford, or the Constant Man."—Our contributor, Mr. Edward Charles Moggridge, (the youngest son of "Old Humphrey,") has forwarded us a volume of poems (London: Judd and Glass) of considerable merit, most of which have, we imagine, already passed the critical ordeal in the pages of various magazines. They are worthy of collection, however, and do credit to their author,

as containing a multitude of thoughts well and musically expressed.—Lord St. Leonard's "Handy Book on Property Law," (Blackwood and Sons) is a very valuable little work, full of information to those who have houses or lands to dispose of, or to bequeath, or who wish to purchase; but, like all such books, the burden of the whole advice is—when you have anything to do with law, consult a lawyer. Just as the literary M.D. says, "buy my book, but don't attempt to doctor yourself." Lord St. Leonard gives you the law and the common sense of contracts, mortgages, settlements, leases, wills, trusts, and conveyances, but warns you that he who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client.—"Diamonds and Spades," (London, H. Lea) by James H. Friswell, author of "Houses with their Fronts off," &c., is an interesting story of two children born on the same day, one the child of Lady Silverspoon, wife to the head of the "house of Ingot," the other a beggar's brat, born in No. 7, Angel Court, in "the Brill, Camden Town." The mother and father of Leigh Woodroffe, the poor child, die of grief and poverty, and the infant is taken to the workhouse, where he is "dragged up," and barely escapes turning out a thief, through the advice of a young gentleman of the "Artful Dodger" school, who luxuriates in the cognomen of "Pip" or the "game 'un." The two children, thus introduced to the reader, run through a variety of adventures, when, of course, it turns out at last that the beggar is the true aristocrat, and the aristocrat is not the rightful heir to the great "house of Ingot." In the conduct of this story, Mr. Friswell only just misses excellence; and, if Douglas Jerrold had never written "St. Giles and St. James," and Charles Dickens had never written "Oliver Twist," and half-a-dozen other popular authors had not cruelly anticipated the principal events in this story, "Diamonds and Spades" would not only have been interesting, but original. Nevertheless the novel is well worth its price (two shillings), and will doubtless attract numerous purchasers.—Mr. Friswell has just concluded, in the pages of the "Train," his "Sham Pamphlets," a clever story on the Thackeray model. It is a pity that a writer possessing so ready a pen should not strike out a path for himself. Why need we always run our vehicles in the ruts of other carriages! Why cannot we strike out lines of our own!

We must dismiss in a single paragraph some half-dozen other volumes. Cuthbert Bede's capital story, "Nearer and Dearer," has appeared in a second edition; as also has the "Fairy Fables"—a most genial and delightful book—by the same author.—Our friend, Mr. Peacock, has produced a most charming fairy story, for children of all ages, entitled "The Adventures of St. George after his famous Adventure with the Dragon," which is admirably illustrated by Gustave Doré.—The "Further Adventures of the Little Traveller," by the author of the "Christmas Tree," carries its hero into Germany, Switzerland, and even across the great Pacific Ocean.—The "Baddington Peerage," by George Augustus Sala, is about to be published by Messrs. Routledge, who have also brought out Mr. Augustus Mayhew's capital tale of London Life, called "Paved with Gold," which has already appeared in shilling numbers.—Robert Brough's clever novel, "Marston Lynch," with which our readers first made acquaintance in the "Train," is, we understand, just ready for publication.—Captain Crawley, the author of "Billiards, its Theory and Practice," is engaged, we hear, on a series of handbooks on Backgammon, Chess, and Whist.—Thackeray's "Virginians"—the best of all its author's tales—has reached its sixth number; and last though not least, we believe that our Grand Master is busily engaged on his new book relating to Friendly Societies.



## Odd - Fellowship.

### The Bundle of Sticks.

*An Address, written for and delivered at the 15th Grand Annual Fête of the Brighton District of the Manchester Unity, Swiss Gardens, Shoreham, on Monday, June 28, 1882, in Aid of the "Odd-Fellows' Hall," Brighton, by JAMES CURTIS, G.M. of the Brighton District, and a Member of the Board of Directors.*

OLD custom claims, that such a day as this  
To say a word or two we should not miss;  
To plead our cause, as well as I am able,  
I'll do my best—just listen to a fable:  
'Tis one of *Æsop's* which I much admire—  
The fable of the children and their aged sire.  
He saw amongst them, anger, bitterness, and strife,  
Which sore annoyed, and oft disturbed his life.  
At length, to cure them, on this plan he'd fix,  
Before them placed, firm bound, a heap of sticks.  
"Break, break, my boys," the aged father cries;  
Now see with force each eager stripling tries,  
But all in vain; the bundle was too firm,  
Try as they would, their energies did spurn.  
At length, when wearied, he undid the band;  
Behold them now, divided in each hand.  
"Break, break, my boys," *again* the father said,  
And, eager to the task, again they sped.  
The task was easy, 'twas accomplished quick,  
And each one soon produced his broken stick.  
"See here, my sons," replied this father kind,  
"Tis union which through life one family should bind;  
United, you are firm, no earthly power can break,  
In Heaven e'er trust, have but one earthly stake."  
Now, for our moral—sure, from this we learn,  
'Tis union which all earthly happiness must earn:  
For men were made to cheer and aid each other  
By doing good, each striving for his brother.  
And O, if ever unity is found,  
Amidst this life, where earthly strifes abound,  
'Tis found, my friends, in such a band as ours,  
Where union gives us strength, ability, and powers.  
We're called Odd-Fellows, strange though our name appear,  
We do much good towards our brothers here:  
Should sickness smite, should grief or pain oppress,  
Each brother strives to cheer, to aid, to soothe the distress.  
And when stern Death, the monster, e'er appears,  
The couch is watered by a brother's tears.  
Should widow mourn, should orphan children grieve,  
A brother's duty bids a brother's pangs relieve.  
Assist, my friends, the task we're now upon,  
We ask a place, our work to carry on;  
A place where brother may with brother meet,  
And friendly looks and words a brother greet.

O may the task, that we've commenced to-day,  
 Our anxious care and eager hopes repay;  
 Soon may the building rise, that we, with pleasure, call  
 Our Order's home—our own Odd-Fellows' Hall.  
 Kind friends, excuse the trespass I have made;  
 And now, to end, I thank you for your aid;  
 May we e'er spread in age, as well as youth,  
 Our Order's motto—"Friendship, Love, and Truth."

### Presentations, &c.

**BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE.**—At the quarterly meeting of this district, on Monday, December 28th, 1857, a certificate of merit, handsomely framed and glazed, was unanimously resolved to be presented to Mr. John T. Illingworth, the retiring G.M. of the district, as a testimonial of his strenuous and unwearied exertions for its welfare during the past two years. Mr. Illingworth represented Bradford at the Lincoln and Norwich A.M.Cs. From an address subsequently issued by him, it appears that the mortality of this district for the ten years ending 1857, has been 433 members and 339 wives; the amount paid for those deaths being £6,703, raised by an average levy of £2 2s. 6d. per member; for the preceding ten years, ending 1847, there were 336 members and 341 wives died, the amount paid, £5,747, equal to £1 17s. 3½d. per member. the district numbering upwards of 3,000 members. Mr. Illingworth suggests that lodges should consider their position at the end of each year, and ascertain whether their financial progress justifies them in proceeding as they have hitherto, or whether, by a little prudent and timely retrenchment, they may ultimately avert that inevitable ruin which results from recklessly hazarding future prospects for present indulgences.

**BELFAST.**—**ODD-FELLOWS' SOIREE.**—On the 5th of February, the Belfast members of the Society of Odd-Fellows, M.U., with their relatives and friends, in strong force, assembled at a soirée in the Victoria Hall. The company, to the number of 400, included a large proportion of the gentlo sex—the wives, sisters, &c., of the members and others present, and the *réunion* was at once respectable and of the most agreeable character. The hall was tastefully ornamented with flags and mottoes.

**BRIGHTON.**—A very friendly meeting between the members and friends of the Lewes and Brighton lodges of the Manchester Unity, took place at the Odd-Fellows' Hall, on the evening of Wednesday, February 17th. By the kindness and liberality of the Railway Company, the party from Lewes was brought into Brighton at excursion fares, and had a special train provided for their return home at 11.30 p.m. Upwards of 200 sat down to an excellent tea, provided by Mr. Chatfield, of Bond Street; after which singing and dancing prevailed, and a happy evening was spent.—The report and balance sheet of the M.U. hall, held at the Royal Pavilion on the 18th January, has been published, and the committee have handed over to the Sussex County Hospital the amount of the balance, £26 10s. 8d.

**CARDIFF.**—On Friday evening, the 29th of January, a handsome testimonial was presented to Mr. Samuel Hewitt, consisting of a silver medal, on which are the emblems and other devices of the Order, a purse of money, and an address printed on satin. On the back of the medal is

engraved the following inscription :—" January, 1858. Presented by the Cardiff District of the I.O. of O.F., M.U., to Mr. Samuel Hewitt, for valuable services while acting as Grand Master in 1857." The satin banner bears the following address :—" To Mr. Samuel Hewitt, P.P.G.M., Cardiff District of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, Manchester Unity.— Sir : In consideration of the services which you have rendered to this district, by taking such active measures in administering to the estate of the late treasurer, and your unflinching exertions in securing a very considerable sum from the hands of his successor, the officers and brethren here assembled beg to tender you their most cordial thanks, and hope that you will accept this purple banner, in addition to the silver star and purse of gold presented you by the district, as a token of their respect for you as a true and faithful member of the Independent Order. May you live long to enjoy the friendship of those who appreciate your past services, and who admire the zeal, energy, and promptitude with which you acted under the most trying circumstances that ever occurred in this district. JOHN EDWARDS, G.M.; GEORGE ASHER, D.G.M.; JOSEPH THOMAS, C.S. Cardiff, January 29th, 1858."—The presentation took place in the Castell Cardydd Lodge Room, which Mr. Williams, the host, had decorated with much taste and ability.—The principal officers and most influential members of the district were present.

**GLOUCESTER.**—On Monday, March 8, after the anniversary dinner of the Standard of Freedom Lodge, at Host Bond's, the Prince of Wales Inn, Gloucester, the District Treasurer was presented with a valuable, richly ornamented silver cup, bearing the following inscription :—" Presented to Mr. John Hanman, by the Odd-Fellows of the Gloucester District, M.U., as a token of their esteem and gratitude for his gratuitous services as district treasurer. Gloucester, March 8th, 1858." The corresponding secretary, Mr. R. Morse, made a few appropriate remarks on presenting the testimonial, and Mr. Hanman returned thanks in a suitable speech, which was warmly applauded by the company.

**HULL.**—On Tuesday, July 7th, 1857, the members of the Good Intent Lodge assembled at the Odd-Fellows' Hall, Lowgate, Hull, to present their surgeon, Dr. Monroe, with a handsome silver tea-pot. The testimonial, which was presented by P.G. Joseph Hill, bears the following inscription :—" Presented by the Members of the Good Intent Lodge of Odd-Fellows, M.U., to Henry Monroe, Esq., of Hull, M.D., M.R.C.S., as a mark of their esteem and high appreciation of his professional services to the lodge during the period of ten years."—On Tuesday, January 5th, the members of the Anchor of Hope Lodge dined together at Host Cooper's, Lime-street, Hull. After the usual loyal and other toasts, P.G. Robert White, in the speech of the evening, presented Mr. Monroe with a valuable diamond ring, and the following address :—" To Henry Monroe, Esq., of Hull, M.D., M.R.C.S. We, the undersigned officers and brothers of the Loyal Anchor of Hope Lodge, of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, M.U., respectfully beg leave to tender this memorial as a slight, but not the less sincere, token of the high esteem in which you are held by them, for the professional skill, kindness, and urbanity uniformly exhibited by you for the long period of sixteen years you have been their medical adviser. Not only for this much, as it is deserving of our gratitude, but also for the very handsome and disinterested manner in which, at one period of the history of the lodge, you came forward in a pecuniary point of view, and rescued it from a crisis which threatened its existence; and, when nothing but closing the books and dissolving the lodge were apparent, you took upon yourself the entire financial responsibility, and saved it from impending ruin.

For this, no ordinary service, and for your unvarying skill and kindness as medical adviser, we offer you these expressions of our feelings, and further, as a tangible proof of our gratitude, we ask your acceptance of a gold enamelled diamond ring, on which we have had the following inscription engraved:— 'Presented to H. Monroe, Esq., M.D., &c., by the Members of the Anchor of Hope Lodge, M.U. Dated this 5th day of January, 1858.' Then follows the signatures of the officers. Mr. Monroe replied in a speech of some length, and the evening was spent in great harmony.

IPSWICH.—On Wednesday, the 10th of February, the past and present officers of the Loyal Briton's Pride Lodge, with a few friends, met at the residence of W. P. Miles, Esq., surgeon to the lodge, and partook of an excellent supper, after which, the toasts usual on such occasions were proposed and responded to, and several excellent speeches were made on the past history, present position, and future prospects of the Order.

KENDAL DISTRICT.—At a special meeting, held on the 3rd October, 1857, the members of the British Protector's Lodge presented to John Martindale, P.G. a very handsome book-case, as a token of their esteem for his valuable services rendered to their lodge as treasurer for upwards of eleven years. On the front of the book-case was a silver plate, with a suitable inscription. The presentation was made by Mr. Joseph Lyon, P.Prov.G.M., in a very complimentary speech, in which he compared the present state of Odd-Fellowship with the past, and showed clearly the advantages of the Odd-Fellows and other kindred societies to the country at large.

LANCASTER.—GRAND BALL.—On New Year's Eve, the Earl of Lincoln Lodge gave a ball in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, for the benefit of the District Widows' and Orphans' Fund. The room was tastefully decorated with evergreens, and stars composed of bayonets, flags, &c. From the centre of the room was suspended a handsome silk banner, with the society's emblems on one side, and that of the Widows and Orphans on the other, and in the front of the gallery was a portrait of P.Prov.G.M. Geo. Ward, the oldest member in the Unity, and several oil paintings. Upwards of 200 persons were present, among whom were the Worshipful the Mayor of Lancaster, Medcalf Johnstone, Esq., Charles Hardwick, G.M., the Lancaster District Officers, &c. Dancing was kept up with great spirit until a late hour the following morning, and all parties enjoyed themselves; in fact, a more brilliant assembly has never been brought together at any previous anniversary. Great praise is due to the managers of the ball, and more especially to P.G. Richard Storey, the master of ceremonies, and W. Naylor, D.G.M. of the district, who acted as secretary to the ball committee. A most praiseworthy feature in connection with this ball is the generous manner in which its managers have allowed other lodges in the district to participate in the profits accruing from admissions, subscriptions, &c. Among the donations received by the ball committee we notice the following:—W. J. Garnett, Esq., M.P., £5; Sam. Gregson, Esq., M.P., £1; Thomas Greene, Esq., £2; the Worshipful the Mayor, £1; John Armstrong, Esq., £1; R. B. Armstrong, Esq., £1; William Hall, Esq., 10s.; Mrs. J. M. Bell, and three other friends, 11s. 6d.—LECTURE. On the 24th of March, Charles Hardwick, G.M., delivered a lecture in the Odd-Fellows' Hall, on friendly societies, their origin, progress, and social importance, together with an exposition of the financial laws necessary to their future stability. His Worship the Mayor took the chair, and a numerous and attentive audience was present on the occasion.—Mr. Hardwick also delivered a similar lecture on the 29th ult., in the old Odd-Fellows' Hall, Brighton.

THE  
ODD-FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

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No. VII.]

JULY, 1858.

[Vol. I.

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Benjamin Street, N. G. M.,

AND C. S. OF THE WIRKSWORTH DISTRICT.

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THE Past-Officer of the Order whose Portrait graces this number of the Magazine, was born at the romantic village of Matlock Bath, Derbyshire, on the 8th April, 1808. The greater part of his youth was, however, passed at the Cock Inn, Cromford, which was occupied by his father, who also cultivated a small farm.

The subject of our notice owes but little of his success in life to the education bestowed upon him—for this was of a very limited kind. To his own exertions in after-life he is indebted for the position he now occupies. At an early age he was placed in the service of a gentleman, with whom he remained two years. At this time his father died, leaving his widow with eight children, to encounter the struggles of life as best she could. Her second son, Benjamin, then scarcely 16 years of age, returned home to assist his widowed mother in conducting the business of the inn, and the management of the farm, and from that time he has been her solace and support, performing, in every respect, the duties of a good son.

It may not be out of place to mention, that the father of Mr. Street was a member of the Arcanum Lodge, of the G. U. Order of Odd-Fellows, and was the first Odd-Fellow buried in that neighbourhood. The son, following the example of the father, became a member of the same lodge when he had completed his 18th year. This lodge subsequently joined the Manchester Unity, shortly after which Mr. Street drew his clearance, and entered the "Forget-me-not" Lodge, which he established, and which is now held at his house. He successively filled the offices of his lodge to the entire satisfaction of the members, and in 1839 he was elected C.S. of the district, which office he has continued to hold to the present time, as well as that of Treasurer of the district. His services were so highly, and so justly, appreciated by the members of the Wirksworth District, that, in 1848, they presented him with a gold watch, as a testimonial of their regard. In 1857, the members of the King's Lodge, now held at the "George and Commercial Inn," Wirksworth, (of which highly respectable hotel Mr. Street is now the proprietor), presented him with an elegant silver cruet stand and table spoons, as a mark of their sense of the value of his services.

In 1846 he was selected, for the first time, to represent his district at the A.M.C., held that year in the city of Bristol; and has attended each succeeding one, either as the representative of his district or as an officer of the Order.

He was appointed one of the Board of Directors in the years 1851-2. In 1853 he had the honour, at the Preston A.M.C., to be elected Deputy Grand Master of the Manchester Unity; and at the London meeting, in 1854, he succeeded to the highest office in our great society, being then appointed G.M. of the Order.

In private life Mr. Street has won "golden opinions from all sorts of people." He is justly regarded as a sincere friend, an upright and just man,—courteous, useful, intelligent, and industrious. Nor have his exertions in public duties been confined to that Order in which he has been so eminently successful.

A brief detail of the struggles of Mr. Street to gain his present respectable position in society, may not be without its value to some of our younger members. He married at 18 years of age; and although we offer no opinion as regards the general results of early marriages, it appears that in this instance, Mr. Street has had no cause for regret, for to the assistance afforded by an excellent wife, and by his own industry and frugality, he owes whatever he now possesses. For four years he worked on railways and in stone quarries, when he again entered service, in which he continued three years in one situation, and seven in another. He then settled at Wirksworth, took a small public-house, after a few years a larger one, and at Midsummer last he became proprietor of the hotel to which we have previously referred. During fifteen years he has been



Yours Res^t  
Benjamin Street P^r M

Royal Artillery Lodge  
13/7/58



assistant-overseer of the township of Wirksworth, which office he still holds. He was also for some years surveyor of highways.

Apart from his official duties, Mr. Street has ever been amongst the foremost in supporting, by his subscriptions and exertions, every thing calculated to benefit and improve the town in which he resides. Whether in catering for the amusement of its inhabitants, extending charitable institutions amongst them, or seeking to elevate the moral and mental condition of the youth of his town, Mr. Street's exertions have been most conspicuous. From the establishment of the Wirksworth Mechanics' Institute he has been a member of the committee of management, and is now the treasurer of that useful institution. It is almost needless to add that Mr. Street possesses the universal esteem of his townsmen.

Undoubtedly Mr. Street owes his position in our Order to his strong good sense, intimate acquaintance with our laws, combined with untiring industry, and unbending integrity. Mr. Street lays no claim to eloquence as a public speaker, but when he addresses an audience he is plain, to the point, and eminently truthful; hence he never fails to command their respectful attention. In the social circle, to know Mr. Street is sufficient to command the esteem of all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance. A kindness of disposition, and a benevolence of purpose, mark all his actions; and sure are we that those who know him as we do will unite in the earnest wish that his useful life may long be spared, and that his future may be cheered with every blessing to him and his that this world can afford.

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## The Swansen J. M. C.

BY THE EDITOR.

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WHILE the representatives of the people were taking holiday in Whit-week, our representatives, the delegates from no fewer than ninety-two districts, were engaged in carrying on the business of the Order. While the great parliament of the nation was taking rest, and members in ~~esse~~ and members in ~~posse~~ were distributed here and there all over the country, the Odd-Fellows' parliament was sitting in the good old town of Swansea, South Wales.

It would be altogether beyond the scope of the Magazine, to present anything like a ~~r~~port of the week's proceedings: doubtless the majority of our readers are already acquainted with the main incidents of the meeting; and, as regards the business transacted, a full account will appear in the usual Quarterly Report, a copy of which is forwarded to each lodge in the Unity. Rather is it our office to reflect upon, and to "improve"—as the old divines have it—the occasion thus presented.

In these yearly gatherings we witness the results of that voluntary association which is the main and distinguishing characteristic of our Order. Here we see how working men—we claim no higher title, though we have noblemen, members of parliament, ministers of religion, authors, artists

and professors of science, working with and among us—can, without assistance from the state, and by means of their own money, carry the principles of our association into actual every-day practice. Time was, and that, too, within the memory of many of our readers, when to be an Odd-Fellow was to be a man suspected of various follies, and connected with others in a secret society, the object, scope, and intention of which, the general public neither comprehended nor cared to comprehend. But we have lived down all the prejudices with which we were once assailed, and we now take our stand upon the broad principle of association—each member working for all and all for each—and inscribe upon our banners the motto of our Order, “Friendship, Love, and Truth ; Faith, Hope, and Charity.”

It is needless to tell our readers that the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows is essentially a working-man's society, and that, at this moment, it is the most prosperous and flourishing association in the world. In the year 1854, our society boasted of 231,228 members; by the first day of January, 1858, that number had increased to 276,254, so that at the present moment we may fairly reckon ourselves as about 280,000 strong. Two hundred and eighty thousand men voluntarily setting aside a portion of their incomes in order to provide a mutual insurance against sickness, and a fund for the decent interment of deceased members ! Can there be adduced a better guarantee for the prosperity of the country, a more striking evidence of the progress of working men in all political and social relations, a more remarkable proof of the general spread of education and morality, than such a fact as this ? Let any one examine the history of Odd-Fellows' societies, and other kindred fraternities,—how they rose, by slow and painful labour, out of old trade guilds, and other associations, till, in the present day, they embrace within their protecting arms more than a million of provident, sober, industrious men, belonging to all professions, trades, and callings,—and then say whether the associative principle has not struck its roots deep down into the fabric of modern society, bearing good fruit of substantial promise for all future time !

Hear what our excellent Grand Master, Charles Hardwick, had to say, at Swansea, on this subject :—“His experience of seventeen years convinced him that the Manchester Unity of Odd-Fellows is an institution which demands not only the approval and sympathy, but the complete recognition and assistance of gentlemen of the higher classes of society, and that not simply because of the benefits which were thereby conferred on their fellow-men, but also because it benefitted themselves, inasmuch as it advanced the general progress of human civilization. It had been said, and with truth, that the present age was an age of progress ; and his acquaintance with the history of the country enabled him to bear his testimony to the truth of this assertion. He knew that not much more than a century ago, the working classes of this country were little better than serfs. The institution of Odd-Fellows did not boast of being a very ancient or a very tattered fragment of antiquity, but it possessed a far higher and nobler principle, which commended itself to their consideration. The institution was not merely an institution of brotherhood—not simply a charitable institution—but it was the greatest insurance company belonging to the working classes, in this country or in the world. The Manchester Unity professed to teach the working classes of this country the great principle of self-dependence. All liberty which was not based on this principle was but visionary, and would be swept away ; but when founded on this principle—when every individual man had a voice in the institution—then no foreign enemy, or internal treason, could successfully combat against it. But, again, they effected a vast amount of moral good by teaching working men to lay by a portion of their earnings in the hour

of health, against the hour of need and the day of sickness. When this great principle was practically exhibited, the people must be in advance of that country where no such principle was inculcated. He said again that they morally improved the condition of the people if they taught the working man to depend rather upon his own exertions than upon eleemosynary aid, which, however administered, degraded the recipient. Again, by preserving the working man from suffering the pangs of poverty, they preserved him from falling into crime—he did not mean, of course, direct crime, but they preserved a vast amount of their population—good, honest, and industrious men—against falling on the parish. If, therefore, they saved twenty men from going into the workhouse, they may reasonably calculate that one or two per cent were thus saved from the gaol. But he would not appeal to them merely on the ground of the ‘pocket,’ but on higher and more noble grounds he would state that their society was entitled to demand the countenance and support of the higher classes. He was firmly convinced that the action of their society had been the means of preserving the peace and the security of this country, and saved it from anarchy when the continent was convulsed with revolutions.”

Hear what Mr. Daynes, of Norwich, the able opponent of Lord Albermarle, said of Odd-Fellows in connection with religion:—“In Norfolk, and he believed almost every where else, Odd-Fellows held it to be their duty to give their support to the clergy, asking the same conduct from the clergy towards them in return. They paid great respect to religion, and asked the minister whether they would not support them. He was happy to say that they did so—scarcely an anniversary meeting was held at which a clergyman was not present to respond to the toast of the clergy as a brother Odd-Fellow.”

Hear what the Rev. W. Allen said of Odd-Fellows and working men generally:—“He looked upon the life of man as being partly composed of health and happiness, and also of crosses and losses, and he considered that a man should receive the same hearty congratulations in times of adversity as in times of peace and prosperity. If they asked him where he was to meet with this—where he found the greatest sympathy—the greatest support—the greatest liberality and generosity of feeling, he would say, in that noble order of Odd-Fellowship, of which he was a humble member. If they acknowledged any man as a brother Odd-Fellow, he would entreat them to carry out this principle to its full extent—support the brotherhood in spirit and in letter—no half measures would do in the present time. They wished to raise their society in the land—they wished to tell the people that Odd-Fellowship deserved the countenance and support of the higher classes of society. Nay, if they carried out the principles of Odd-Fellowship in the spirit and the letter, they would not only deserve, but should then demand, the support of all classes—from the highest to the lowest—from the richest to the poorest.”

Hear what W. Dillwyn, M.P., said of Odd-Fellowship:—“In the course of his life he had heard a good deal of Odd-Fellowship—he had heard one unvarying report respecting it, and that report was a good one. He had heard that they always did all in their power to assist and benefit each other. He had heard of their doings, and in many cases had heard about them from his own personal friends.” And so we might quote from the speeches of all the gentlemen at the banquet at Swansea—Colonel Morgan, R.A.; Mr. Aitken, of Ashton-under-Lyne; the Rev. T. Price; Mr. Roe, the C.S. of the North London District; Mr. Schofield, of Bradford; Mr. J. Curtis, of Brighton; the Rev. G. P. Evans, and many others—all well known in connexion with the progress of our Order. But such a course is scarcely needed. Our readers, and the members of the Manchester Unity

generally, require no arguments or special pleading to convince them of the value of Odd-Fellowship. We know, and they know, and working men know, that our society, and provident societies generally, are calculated to do infinite good in the world, and that upon the full, complete, and perfect working out of the principles on which the Manchester Unity is founded depends, in an important degree, the moral and social salvation of the working men of this country.

It would have been easy to have gone into greater detail, and to have spoken of the various subjects that engaged the attention of the delegates at the Swansea A.M.C. But we shall refer to only one, and that is personal to the editor and readers of the Magazine. On the sub-committee's report being read, some little difference of opinion was expressed as to the price and contents of the Magazine—some gentlemen contending that the price was too high, and others that the contents of the work were not sufficiently interesting to Odd-Fellows. On the question of price, and the disposal of the profits arising from the sale, we have nothing to say; but with regard to the literary contents we can only remark that we entirely concur with the Rev. W. Price in his desire to render the Magazine worthy the support of the Order. It will be seen that the present number contains several articles of a nature particularly interesting to Odd-Fellows, and to working men generally. It is not necessary that we should speak of the past, or refer to the difficulties under which we have laboured in bringing the Magazine even to its present state of completeness—or perhaps incompleteness would be the more proper word. We work in hope, and confidently promise our readers that the next volume will be better than this; and that not in one respect only, but in all. Enough of ourselves; the working of our society will doubtless improve in consequence of the various alterations of the general laws sanctioned by the delegates at our annual parliament. It will be seen, and doubtless with satisfaction by thousands of our members, that the proposal to abolish the name of "Odd-Fellows," in favour of that of "Manchester Unity," or some other title, was almost unanimously rejected by the delegates, and that the suggestion was gracefully withdrawn by the gentleman representing the district proposing the alteration. This will be sufficient answer to numerous friends who have addressed the Editor on the subject. Odd-Fellowship, like human nature, is progressive in its development. What was right, proper, and true in the year 1810 may be found to be unfitted for, and without benefit to, the constitution of the Unity in 1860; that upon which we determine now may be found cumbersome and useless by our successors half a dozen years hence. But of this we may be assured: that in all future time Odd-Fellowship will become better known and more highly appreciated, and that the better it is known, and the more widely its principles are diffused, the greater will be the benefits conferred on working men, our country, and the world.

### Nonsense Verses.

Qu'il est heureux de se défendre,  
Quand le cœur ne s'est pas rendu !  
Mais qu'il est fâcheux de se rendre,  
Quand le bonheur est suspendu !

Par un discours sans suite et tendre,  
Egarer un cœur éperdu ;  
Souvent par un mal-entendu,  
L'amant adroit se fait entendre.

How happy to defend our heart,  
When love has never thrown a dart !  
But ah ! unhappy, when it bends,  
While pleasure her soft bliss suspends.  
Sweet in a wild disordered strain  
A lost and wandering heart to gain,  
Oft, in mistaken language wooed,  
The skilful lover's understood.

This song has such a resemblance to meaning, that the celebrated Fontenelle, hearing it sung, imagined he had a glimpse of sense, and desired to have it repeated. "Don't you see (said Madame de Tencin) that they are NONSENSE VERSES?" "It resembles so much (replied the malignant wit) the fine verses I have heard here, that it is not surprising I should for once be mistaken."

## Dust Awa-ay !

BY CAROLINE A. WHITE.

AMONGST the most familiar street-cries of the metropolis, which even startles the matutinal gravity of Belgravia, and is not unfrequently an evening song in the distant suburbs, is the monotonous chant with which we have headed this paper.

We concede that the subject invoked is not a poetical one, yet we all remember how Eliza Cook, in that ringing rhyme of hers that the people love, with the aid of this monotonous cry, and the bell that (before the senses of Londoners grew too refined to suffer its infliction) always accompanied it, rang out—for her—a somewhat gloomy canticle, full of solemn warning and church-yard moralities—so that this strong voiced antiphone (your dust-men always toil in couples, and take, singly, each side of the street) begat a strain, discomfortable as the nightly adjuration at the doors of the cross-marked houses in the old plague times of London—"Bring out your dead," and sounded like a new setting of an ancient refrain we have somewhere met with,—

"Kings like chimney sweepers must  
Put off their crowns and come to dust."

Our prose phase of the subject is of quite another quality; we leave all such musty moralities to our betters, and take it up, not as the end of all things, but as the beginning of some, and as a means of individual livelihood to a pretty wide circle of humanity.

We do not even intend to deodorize it for the benefit of our readers, but to handle it in all its rough, grimy, and unsavoury reality, which in general becomes potent the moment "Dust awa-ay !" ceases through the length and breadth of the street, and the plodding horse and heavy cart come to a stand still, while the burly chaunters, the proportions of whose wide

shoulders, broad hips, and hugely developed calves—by some freak of fancy or special fashion, peculiar to dust-men and coal porters, usually cased in white cotton—are those of *razed* giants—but who in height are only ordinary men, shoulder their hollow shovels and broddignagian baskets, and setting a short ladder to the side of the sludge stained cart, commence their avocations.

In the vicinity of London, summer and winter, fair weather or foul, the cry of "Dust awa-ay!" is never long absent,—for the county palatine of Middlesex, like the county palatine of Lancashire, is a brick making county; and in the course of those transmutations in which art seconds nature, and substances effete in one shape, become necessary elements in the combination of others, the ashes of our grates, solidified in the form of bricks, rise up from abject prostration to the glory of becoming component parts (it may be) in the structure of a palace, or the arched foundations of a colossal railroad, that shall incorporate town with town, and wed the villages to them with an old Roman marriage ring of iron.

Regarded in this light, those who collect them are but outside servants in the porch of the temple that is called Beautiful; they minister afar off to the necessities of architecture, and are, moreover, domestically considered, grave functionaries in a sanitary point of view; for, though ashes possess disinfecting qualities of their own, they necessarily give out, when surcharged, the noxious gases which they have imbibed from decaying vegetables and other matters thrown amongst them, and thus, if not frequently removed, become active agents in the spread of diseases, such as typhus, cholera, and an old visitant with a new name—diphtheria, which are known to be bred in the neighbourhood of ill odours.

Every housewife knows that, with the exception of the legendary silver forks and spoons, nothing goes into the dust-man's basket which is of the least marketable value in the economy of home; broken glass and crockery, stray bones, worn out iron utensils, and old tin pots and pans, with (where a wasteful carelessness, of the cleaner claims of the paper maker, exists,) shreds of rags, all of which, however, without reservation, find their way into the huge basket of the dust-man, and subsequently settle down amongst the omnigenous contents of his cart, which goes reeking, piled up with its anti-fragrant burden, into the broad wind-swept fields and open sunshine, where long ranges of straw-packed bricks are drying, and hillocks of ashes mark the site on which to pour out this last addition to their quantity.

Here, through the long summer days, may be seen clustering men, women, and children (especially the two latter) turning over, sifting, and assorting the various materials of which the dust heap is composed, and from the too near presence of which every cultivated sense recoils; but the art of life in crowded cities "is strange, and can make vile things precious," and so this cineritious heap becomes purified by necessity for the poor toilers, who painfully gather from it their straightened means of daily bread. Moreover, arts and industries are served by their ministrations, and their work is but a means to the new beginning of every end, which is a law in the vortex of our providential universe, and which, if we observe it, appertains as truly to the things of man's creating, as to those of nature, of which, after all, they are but artificial combinations and reflections.

Very sad at first sight seems the necessity which bends lower than age; the groping form of some sexagenarian man or woman, and yet more pitiable the fact that the tender dimpled hand of the little child, and the slender ones of young girls,—fair supple girls, with lithe forms and bright hair, tangled and dulled with ashes, types of the mythic ones of sorrow and anguish, with which the heads of many a one of them shall be spread in the

hereafter,—are grovelling selfishly, as for greater gains, amongst these out-castings of the dust-man's *panier aux ordures*. For it is not simply the washable soil clinging outwardly to them from contact with the inert matters, ill odoured and filthy, that we deplore, but the moral contagion of matured coarseness and depravity, which is said to be frequently an element in brick-making communities. The trade is a lucrative one. While the season of the manufacture lasts, the operator earns his money as fast as he can make bricks; but he works through the long bright sweltry days of summer in the parched unshaded field, and his materials are clay, sand, and ashes—dry and thirst-provoking in themselves,—and so he drains a black-jack many times a day, and stimulates others on the spot to do the same, or shares his with them. But the wit of Bacchus in beer is of the coarsest, and the jests of the brickfield unspeakable; and therefore it is that one would fain cry out for another means of livelihood for women and children, not because we believe their occupations in it physically unhealthy, nor from any fastidiousness on the score of personal contamination,—such soils, if natural purity exists, may soon be washed away;—but because of the intemperate habits, and oaths, and blushless converse, that makes a part of the returns of every day's doings, amongst these black and broiling ash-hillocks.

Otherwise the labour is not harder than many other kinds of toil by which women are compelled to earn a livelihood; and there is at least the fresh air from adjacent meadows, fragrant with hawthorn odours, and the sweet breath of the vernal grasses to purify the exhalations of the burning brick clamps, which, however disagreeable, is said not to be unwholesome.

Meanwhile some lay aside the fetid rags, carefully sorting what were once white ones (linen or cotton) from the coloured and woollen fragments—while others rake out the pieces of broken crockery and potsherd, and again divide from these all bits of glass and fractured bottles,—while here and there rise up heaps of worn-out culinary utensils, bruised and wounded beyond the art of the itinerant tin-man to remedy, and upon which the virtues of piecing and solder have long been spent in vain. The iron relics are separated from those of tin, old hoops forming an important item of the former, while the latter substance, from its comparative cheapness and common use, is found in every variety of shapeless rustiness, and, of course, in most abundance.

Of the after uses of these defaced and seemingly worthless matters, the gatherers themselves know nothing, for ignorance cares only for the present—when once an individual begins to question, and to look beyond, he has broken through the thick darkness, and light is flowing in upon him. The great fact for them is that they sell, or that they are paid for collecting them.

Boys who occasionally forestall the dustman's visitation, and beg such refuse on their own account, are paid at the rate of eightpence per cwt. for old tin, but as their market is likely to be the marine store, at more legitimate dealers the price is much higher.

From this division of labour, the ashes are soon cleared of all extraneous matter, and fitted by sifting for admixture with the clay, which, having been dug over in the winter, has been prepared by exposure to wet and frost for its purpose of brick-making, and as they are used in the proportion of "one-fifth of ashes to four-fifths of clay, or 60 chaldrons to 240 cubic yards, which will make 100,000 bricks;" the vast utility of this, at first sight waste material, will be at once comprehended, and the almost daily cry of "Dust awa-ay!" at first mildly interrogative, but which, as the building season advances, grows absolutely importunate, if not positive,—accounted for; especially in a district, such as the north-west of London, in which a rail-

way in the course of construction leaps by a series of arches across the fields, between Hampstead and the old Prebendal Manor of Castlenewes, now Kentish Town, where the red battle fields of the Crimea are being mapped in brick, and the Mamelon Tower is represented by one huge gin palace, while the Redan figures as another, and all the unforgotten scenes of that grim page in human history, Alma and Inkerman, and many more, have become common names of common streets, to be henceforth found in the pages of the Metropolitan Post Office Directory.

But useful as is this portion of the dust-man's freight, destined to grow up out of the darkness of quenched hearths into superstructures of new human dwellings, the other cast-away, defaced, and rotting fragments that mingle with it, are not without their uses also ; the very broken plates and dishes, and other fragments of fictile ware are laid down for the drainage of roads, &c. ; the broken bottles form a common domestic *chereux de frize* round the walls of the back yard and garden ; while the iron, and tin, and rags serve higher purposes, and become active agents of manufacturing science, or indirect servants of the fine arts themselves. Every child knows that tattered linen is converted into paper, and knowing this will some day comprehend how much education, and the spread of knowledge, for ever widening in its circles through revolving years, is due to this cheap medium of diffusion.

Made radiant with the highest and most glorious thoughts of which the human mind is capable, from the meanest and poorest shape, it becomes a treasure for a royal library, a thing to be coveted by kings and scholars, and most honoured by the love of *these*. Or it carries down from generation to generation, alike to peer and peasant, the imaginative genius of De Foe, and the simple, loving nature of Oliver Goldsmith, with thousands of other ever-fresh and fertilizing rivulets of divinest human thought, filtered and purified through the clear brain and conscientious hearts of the true priests and priestesses of literature, who recognize the sacredness of their onerous offices, so that all may drink thereof and take no hurt.

But if men of science, and genius, and learning are thus served through the transmutation of such humble materials as rags. they are not less indebted to the rusted and miserable relics of old iron and broken hoops, which form the principle ingredient of the ink with which their thoughts are written, and by means of which, and in virtue of the vitality inseparable from truth, whatever be its nature, these thoughts are perpetuated and carried down, as we have elsewhere said, from age to age.

The very dead bones that make part of the foul heap whereby this article has been suggested, are used as a valuable manure for agricultural purposes, so fertilizing in effect, that large tracts of sand and barren heath have been converted into plenteous fields, verdant in spring with bladed corn, and golden with its cereal crops in autumn.

Moreover, they glow with instant light and brightness, as the chief constituent in the manufacture of lucifer matches, and purified by fire are used extensively to refine sugar. Think of this, my housewife readers, and ask what is it that we may call common and unclean ? for miracles abound on all sides of us, and chemistry, that wondrous science, the pursuit of which has brought man nearer than any other to the arcana of nature, converts the meanest substances into subtle powers, which minister to her own ever mutable, but ever living laws.

It is through the knowledge of chemical affinities that these fragmentary articles of iron and tin ware, in the hour of their dissolution for household and other offices, receive a new utility, and in the shape of acetate of iron, and muriate of tin, become the bases of the brightest and most valuable dyes we possess.



Hereafter it is possible that this old battered watering pot, the modern representative of the sacred sprinkler in the rites of Flora, shall glow glorious, as the bright-hued Palargoniums and Verbenas of its ancient service in refulgent scarlet,—that colour, which a blind man once likened to the sound of a trumpet, and which cochineal only yields upon admixture with chloride of tin.

Indeed, this material in solution forms the principal mordant in all dyes for silk and woollen fabrics, for though not possessing colour in itself, it serves as a medium to unite the dye with the substance to be dyed, and not only fixes the colour, but, as in the case of the richest hue which cochineal can impart, modifies it.

Old iron, in the form of its acetate or salts, is very largely used by calico-printers, and also in dyeing wool and silk goods black.

Were we to enlarge upon the subsequent uses of these waifs and strays of the Dust-man's gathering (in many cases more important than those which they originally fulfilled), we should far exceed the limits of this paper, but we have only touched upon the most simple and obvious of their transformations.

If, in some instances, a word of information has been scattered, or a new thought started, so much the better for the writer's account with time. Our object has been, not only the apparent one of investing coarse, unsightly, and seemingly worthless materials with unexpected interest and utility, but to suggest further enquiries. How much of human intellect and labour are involved in these and similar metamorphoses, what the worth of the results are upon science, industry, and the economies of social and domestic life? Did such questions enter more largely into our common converse, our daily thoughts, with what an actual grandeur would the feeling of life and labour be surrounded; the meanest occupations (upon the surface) would become purified, and, so to speak, ennobled by the knowledge of a common share in the grand fabric of civilization. Each human being would recognize in himself a ministrant, no matter how humble, in this living temple of creation, and look upon its constituents, animated and inert, with new interest, as indisputable portions of the whole; for the end of each is but a new beginning, and the subject of a new song of praise and worship to the Creator and Sustainer of them all.

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## An Invitation to the Woods.

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BY GEORGE F. PARDON.

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COME, come to the woods! Come, with garlands of sweet thoughts and posie bright—to dream beneath the over-hanging boughs, of elfin king and sprite; come, where the arching trees their leafy arms are flinging; and little birds are in the air and on the branches singing; and lay you down upon the mead, so soft, and smooth, and green, and listen to the village bells their matin sweetly ringing: list to the thick leaves murmur as they whisper to the wind—and believe there are no riches like the riches of the mind!

Come, and your welcome shall be, what no welcome ere has been; the voice of nature calls you to gaze upon her sheen: and you lie so dreamingly the dewy leaves among, and listen to the whisperings of the fancy-formed song, think, think that there are thousands, who dwell beneath the moon, who, hard at work, no leisure have, on this sunny day in June!

See; there among the long green grass, the cricket finds a nest, and the little mole so secretly 'neath the warm turf makes his rest; and the

thousand tiny insects that live in sun or shade, each for some special purpose crowd, and sport upon the blade ; and every little blossom that rises from the sod, a mute and joyful hymning is off'ring to its God !

Come, and I'll tell you fairy tales, imagination fraught ; and sing you songs of wondrous things to fancy's children taught ; and ever as you listen to my voice among the trees, and startle at the melody that warbles on the breeze, there shall come upon your memory sweet thoughts of by-gone time, and your words shall, all unwittingly, be turned into rhyme ; and your heart, attuned to melody, shall remember absent friends, as the future with the past into blissful present blends.

Come, I have tales to charm your ear, and songs your soul to thrill, and a thousand brilliant fantasies obedient to my call ; and, mindful of your comfort, I'll beguile your heart to good, and make you bless the moment when you stroll'd into the wood.

Come, think no more of trouble, lay the heavy burden down ; let your thoughts no longer wander to the brick-environed town ; you are weary, toil and travel-stained—come lay you down to rest, and your spirit shall mount heavenward, your erring soul be blessed : o'er self and worldly-mindedness there's a victory to be won, when Nature gay makes holiday and revels in the sun !

## Cousins.

DEAR Reader, hast thou ever a fair cousin, numbering about eighteen summers—with light blue eyes, clustering ringlets of a bright golden brown—a face so sunny that it seemeth never to have known sorrow—an arch smile lurking near the corners of one of the prettiest mouths in the world—and lips so full, ruddy, and pouting, that they seem to say, “Come, kiss me,” together with a voice of that clear, peculiar richness, which windeth itself around the heart and nestleth there as if it were its appropriate resting-place ! If thou hast such an one, take the advice of a friend, and shun her. Is her figure lightly and beautifully formed ! has she a springy tread, as if half walking, half floating ! is her laugh musical ! doth she discourse sweetly ! doth she call thee “cousin” in a low, confiding tone ! If so, I pray thee avoid her—fly from her—lock thy door when she approacheth ; and if she entereth thy apartment when thou art sitting alone of an evening, put out the lamp, that darkness may be between thee and her—then button up thy coat and heart and depart quickly. If thou beholdest her afar off, in thy summer rambles in the shadowy grove, or by the margin of the bright river, return thou hastily, as one who fleeth from an enemy that seeketh his life. If thou meetest her unawares, pull thy hat over thy brow and pass on ; and, remember, see that thou salute her not by the way, or evil will come of it ; for, 'twere less dangerous to thee to gaze upon the head of the Medusa than bestow a single glance upon the laughing features of a cousin of eighteen. Treasure these precepts in thy heart, so shalt thou be safe in the midst of temptation ; but if thou abatest one jot in thy vigilance, thou wilt, ere many days, become as one who putteth on sack-cloth and ashes for a grievous penance, and walketh through the city of many men crying aloud, Wo ! wo ! wo ! Therefore, guard thyself for the contest. If she dwelleth in the house of thy father, depart thou from it, and though they send to thee and say, “What is this that thou hast done ! Verily, it is a foolish thing ; return, for we lack thy presence at the board,” yet go thou not back ; and if thou visitest the house of a friend, and thy cousin

happeneth to be in and is seated beside thee, do thou throw thy handkerchief over thy head and sleep, or pretend to sleep; and if thou pretendest to snore, it were perhaps better, though it were doubtful if thou couldst deceive her, for cousins are very artful; and if she essay to lift the corner of thy handkerchief and look upon thee with her eyes, do thou resist stoutly, for it is doing battle in a good cause,—yet take heed in thy struggle that thou openest not thine eyes, or evil may come upon thee: better let the guileful one take from thee thy handkerchief without resistance than that thine eyes should be opened; and if she faint at any time when thou art near, do thou hasten and call another, in order that all needful assistance may be rendered, but beware that thou goest not thyself, for it may come to pass that it was but a *faint* to draw thee beside her, for cousins are exceedingly artful; and if thy cousin singeth exquisite songs at any time, do thou keep time with thy feet, and see that thou doest it loudly, that the noise of the stamping may exceed threefold the noise of the singing.

Should thy father at any time call unto thee and say, "Lo! thy cousin hath not anyone who shall conduct her whither she would go, therefore do thou array thee and depart with her, that she may not berudely treated by the way;" if thy father speak thus unto thee, refuse not but do his bidding, for a son may not refuse his father: but when ye are arrived in the open street, be thou as an adder that heareth not, even as an adder that is deaf—though thy cousin's voice be as musical as the pipe of the charmer, yet be thou not charmed, "charm she never so wisely;" take heed that thou dost this, lest thy cousin *ozen* thee; and if a rude man should push against her as ye walk together in the street, even in the street of the city of many men, and thy cousin fall, do not thou smite the man, but bid him raise her, and if he sayeth nay, and passeth on, do thou ask the next wayfarer; but be sure that thou raise her not thyself, lest thine eyes meet hers, for it may be that she fell hoping to rise in thy esteem, even as he of the Horatii retreated to conquer—for cousins are exceedingly artful; and when ye have arrived at the place wherein thy cousin is fain to enter, do thou ring and retire quickly, lest that the good man of the house should call to thee and say, "Tarry thou with us for a while;" for, should he speak the speech, thou couldst not say to him nay, seeing that he is thy father's friend; therefore do thou stand afar off and watch till thy cousin entereth, that thou mayest depart in peace; and should thy father at any time bid thee to the banquet, that thou mayest look upon the faces of his friends, peradventure thy cousin will seat herself over against thee, so that thou shalt be constrained to look upon her—for cousins are very guileful—then do thou straightway bid the serving-man place the lamp betwixt her and thee, so shall the excessive brightness of the lamp dazzle thine eyes in such a manner that thou shalt not behold her, even though she had seated herself before thee purposely; if there be a vacant seat beside thee, do thou occupy both, so that she come not near; but if she hath already cunningly seated herself beside thee, do thou talk loudly and incessantly with the woman who may be next thee; and if thy cousin still torment thee, bid the serving-man bring thee wine, and in essaying to reach it do thou spill it all over her in such a manner that she be compelled to retire in manifest discomfiture; thereby wilt thou of a verity *overreach* the cunning one; it may be that thy father will reprove thee for thine awkwardness—if he does so, apologize—but should thy cousin venture near thee again, *repeat the dose*—for after having been given twice or thrice thou wilt perceive it to be wonderfully efficacious. When thou art bid to journey with thy cousin into the country round about, do thou overset the vehicle by the wayside, so that she become wofully disfigured with the wet earth, then [mayest thou look upon her without fear; provided always that she is peevish and fretful from the mishap—but if she laugh as if she recked it not, and there be no vexation

in its tones, disregard the injunction, "*See that ye fall not out by the way,*" and take the first opportunity of overturning the vehicle again—and if she still laugh, do thou it again—for, verily, the third time hath never been known to fail; if she venture with thee into the country after being thrice frightened with prospective dislocations, truly she is more than woman.

Nevertheless, there are times at which thou mayest go in and talk with thy cousin boldly. If the woman who hath the making of her garments, even her garments of muslin and of silk, hath disappointed her grievously, and thou shouldst hear her pacing the apartment hurriedly, and stamping ever and anon with her little foot as if sorely vexed, then mayest thou venture in and look upon her; but take heed that thou doest this cautiously, lest that she stop suddenly, and looking upon thee with her eyes, laughing with exceeding great laughter—in which strait haste thee to shut thine eyes and the door, and depart quickly.

If thy cousin hath a decayed tooth, which causeth her to groan because of the greatness of the pain thereof, thou mayest look upon her at such times without fear—but even then 'twere better that thou proceeded circumspectly, lest that the artful one and thou art forced to acknowledge in thy tribulation it was a *bite* devised most cunningly—for cousins are exceedingly guileful; and if thy cousin has been to a neighbour's house, in the season of festivity with the young men and maidens until the crowing of the cock, and she returneth home fatigued, jaded, and spiritless, thou mayest then look upon her boldly; nay, further, even speak to her if such is thy desire—but remember that thou neither lookest upon her nor speakest to her after noon-day, for by this time she shall be fully recovered.

Let not these things which have been written fall to the ground, for he who inscribeth these lines had once a cousin, and she was surpassing beautiful, and her eyes were exceedingly large, and mild, and lustrous; and he who speaketh to thee could read that which was written within them, even as the prophet of old did read the strange characters upon the walls within the banquet hall of Belshazzar the king; and he was fain to seat himself beside her, for her voice was soft and low, and her words were many and good, for she could discourse most winningly, and he would linger and listen, even as one that is wrapt in woven sounds of sweet music—for verily there is magic in the voice of a cousin, and in her gaze; therefore do thou avoid them.

Now it came to pass that he was wont to make pleasant journeys into the country round about, and it often chanced, although he wist not how, that when he looked around, lo! his cousin was beside him, and she would lean upon his arm as if from very weariness, for she leaned heavily, so that he would look down upon her, fearing that she might be sick, for cousins are often sick, although they know not why; then would the light of her eyes shine upon his, and he would feel a strange feeling creep over him, and his pulse would throb wildly, as the pulse of one having a fever, though he spoke nothing, but passed on.

Now it happened on the third day of the week, and in the sixth month, which is called June, having wandered far, they seated themselves upon the bank beneath a tree that cast its shadow abroad—for it was very large—and he held the little hand of his cousin within his own, although it trembled exceedingly, and her head leaned against his arm confidently—for was she not his cousin?—and he considered within himself and said, "Verily, my cousin is most comely, and of exceeding great goodness, what if I take her to wife! it shall be so,"—and as he communed with himself thus, she looked up into his eyes and said,

"Cousin."

And he answered and said, "Lo! Amy, here am I." Then spake she not

again, but cast her eyes down, and played with the tassel that girded her waist ; after a little while she looked up again and repeated,

"Cousin."

And he replied, "Speak, I hear." Then spake she nothing more, but played with the tassel of the girdle that was around her waist, more vehemently ; then did she cast her bright eyes upon him for the third time, and whispered, softly,

"What if I were in love ?"

And the pulses of his heart beat more rapidly as he looked down and replied, "I should rejoice with an exceeding great gladness."

"Shouldst thou ?" said she, and she laid her white hand upon his shoulder, and glanced furtively upon him from beneath her half furled eyelids—and as he drew himself closer towards her there was silence.

Then did she again say, "Cousin."

And he replied, "I listen." But she spake not again at that time, for the rich colour came and went upon her cheeks, while she appeared struggling to reveal something, but could not. And he drew nearer, and placed his arm round her—for was she not his cousin ?—and said,

"What wouldst thou ?"

But she was busily employed pulling to pieces the tassel of silk, and answered not a word ; so he thought within himself, "my cousin loveth me, surely I will take her to wife ;" and he a-hem'd thrice that he might speak the more clearly ; but as he did so, she whispered very low,

"Cousin."

And he said, "Thou speakest."

Then did she lift her mild eyes half trembling to his and say, "What if I were engaged ?"

And he started up from beside her, and smote his forehead as he asked—  
"To whom ?"

She spake the name in a low tone ; it was enough ; he fled from before her—for the name she whispered *was not his !*

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## Emigrants' Song.

BY GEORGE F. PARDON.

I go ! I go ! my native land

Seems like a speck upon the ocean ;

As pensive on the deck I stand,

Ashamed to own my heart's emotion.

Thoughts that should e'en be all forgotten,

Come to my worn and aching heart ;

And sighs and tears by grief begotten,

Spite of my fortitude, *will start.*

My brain feels giddy as I watch

That shore, where I no more may roam ;

Striving, alas ! in vain to catch,

Only a glimpse of my childhood's home.

'T is useless and vain to think of the past,

All unremembered past time should be :

One look !—one long steadfast look !—*'t is the last.*

My native land, I shall give to thee !

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### Household Economics.

UNDER this title we shall from time to time present our readers with a few useful hints on cookery, dress, household management, &c. It is our opinion that upon the attention paid to these apparently small matters depends much of the comfort of a working man's home. In the present number we devote a single page to that all-important branch of household economy, cookery. The end of all cookery is the proper nourishment to the body, and the chief business of the cook is to render food palatable and easy of digestion; and this is most readily attained by plain cookery. We are all epicures, and like our food well dressed. But do not let us misunderstand the nature of the term epicure. This word, says a clever writer, "has been strangely perverted. It has been deemed synonymous with glutton, than which nothing is wider apart. It really means only a person who has good sense and good taste enough to wish to have his food cooked according to principles which allow to everything a proper mode and proper time for its preparation, and thereby rendering it most easy of solution in the stomach, and ultimately contribute to health. Every individual, who is not quite void of understanding, is an epicure in his own way—the epicures in boiling of potatoes are many. The perfection of all enjoyment depends on the perfection of the faculties of the mind and body: therefore, the *temperate man* is the greatest epicure." With these few words of introduction, then, we proceed to give our readers

A FEW HINTS ON PLAIN COOKING.—If sufficient fire and water, and proper cleanliness, are not attended to, all things will be spoiled; therefore, a housewife should be very particular to apportion her fire to the size of the joint. Care should be taken to make up the fire a full half-hour before it is wanted, and stir it as little as possible during the process of cooking. The time generally allowed for roasting joints of meat will depend in some measure upon the size and heat of the fire; but supposing that the fire be a proper one for a piece of roasting beef weighing above ten pounds, twenty minutes should be allowed to each pound; but for a less weight, a quarter of an hour to eighteen minutes will be generally found sufficient. In pork, lamb, and veal, twenty minutes to the pound always. In boiling a leg of mutton, a quarter of an hour to the pound is requisite, and this *after* it boils; but in boiling all meat, the water should only just be slowly kept boiling, by no means fast, as this would spoil the juices of the meat, and it would consequently become hard. Meat, intended to be boiled and not stewed, should also be put into hot water, and the scum be continually taken off, otherwise it will be a bad colour.

Beef is in *perfection* from Michaelmas to Midsummer. Veal is *best* from March to July, but it may be had in most large towns all the year round. Mutton is best from Christmas to Midsummer. Lamb, from March to July. House lamb, from Christmas to April. Fish is generally best in the summer.

In the management of vegetables, care is required in order to avoid waste. A clean housewife will often provide a savoury meal with what a slattern would throw away. The best and most agreeable diet consists of a due admixture of vegetable and animal food. It is no economy to make a dinner of bread and cheese. Of the various modes of cooking, roasting and boiling are the most agreeable to the palate, but they are also the most extravagant, for much of the juice of the meat is lost in the process. Stews of various kinds, in which meat and vegetables are judiciously mingled, form cheap and wholesome dishes. They may be made of almost any kind of meat, and even from bones and gristle, a slow fire and patience will extract much nutriment. The good manager will waste nothing.

But enough for the present. In our next we shall give a few simple receipts for plain cookery.

G. F. P.

## The Opposition Shops in Slugton.

I AM not fond of change. I ought perhaps to be ashamed to own it, but even "a change for the better" is generally attended with some feeling akin to regret;—not a very lasting sentiment, possibly, but, nevertheless, there it is. Now, in Slugton there have been a great many changes—improvements, people call them—since I first saw the light, in the very house in which I am now living; and the Slugton of former days is by no means like the Slugton that now is, and I cannot march with the times, so I grumble about them, and refuse to "move on," and feel angry that I am left in the rear, and wonder that people are not contented to do as they used to do when I was a boy.

I am a medical man; strictly speaking, a country apothecary;—of course, one of the old school, with no leaning to any of the modern "pathies," and with implicit faith in blisters, boluses, and blood-letting. The system did very well for our forefathers, why not for us and our children; are we really so much wiser than they! So I send my patients plenty of beverage, and in chalk mixtures alone have netted a nice little profit during the last ten years.

Why not! My father and my grandfather did the same in their day and generation, and I see no reason for altering a plan which they found satisfactory alike to their pockets and their patients.

So the Slugtonians and I get on very well together. I am very popular with them, just because I have no new-fangled notions, and perhaps, also, my manners are rather attractive than otherwise—for manner is a great thing in a medical man. By the way it would be but honest to add that, with the exception of the veterinary surgeon, there is not another practitioner within ten miles of my native town—nor indeed ever has been, according to the deposition of the oldest inhabitant. The Slugtonians disapprove of change as much as I do;—but no, that sentence should be in the past tense; time was, when they were as conservative in practice and principle as myself, but latterly, during the last few years, I have noticed a difference, not only in the town, but in the character of its inhabitants,—very, very slowly, perhaps, but none the less surely, they *are* moving on, and I do not go with them. I have occasionally a doubt about the future. Should I no longer continue to be the *only* medical man of the place, can I hope to be the popular one! Well, I have no rival as yet, so I will go back to my early remembrance of Slugton when I first succeeded to my father's practice. For ten years things went on just as they always had done. The same coaches passed through Slugton at the same hours, stopped at the same houses, and took up, if not the same passengers, people so very like each other that you knew they all came from the same stock. The same names still continued over the old shops, the only difference was that the son or the daughter carried on the business, vice their parents, retired. Then came a time of panic and dire distress in Slugton; there was a talk of a railway, and surveyors from London, and all sorts of strangers, invaded the sanctity of our venerable town, which the world had hitherto ignored almost entirely.

When the first stone of the railway bridge was laid, my constitution received a shock which it has never really recovered; and on the day that the first train rushed past my back garden gate, and the loud shrill whistle

echoed through my quiet dining-room, I took to my bed, and kept it for a week ; and should perhaps never have quitted it again, but for a "serious accident" in our immediate neighbourhood, by which two lives were lost, and I gained three new patients. This event all at once reconciled me to the novelty, and effectually roused me from my despondent mood.

Then came further innovations in rapid succession ; an immense enlargement of shop frontages, and plate-glass windows ; a more extensive and more frequent assortment of "novelties from town." Our High-street—the pride of its occupants—was discovered to be narrow and ill-paved ; additional houses, of a superior class, were built at either end, and some of the old ones done away with altogether ; and close to the railway bridge arose a palatial "Railway Tavern," completely eclipsing and annihilating the modest "Wheat Sheaf," which had been all that we or our chance visitors had required from time immemorial. "Improved principles" were introduced, even into horse shoeing, and a change came over the spirit of all Slugtonian dreamers, a spirit which has gone on working with ever-increasing power ; and I, not having yielded to the spell, am certainly, just now, in a somewhat isolated position.

My house has no new frontage, nor have I any new clothes of the fashionable cut produced by Mr. Fitwell "from the West End." I did not rush to him, on his first appearance amongst us, as, I have reason to know, our rector did ;—the vanity of the man, at his time of life, and in his position, too !

I go on just as I always did ; not exactly though, there is one change not hitherto mentioned, which has affected me more than all the others put together. Now that my old friend Jabez Clitheroe has gone to his rest, Slugton can never again be to me what it used to be.

I look up at the vacant windows,—they are next but one to mine, so I pass them many times in the day,—and I miss the silver locks and mild blue eyes, which were always to be seen as I went by ; and, more than all, the pleasant smile and cordial hand which were wont to welcome me to his cosy sitting-room whenever I had a spare half-hour to spend there. For fifteen years not a single day passed without our meeting ; and all that time he had been my near neighbour, and a true friend. I knew very little of his family history, for he was not a communicative man upon personal matters. People said—I know not upon what authority—that he had been wild and extravagant in his youth ; rather too fond of the wine-bottle and the dice-box ; but he did not live in Slugton then, and when he first came amongst us to take possession of the house and property bequeathed to him by a distant relative, he was a hale but venerable-looking old man, upwards of sixty, moderate and sober enough in his tastes and pleasures. He was extremely fond of fishing—a passion which I shared with him,—was a botanist, a naturalist, and something of an antiquary.

His fine collection of stuffed birds, insects, and other curiosities, forms a handsome addition to the Slugton Museum, having been bequeathed by him to that modern institution.

He died possessed of more property than I expected, considering how much he gave away annually in charity. The house in which he died was left to me, in addition to a noble sum, which will possibly benefit a certain scape-grace nephew of mine at no very distant period. There were various bequests to servants and fellow-townsmen, but by far the bulk of his fortune was to go to a certain Mary Ellice, alias Walton, or her next of kin, should I succeed in discovering them. If not, the money was to be devoted to the building and endowment of a church in or near Slugton. The rector and I had each a large sealed packet, which we were to burn unopened should the said Mary Ellice prove undiscoverable.



All other matters confided to my trust by the lamented Jabez Clitheroe had been satisfactorily accomplished, so I began to take counsel with the rector and others as to the best manner of obtaining information respecting Mary Ellice.

By their advice, I drew up an advertisement to be inserted in the *Times*, and in some of the leading county papers, announcing that the said Mary Ellice, alias Walton, or her next of kin, might hear of something to their advantage by sending an address to A. B., care of Mr. Tripp, the Library, Slugton.

That done, I called upon Mr. Tripp, who lived on the other side of the street in which my house was situated, and requested that any letters addressed to A. B. might be kept for me, or left at the surgery.

Mr. Tripp was not a particularly agreeable, or very obliging person, but he promised to forward any communication connected with the advertisement, and even expressed some little interest in the result. Week after week passed, and I called and inquired in vain; there was no letter for A. B., and Mr. Tripp's negatives to my reiterated demands became curter and surlier with each visit. I think, although he did not say so, that he was, like myself, rather curious about Mary Ellice, and also rather disappointed at the mystery remaining unsolved, for no one knew, any more than I did, in what relation she stood to my departed friend.

"Have you procured those pens I asked for when I was here a week ago, Mr. Tripp?"—(I had done violence to my feelings by keeping away from his shop during that interval.)

"No, sir, not yet; I am very sorry, but really I quite forgot them. I'll put them down again."

Mr. Tripp had a sad habit of "quite forgetting" what you asked him to order for you. He certainly was the slowest man in Slugton, and moved about his shop with a bewildered air, as if he never expected to find in it anything for which you were possibly inquiring;—and you very rarely did get anything till "the third time of asking," and not always then.

It so happened that on this particular February morning I was in no great want of the pens; and Mr. Tripp's unusually humble manner of apologising for his neglect emboldened me once more to inquire for letters addressed to A. B.—the real purport of my visit. I had latterly adopted the plan of going in to give an order, or make some trifling purchase, and then remarked, in a nonchalant manner, when I had fairly reached the threshold, "No letter as yet, I suppose," or words to that effect, varying the question as much as possible, "to avoid the too frequent repetition of the same," as Murray advises.

"No sir, none; and I don't expect there will be as yet. If I were you I would leave the matter alone for six months or so, and then put in another advertisement. I've been trying to help you in a round-about way, but it hasn't answered. I thought I had a clue, but I was wrong, and I suppose it will be only by some chance circumstance that we find who and where she is. Missing people are not always forthcoming when they're sought. May be the church will be built after all; it will be sadly wanted, too, if they go on running up houses at this rate, spoiling the lanes and fields."

Here was the point of sympathy between Mr. Tripp and myself. He did not like the "improvements" in Slugton, and had even tried to convene a meeting antagonistic to the introduction of gas; but as only he and I attended, we did not pass any resolutions, and separated, having done nothing—but meet.

"What are you going to do with Mr. Clitheroe's house?" he inquired, as I was about to quit the shop.

"Let it, if I can; but I shall wait till March before putting a board up;—why do you ask?"

"Because, as it is just facing me, and hides a pretty view, I wanted to know whether you had any idea of pulling the house down."

"Not if I can get a tenant for it. Good morning;—don't forget the pens."

"I'll remember, sir, I'll remember, never fear."

But I was not much reassured by this asseveration, as it was Mr. Tripp's customary prelude to "quite forgetting."

Poor man, I could not help feeling for him, he led such a lonely objectless life. Some early sorrow—what it was I did not know—had taken all the spirit out of him. He had no energy for carrying on business in the style now requisite at Slugton. His library never had any additions, either in books or subscribers; and his goods, of a varied description, were invariably of a second-rate quality. His shop always seemed dingy and dusty; and he looked in accordance with it. I remembered him a clever smart young man, having had a good education at a well-conducted grammar-school. I recollect his having an excellent appointment in London, where he was rising rapidly in position and in means. He used to come down to Slugton once a year, at Christmas time, to see his mother and widowed sister, who carried on their business in what was then the shop of Slugton. Then he went abroad for some years, and came back to Slugton to leave it no more. The cause of his coming none knew, unless, perhaps, his doating mother; but all saw that his fair prospects were blighted, and that he was an altered man, the wreck of his former self. On the death of both relatives he continued the business on his own account, but always in the same unenergetic, unbusinesslike manner. He shrank from all sympathy; and excepting to me as a professional man, never spoke about himself or his concerns to anyone. He was not a loveable character, certainly; and no favourite in Slugton; but, as I have said, I, at all events, had one feeling in common with him, and could sometimes induce him to take a glass of wine with me, and talk over public grievances, when the day's business was done.

It was not very far off quarter-day, when, as I was sitting in my consulting-room, expecting patients who did not come, my servant-of-all-work threw open the door and announced "Miss Watts."

I looked up from the prescription I was concocting, and saw a short, dapper little person, with black hair, black eyes, and a very wide-awake look, standing before me. She appeared extremely brisk and healthy; by no means a young woman; but with those sharp, detective-looking eyes upon me, I should have been afraid to hazard a conjecture as to her age.

"Mr. A.—I believe?"

"Yes, madam, at your service; pray be seated. You wish to consult me?" I smiled professionally; a smile which says, "you may trust me implicitly; I thoroughly understand your case."

"Not to consult you,—to speak to you about the house to let at the corner of the street; it belongs to you, I believe?"

"It does so, madam; did you wish to see it?"

"Oh, I have been all over it, and see exactly what it is;—a small, old-fashioned house; well built, but rather out of repair. The kitchen wants new boarding, and the roof must be looked to, as the damp comes into the upper rooms; the garden is small, but well stocked and tastily arranged."

"Really," said I, somewhat amused, "you seem to have taken a thorough survey."

"No, I was only there about a quarter of an hour. The premises are not extensive, and I can generally see a great deal in a short time."

Here I thought I caught the detective glance directed to a certain row of phials at my elbow, and fancied she was analyzing their contents and knew exactly what proportion of "aqua pumpagensis" was contained in each mixture.

I began to feel rather afraid of Miss Watts, as I think she perceived from the very decided tone she adopted in detailing what she would require done before coming to any agreement.

She had made inquiries respecting the rent and other matters, of my agent; but, as she perferred treating with principals, as she said, had come to me before a final decision.

"Supposing that I am disposed to let the house to you," I said, by way of reminding her that I had also a voice in the matter, "are you intending to rent it yourself, or are you treating for another?"

"It will be taken in my name,—I shall be your tenant; there will be two occupants besides, with attendants—no children."

I went over the premises with her, and noticed the repairs required. "And what references can you give me?" I asked, as she remarked that it was all settled.

"I can give you half-a-dozen if you wish them, all highly connected householders in London—customers of mine for many years."

I looked at my companion in some amazement. "This is a private residence, madam, not a shop front to be let."

"Oh I am not going to alter anything in the outside look of the place, though plate-glass would be an improvement, and there will be very little to do in the interior. It is quite a genteel business, a Berlin and fancy repository—you won't object surely."

I did object though, but not to much purpose as it turned out, for the pertinacious Miss Watts gained her points before she left, and arrived on the 25th to take formal possession of the tenement.

I must say Mr. Tripp was sorely disconcerted when he saw the "Berlin and fancy repository" staring him in the face. Work patterns of all kinds made their appearance in the windows, and some very novel and beautiful specimens of "work commenced, finished, and made up." Fancy note paper and fancy all sorts of things, looking fresh and clean, and by no means dusty, were to be found inside the neatly carpeted room; which was called the shop. A few weeks passed, and circulars announced that Miss Watts, having entered into arrangements with a London establishment, undertook to supply the newest works of fiction; travel, or biography to the subscribers to her library, which works might be exchanged twice a week. Oh, she was an active little woman of business, that Miss Watts; understood what she was about, and did more in half a day, in the way of net profit, than poor, sallow-faced, sleepy Mr. Tripp did in half a year.

I went in out of sheer curiosity one morning, Mr. Tripp, as usual, being quite out of the article required, and found that almost anything needed might be had for the asking—and its equivalent in money—at my tenant's. All my young lady patients were in raptures with Miss Watts, she had such an assortment of wools and silks, and had such taste in work, and was so obliging in going to London herself to match your shades, &c., &c. So different to that surly Tripp,—in fact, Miss Watts was a blessing to the neighbourhood.

And then that nice looking girl, she kept so shut up in the back room how the young men did try to catch a glimpse of her when they called for their sister's parcels, and how successfully Miss Watts out-generalled them. I, as an old man, was more privileged than the youngsters, for Katie was often called forward when I went to exchange my books. I still kept to the old establishment for such things as I could procure there, or for which

I could conveniently wait a month or so ; but Miss Watts's was decidedly better conducted and more attractive.

Mr. Tripp's business, such as it was, was certainly falling off, but he did not take it much to heart after the first shock of the "opposition," over the way. Indeed, about this time, it struck me that he began to look more cheerful and less dreary than hitherto. A certain kind of intimacy evidently existed between the rivals, for many a time I caught Miss Watts's figure emerging from her opposite neighbour's door, and many a time have I heard her say, "Katie, just run across and let Mr. Tripp know that I am off by the next train for town, if I can do anything for him." Miss Watts was decidedly setting her cap at Mr. Tripp, and my impression was that her game would answer—although what attraction she could see in that—well, there is no accounting for taste.

Summer came, and once more my advertisement appeared in the *Times* ; Mr. Tripp was going from home for a few days, so I requested Miss Watts to let me give her address for any letters which might be sent to A. B. I thought she looked amused, but could not quite make out the meaning of her smile. She saw me watching her, and whilst busily engaged in sorting some wool, inquired whether I had as yet found any clue to Mary Ellice.

"No, Miss Watts, I have not—but, do you know, your arrival here, just about the time when I was expecting to hear something of her, has often suggested the idea——"

"That I am Mary Ellice !" inquired Miss Watts, coolly looking at me steadily, with the same provoking smile on her lips.

"Well, I don't know."

"I can tell you then, for your satisfaction, that I am not. I came here, certainly, in consequence of that advertisement, for otherwise I might never have known of such a place as Slugton, but I came here solely to make the acquaintance of Mr. Tripp."

"Miss Watts !" I looked, I am sure, utterly amazed ; but she turned away from me to call Katie.

"My dear, just take those things upstairs." Her eyes rested on the young girl with a singular expression ; mine followed the glance. That child, Katie, always puzzled me, I could not for the life of me make out of whom she reminded me, and yet there was a likeness.

"Is that young lady a relative of yours ?"

"We are connected—by marriage."

Other customers came in, and I left the shop bewildered about Miss Watts, Katie, and other people, feeling also quite certain that the town-talk was for once quite correct, that John Tripp was going to marry Ann Watts, and that his business of importance must be business connected with the happy event.

On the Sunday evening following, as I was returning from church by a somewhat unfrequented lane, I saw, seated on a felled tree, two persons whom I at first supposed to be Mr. Tripp and Miss Watts. Mr. Tripp it certainly was, but whose was the waist his arm encircled ! whose the head resting so confidently on his shoulder ! Those large, melting blue eyes, which won so sweet a glance from his darker ones, were certainly not Miss Watts's, neither were those long braids of chesnut hair the property of that lady ; they belonged to the quiet, demure, Katie, the pattern of modesty, &c., &c. Oh ! Miss Watts, why did you not, with your sharp eyes, keep a better look out upon that "connection by marriage !" John Tripp is deceiving you after all.

I went home thoroughly put out by my discovery. My nephew, who had recently paid me a visit, had been so struck with Katie, and I had just

determined upon giving up my practice to him, and had almost hoped, but he would doubtless find a more suitable wife in his own station now.—

Just as I was going to bed that night, there was a violent ring at the surgery bell. I opened the door myself to—Miss Watts.

"Oh pray, come at once," she said in a strangely agitated voice, "my invalid lodger—Katie's mother—is seriously ill."

This lodger I had seen once or twice professionally, without being aware of her relationship to Katie. She was a lady-like sort of a person, but had never particularly taken my fancy, she was always in a lachrymose mood, unable to speak of her ailments without crying; and, at times, her intellect was rather affected.

I found her, as usual, in her room, painfully agitated, sobbing and trembling violently. Katie kneeling on one side of her, trying to soothe her, Mr. Tripp holding her hand on the other, not speaking, but with an expression of the deepest anxiety in his usually dreamy face.

She was repeating the words "I am so glad, so very glad," between her sobs.

"But, my good lady, this is a painful way of showing your gladness—you will mar your daughter's happiness—try and control yourself."

Miss Watts sent John Tripp and Katie away. I administered a sedative, and left the patient calmer, with injunctions to get her to bed at once.

Neither Tripp nor Katie were in the dining-room, or little sitting-room. I waited for them in vain; neither did Ann Watts make her appearance, and, as it was late, I left the house; the plot deepening and the mystery unsolved.

The next day all was clear and my advertisement *answered*. The sealed packets, addressed to Mary Ellice, were opened; and given to Katie's mother, John Tripp's wife! I heard in full the details of the whole story, and read letters, and examined certificates, which proved, without a doubt, that Jabez Clitheroe had, under the name of James Walton, contracted a marriage, in early life, with one Mary Ellice, of lowly but respectable parentage. Further, that to avoid being disinherited by his father, he had been induced to abandon his wife, having previously brought her to believe that their secret marriage had been illegal. Bowed down by the sense of her position, she had accompanied a widowed relative, Ann Watts's mother, abroad, where she died in giving birth to the child, who subsequently became John Tripp's wife, but was kept in ignorance of the stigma attached to her name, till Mrs. Watts revealed it on her deathbed. I never clearly understood the morbid feeling which induced poor Katie's weak-minded mother to take advantage of her husband's temporary absence from home to quit the shelter of his roof without any explanation, excepting one calculated to foster the idea that she had sought the protection of another. Ann Watts, who had been as a sister to her through life, did not desert her now; but I must not lengthen out my tale with the history of all that energetic woman did to support both mother and child, waiting quietly for a fitting opportunity for bringing about, if possible, a meeting and understanding with the deserted husband. It was not till everything had been cleared up and investigated with regard to the legality of the marriage, that Mr. Tripp had an interview with his delicate wife, or, as the reader knows, had any communication with me on the subject of the property which Mrs. Tripp did not long live to enjoy. The father and daughter have a pretty residence at no great distance from Slugton, which my energetic friend, Ann Watts, will not share with them; she likes business better than idleness, and understands it too; for with a young partner from town, and a piano and music department over the way, she manages to combine and conduct both of the opposition shops in Slugton.

## A Nineteenth Century Carol.

BY THE N.G. OF THE LOYAL GROVE LODGE, SHENSTONE.

'Twas in the nineteenth century, and in a Christian land,  
Two little children walked abroad,—two orphans, hand in hand.  
The wind, the biting east wind, round their tattered garments swept,  
The searching wind, the chilling fog—and both together wept.  
For hungry, cold, and penniless, without a home or friend,  
'Twas theirs to wander through the world,—how will their sorrows end!  
“O, help us, worthy gentlemen; we’re very poor,” they said;  
“O, help us, gentle ladies; we’re starving, give us bread.”  
But gentleman and gentle dame all turned their heads aside,  
With Gallio’s selfish carelessness, or Herod’s boastful pride.  
So from the chilly dawn of day, until the sun went down,  
These little children rambled on, unpitied, through the town.  
And Dives sat at lordly feasts, and beauty decked her curls,  
With sparkling diamond coronet or blooming string of pearls:  
For it was holy Christmas Day, and through the crowded street,  
Were borne the cans of foaming ale, the fat things and the sweet.  
But still amid the plenteousness and universal joy,  
There was sadness and starvation for the maiden and the boy.  
Then little Janet softly said, “O, Robin, why are we  
So fearfully o’erlooked by man in this our misery!  
'Twas not for us and such as us, the children of the poor,  
This world was made, but for the rich and happy, I am sure.  
So let us turn away from it; my brother, let us die;  
For then, you know, that we shall go to God in yonder sky.  
But if we die, and die we must, Oh, Robin, let it be  
Not in the lurid, smoky town, but in the woodland free.”  
Then Robin did not answer her, but he smiled on little Jane,  
And led her by her shrunken hand, on through the sleety rain.  
And thus they walked together, far from the noise of men,  
Until they sank with weariness, down in a wooded glen.  
And there, upon the morrow’s morn, together they were found,  
Cold, pale, and motionless, upon the cold, the ice-cold ground.  
Yes, there they lay together, both lifeless—hand in hand,  
Yet ’twas the nineteenth century, and in a Christian land!

## Criminal Infants.

BY J. HAIN FRISWELL.

WE, sometime ago, had a specimen of a noble “infant”—in the eyes of the law—assaulting policemen, kicking an actor down stairs, and running prodigiously into debt, for such things as gold latch keys, breloques, heart lockets, and various other articles more or less “infantine.” The Honorable Vane Tempest, being of large stature, and bearded and whiskered

in the Crimean fashion, did not excite pity in the hearts of the jury ; but there are other infants, steeped in crime, and pleading at a different bar, who should move every thinking man strangely. What do our quiet home-keeping readers think of the fact of six-eighths of the crime being perpetrated against the law by "infants" in the eyes of the Law, and one-half of the total crime by those who are indeed "infants" in the eyes of Nature as well. Such is the case.

Mr. Charles Dickens, in his admirable novel of "Oliver Twist," introduces his readers to a kind of thieves' kitchen, in which Mr. Fagin, the Jew, instructs little Oliver, Charley Bates, and the Artful Dodger how to steal. They have an image hung with bells, which ring with the slightest movement, and from this they draw handkerchiefs or jewellery so subtly that the bells do not sound. This may be a true picture or it may be a false one. It looks very much like the latter, for the scene is not original, but is to be met with in earlier works of fiction: one thing is, however, certain,—that our young thieves, thieves of the street and the counter, do not need these instructions. Boys corrupt each other ; but, after all, poverty and want are the great teachers, and when ready to obey the slightest whisper of temptation, opportunity makes the thief. Not that elder persons, like Fagin, do not also instruct the infant mind, and crook the childish fingers in anticipation of prey ; but at the bottom of all this teaching and instruction, lies the dire necessity which drives both young and old, parents and children, to live by dishonesty. "Every place is choked with suitors, all the markets overflow," sings Tennyson ; what can the uninstructed and forsaken child do ! He is driven from post to pillar, chased out of the miserable cellar, which he calls his home ; if he beg he is beaten by the police ; he has no knowledge of right or wrong save that inward monitor, which is stifled every day by hearing dishonesty preached, and by seeing it practised. Almost in self-defence he becomes a thief, and plunges into his career of crime. When in it, what mischief does he not do ! He revenges on society the wrongs which society has done him ; for him and his fellows we build costly prisons, keep an army of police, and such a retinue of goalers, expounders of the law, judges, and lawyers, that the amount of industry, directly and indirectly absorbed by crime, is fearful to contemplate. Both for him and for ourselves it would be wise to raise him from this state. Is it possible so to do ! In a speech made a short time since, Lord John Russell has answered the question by a simile, as beautiful as it is true and eloquent :—"They were hearing continually in physical nature that seeds, which in some instances for hundreds, and in others perhaps for thousands, of years have been left deep in the ground, or have been embalmed with an Egyptian mummy, upon being sown show that vitality is undiminished, and that the wheat and the corn, and the clover, have sprung up to fertilize the earth ; and could they believe that the Almighty Being, who thus preserved its vitality, in what apparently is a worthless piece of matter, should not preserve that vitality in the immortal soul of man ! That even when a person seems sunk in the lowest depths of wretchedness and vice, there should not be a spark in that soul which may be rekindled, and which being rekindled may produce a flame which may finally tend to immortal life. The question was, whether or not it is possible to redeem those beings who seemed to have no sense of what is due to themselves, and to the Almighty who created them." Whipping, imprisonment, torture of the worst kind, will not turn these juvenile thieves to good. We have tried that long ago, and failed ; nay, if it succeeded, the harsh measures are more expensive than the mild and christian method, which has been proposed, and so successfully carried out in France, by M. de Metz, and in England by the Reverend Sydney Turner.

Lord Palmerston once said, without due consideration, that all babies were born good. This is, of course, cutting down original sin, and banishing such a term from our vocabulary; without agreeing with him, therefore, in the full sense, we by no means assent to the reverse proposition. All babies are not born bad. Humanity has an upward as well as a downward tendency, and if the right path be placed before it, it will choose that, and persevere in following it through many difficulties and dangers. But what is a boy, born in a great city, to do? "As soon as they can holloa loud enough," says a costermonger, "my boys follers the barrer, or picks up a living that way;" but it is not every boy who has a costermonger for a father. Amongst outcasts there are other outcasts. But, presuming these young fellows succeed in getting a livelihood by their voices, their career is then merely one of semi-starvation. If successful, at fifteen they marry. They find a girl of the same age to keep house for them, marry, and at sixteen become fathers of a "family." This "family," in six years, is, if it lives, on the streets. The struggle for life absorbs all the attention of the parents; the little one grows up without the slightest knowledge of good or evil, without any disposition to regard property as belonging to anyone. It is not too much to say, that the boy, thus produced and educated, follows crime as a profession, as naturally as a wolf, or other wild animal, follows its predatory habits, and, when punished, just as naturally turns upon society and tries to rend it.

The boy may become an expert pickpocket, a burglar, a cheater, and dropper, or may practice the "kinchn lay," or follow any of the ramifications of roguery which Mr. Mayhew has so industriously classed together. If he do either of these, he must tax society to a pretty tune. As a pickpocket, his earnings may amount to £4 or to only £1 per week, but, taking an average of £2, he takes from the public pockets (literally so) just £104 per annum. A burglar may during the year earn a very great deal more; but his career is possibly shorter; nevertheless, let us put him down at £200, and calculating other professional thieves as taxgatherers to the same amount, we shall find that the thief costs a great deal more than the honest man, besides doing nothing towards his own maintenance.

These boys, if taken and put in prison, become also expensive. There is, perhaps, throughout nature, no greater luxury than a criminal. He is useless; he produces nothing; he costs a great deal, and he requires others to look after him. What shall we do with him? Mr. Carlyle's method of hanging him, would be the shortest, but not the best way; besides, we may have inconvenient scruples. The colonies are already full to repletion of convicts, and will not have them; if we employ them to make docks or public roads, we drive from the market a large portion of honest labourers, who have a greater right to our sympathies. These criminal infants have grown on our hands. What shall we do with them?

The only way is to catch them when young and make them honest men. The experiment has been tried, and successfully. De Metz declares that at Mettray, out of every hundred boys, ninety reformed. At Redhill, seventy-nine per cent became good and useful men; and these boys had been all convicted felons, once, twice, in some instances thrice convicted.

The cheapness of the reforming process is also another recommendation to us. One way or another we have shown that the criminal population costs society about £200 per head, per annum. The expense, after trying this boy, of rendering him a useful citizen, capable of benefiting instead of harming society, is very small in comparison. At Mettray, in France, where commodities are cheaper, a sum of £10 per annum will reform a delinquent; at Parkhurst, £19; and at Redhill, £29 15s. per head, part of which is earned by the boy himself, whilst submitting to this process of moral deteration.



But, presuming in the first place, we keep these children out of harm's way,—presuming we prevented early unions between the parents, made them a little more sober, temperate, and self-governing, and then aided them in teaching the children ; would not prevention be better than cure ! These children who take to vice do not learn anything else. We have been struck, whilst on a jury, with the fact, that eighty per cent of the criminals before us cannot read nor write. Ten years ago, out of 15,000 children, in the parish of St. Pancras, London, only 7,000 saw the inside of a school ! At Westminster, out of 16,000 children, 12,000 did not attend school. In Spitalfields and Bethnal Green 16,000 children, who should be at school, are not so.

What is required by those classes, therefore, is education. The ability to read and write will not make a man moral, or virtuous, or wise ; but it will enlarge his faculties, and enable him to look about him, and it does, especially if combined with religious teaching, make him shun vice, in a wonderful degree. None but the poor know what the poor have to bear and struggle with ; few, how very few, mark their patient endurance, their kindness, charity, and sympathizing tenderness to each other. But those who have this knowledge will readily testify to the fact, that the poor man, slightly educated, is a dozen times more tractable, more manageable, and more able to help himself than he who is not taught. We therefore claim some universal system of education, and that speedily, as a right. It cannot be long withheld. The poor are, indeed, cruelly neglected ; for, of the manifest rights of man, created and formed by God, the right which every pair of lungs exerts of breathing the air—from which they cannot be dispossessed without murder—is not more manifest than the right of the Mind, to that air of the Soul,—KNOWLEDGE. To deprive the lowest human nature of this vital air is to commit a worse murder than that of the body ; for we kill a soul. And who among us—the wisest and the best of us, or the most ignorant and the worst—would not shrink from the consequences of so great a crime !

Y. S. N.

## Images ! Images !

BY W. C. BENNETT.

Images ! Images ! sirs, I cry ;  
 Images ! Images ! come, who'll buy !  
 Here's a Statesman, reckoned nice,  
 Crammed with independence ; see,  
 He should bring a liberal price ;  
 Come—what shall his figure be ?  
 Pay alone that one will buy ;  
 He has twice been sold before ;  
 Power—a garter—this goes high ;  
 Come—for this you must bid more.  
 Images ! Images ! sirs, I cry ;  
 Images ! Images ! come, who'll buy !

Here's a Soldier ; that one, hark,  
 He is but mere common clay ;  
 You can have him for a mark  
 Cheap, for just twelve pence a day ;  
 This one's quite another kind ;  
 Sirs, for him play other cards ;  
 For him orders you must find,  
 Or a fresh step in the Guards.  
 Images ! Images ! sirs, I cry ;  
 Images ! Images ! come, who'll buy !

Here's a Lawyer—wants a soul,  
 Sold some years since for a fee ;  
 For another—there, the whole,  
 All that's left, sir, yours shall be ;  
 Let's be plain though, shunning strife,  
 He's your own but while he's breath,  
 Not an instant after life,  
 Satan has him, slap, at death.  
 Images ! Images ! sirs, I cry ;  
 Images ! Images ! come, who'll buy !

Here's a Poet ; well, this time  
 You shall purchase for a whim ;  
 Say, " he's Homer ; " hear his rhyme ;  
 That, you'll find, makes sure of him ;  
 That's another of the tribe ;  
 Queer the lot are, friends, I own ;  
 At his rivals sneer and gibe ;  
 There—he's yours for that alone.  
 Images ! Images ! sirs, I cry  
 Images ! Images ! come, who'll buy !

Aldermen—coarse, dull, and fat—  
 Turtle, who'll for these afford !  
 Sir, a knighthood buys you that ;  
 This, the notice of a lord ;  
 Jews ? O take them, life and soul,  
 For a bargain—large or small.  
 Tradesmen—you may have the whole ;  
 Orders—cash, sir, buys them all.  
 Images ! Images ! sirs, I cry ;  
 Images ! Images ! come, who'll buy !

Who's for Women ! on my life,  
 I can suit all ; only try ;  
 This, sir, if you want a wife,  
 Thirty thousand pounds will buy ;  
 This, a title ; but here, sir,  
 If for less you must be blest,  
 Any home will purchase her ;  
 Prices differ for the rest.  
 Images ! Images ! sirs, I cry ;  
 Images ! Images ! come, who'll buy !

Here's a Curate, lean and poor ;  
 Him, a living, friends, will buy ;  
 Vicars can't be bought—you're sure !  
 They're too holy ? only try ;  
 Now who offers for this Saint ?  
 What ? a Deanery ? not amiss ;  
 And for this now ? there, don't faint ;  
 Yes, a Mitre buys you this.  
 Images ! Images ! sirs, I cry ;  
 Images ! Images ! come, who'll buy !

Here's an Actor—yours for noise ;  
 Only clap ; he's yours, kind sir ;  
 A Danseuse—a bouquet choice,  
 Diamonds—dress, make sure of her ;  
 And this Merchant !—early news,  
 For a sly stroke upon 'Change,  
 Some good hint—the thing to use,  
 One that will the funds derange.  
 Images ! Images ! sirs, I cry ;  
 Images ! Images ! come, who'll buy !

Here's a Bigot ; who ensures  
 Him the highest seat in heaven !  
 Here's a Courtier ; sir, he's yours  
 For that Garter to be given ;  
 This Composer ! you make oath  
 He's a Mozart ! he's your own ;  
 Painter ? Sculptor ? praise buys both,  
 Like your Poet—praise alone.  
 Images ! Images ! sirs, I cry ;  
 Images ! Images ! come, who'll buy !

What, sirs, you're for higher game !  
 King or Emperor ? don't be nice ;  
 They've their figure ; conquests—fame—  
 Higher taxes—that's their price ;  
 This one of the Bomba kind,  
 Mind ! or, sir, he'll go off, bang !  
 Take him ! do ! if you've a mind,  
 For some patriots, just to hang.  
 Images ! Images ! sirs, I cry ;  
 Images ! Images ! come, who'll buy !

There, I'm nearly rid of all ;  
 Come, who has the rest ! they 'll go  
 All for something ; great and small,  
 King and cobbler—high and low ;  
 Wisdom—ignorance—virtue—vice—  
 Patriot—tyrant—knave and tool—  
 Come—who buys ! all have their price—  
 Parson—tradesman—genius—fool.  
 Images ! Images ! sirs, I cry ;  
 Images ! Images ! come, who'll buy !

## Rough Notes of the Cotton Metropolis.

BY W. F. PEACOCK.

### THREE HOURS IN A PRINT WORKS.

THE stranger who visits the cotton metropolis for the first time, will entertain somewhat more than a cockney idea of its manufacturing interests. If he has been tutored to regard the Manchester people as a community of shopkeepers,—to suppose that the leading characteristic of the city is its bad weather,—and, if from ignorance, he perceives the main attributes of the citizens to be such as are enumerated in that pre-eminently truthful "*Tale of Manchester Life*," Ernest Millman, possibly his opinions may be slightly corrected, and himself astonished, by an acquaintance with *fads*.

The number of calico-printing establishments alone will open his eye to the truth.

He will find that, after a leisurely walk through Mosley-street, York-street, George-street, and other foci of trade, he has passed some hundred and forty print-warehouses, representing almost as many works, which radiate from their Manchester centres as light-beams from the sun. And if, not content with this, he desires additional evidence, he has only to travel all Lancashire to obtain it. At almost every step he will come upon the print-works themselves; and the gigantic aggregate will be heightened in effect, when he discovers the innumerable processes through which his wife's or daughter's print dress went before he graciously purchased and presented it to her. Let him go east, west, north, or south, the fact will be patent to his vision; and, with the delicate and patient nature of each process revealed, he will rather admire, than not, the untiring efforts of those "Manchester men" to whose courtesy he is indebted for his knowledge. But my purpose is simply to put the stranger (who may not have time to see for himself) in possession of the *modus operandi* of calico-printing.

He and I have breakfasted together, and by the kindness of a principal we are allowed to visit one of the works in question. The lodge-keeper takes our cards to his master, and we are urbanely desired to enter; a gentleman, delegated for the purpose, being our guide.

And now, supposing we have seen the marvels of dyeing, bleaching, and printing, let us converse of what has left an indelible impression on our memory. Tanks, dye-becks, kiers, soap-becks, steam-engines, rollers, dash-wheels, colour-pans, shafts, candroys, blocks, machines, men, boys, girls, steam, heat, vapours,—shade of that potent magician, whose form, though compressed into a little pot, was sufficient to fill the sky!—through, near, and what a variety of indispensables to printing we have passed! Verily, our noble brow perspires with the mere recollection! Suppose, however, that we recount what we have seen.

As a first step, the cloth (spun by a firm whose gigantic transactions are only matched by their capital) was *singed*. The face of each piece of calico must be freed from its fibrous down, and it is drawn over a copper or iron semi-cylinder at red heat, with the most regular motion, and not too fast. Cleared of all superficial particles, such as floss and threads, the cloth is then *bleached*. And you will remember that the processes of bleaching and

printing are generally carried on in different localities; the former occurring in the country, where numerous advantages over the town may be obtained. Of course, wherever pure water and air are necessary, the manufacturer will leave "the crowded city's hum," and betake him to suburban quarters, such as those loved by the sixth Henry's ideal shepherd.

Well, we paid a visit to the bleach-croft, ere availing ourselves of the print-works permit; and we saw miles of cloth treated with the same non-chalance that a metropolitan draper might feel when measuring out a half-yard of cotton stuff. The "piece" of calico averages twenty-eight yards in length, by as many inches. A dozen of these pieces were basted together by women, and singed off hand. Thirty of these dozens were then connected and washed, boiled, and steeped, to free the cloth of any paste it might have received from the maker. Thus we had one sea-serpent of ten thousand yards long.

The washing-engine was a marvel in itself. Then the cloth was successively "*limed*," (i.e., placed for some hours in a "kier" or boiler, with proper quantity of lime); "*washed*" again; "*grey-soured*," or treated with dilute sulphuric acid; "*washed*"; "*ashed*," or subjected to the action of solution of soda for half a day; "*washed*," these constant washings being to prepare it for the next process; "*chemicked*," or exposed to the power of chloride of lime; "*soured*" a second time; "*washed*!" "*ashed*" again; treated again with the chloride or bleaching powder; and washed. All of which was prefatory, and only done to prepare the cloth for printing. We observed that a dozen pounds of chloride of lime were sufficient to bleach some miles of cloth; and that the agents, soda, sulphuric acid, and bleaching powder, were so many skilled artizans, which did the master's work right well and nobly. The calico was then taken to a great bench adjacent; and there, after having been—like a victim of Procrustes—lengthened to suit circumstances—was reduced to its original pieces of twenty-eight yards, "*made up*" in bundles of ten pieces, and sent off to the print-works we are about to notice.

Cylinder printing is now chiefly practised; yet there are three other methods. You may *hand-block*; print by the *Perrotine*—a mechanical mode in which wooden blocks set in a frame are worked by a machine, so called; or (but this is almost out of date) from flat plates of copper. As cylinder and block-printing are generally employed, I shall describe those methods in particular.

Sycamore is, as a rule, the wood chosen by the graver, though sometimes the blocks are of deal, faced with sycamore. The back of each has a handle, arched for convenience in holding. The design is cut in relief, or the face of the block has copper wire let in by slips, so as to effect the configurations required. Each block is about ten inches in length, and its width varies from five to six. When the design is obtained by slips of wire, no little precision must be insured, that the horizontal plane may be equal, and of regular impressment. You are called upon to file and polish there—to raise and depress; and the spaces between the lines have a filling-up of *felt*. The cloth to be printed is stretched upon a table which has a blanket for its covering; the face of the block is then applied to a pod which holds on its surface the colouring matter; and the embued block, being adjusted to the cloth, and smartly struck with a mallet, imparts to it the printed design. Each successive impress (for with several colours several blocks are indispensable, and as many applications as blocks) is directed by little pins at the corners of the sycamore; and with only the most minute mark to guide him, the printer has to practise the utmost nicety, both of the eye and hand.

Now let us pass to cylinder-work. "The machine consists of a hollow

cylinder of copper, about three feet long, and three or four inches in diameter, whose surface is engraved, not by the hand of the engraver, but by the mechanical pressure of a steel roller from one or two inches in diameter, and three inches long, which transfers the figures on it to the relatively softer copper. The first steel roller, called the *die*, is softened before being engraved in intaglio; it is then hardened, and made, by a powerful press, to transfer its design, in relief, to a similar die called the *mill*, which is the one used for transferring the design to the copper cylinder. The process of *etching* is sometimes had recourse to for covering the cylinder with various figures."

But how comes it that a single machine can be made to print cloth at the rate of twelve miles per day of as many hours, from six to six working time!—to put a girdle of calico round the earth in rather better than three years and a half!—that single machine being supposed to run day and night. Let us enquire! The engraved cylinders are mounted upon a strong iron shaft or arbor, carrying a toothed wheel at its end, in order to put in train with the rotatory printing machine, for one, two, or more colours. On a roller, at the upper part of this apparatus, are wound whole calico webs stitched together, the end of which is then introduced between the engraved copper cylinder and a large central cylinder covered with blanket, against which it is made to bear with regulated pressure. The engraved cylinder turns on the top of another cylinder covered with woollen cloth, which revolves with the former while its under part is plunged in an oblong trough containing the dyeing matter, which is of a pasty consistence. The engraved cylinder is thus supplied with an *abundance of impressible colour*, and is cleared from the superfluity by the thin edge of a flat ruler made of bronze, called vulgarly, "the doctor," (*doctor*), which is applied obliquely to it with a gentle force. The cylinder, after its escape from this wiping tool, acts upon the calico, and rolls it onward with its revolution, imparting its figured design with great precision. And this is how Ariel-like speed is obtained, and miles are made sport of!

I could talk about *mordants* and *resists*, *dischargers* and *colours*, "steams" and "madderwork," *adjective* dyestuffs, which require a *mordant* or bond of union between the colour itself and the cloth to receive it, and *substantive* ditto, which of themselves will give fast colours to the calico. It were easy to discourse of "spirit-colours," "chintzes," and other styles of the art; to chat about gums and thickenings, starches and finishes, madder and indigo, cochineal, cutch, and catechu, but—my limits are exhausted, and such gossip could scarcely interest a reader who has not spent more than Three Hours in a Print-works.

## To - Day.

BY CHARLES WILTON.

LET dotards grieve for childhood's days,  
And only those look back  
Whose wasted wealth or shattered health  
Betrays a shameless track;  
I cannot join in mourning time  
For ever passed away,  
For whilst I look on nature's book  
I'm thankful for to-day!

The trees are still as fresh and green  
 As ever branches were ;  
 And still, in primal vigour seen,  
 They wave their arms in air.  
 The rivers sing the self-same song  
 That they have sung for aye ;  
 Whose burden, as they glide along,  
 Is—" God is here to-day ! "

There's not a bird upon the bough,  
 Or leaf upon the tree,  
 But in the summer twilight now  
 As sweetly sings to me.  
 The bleakest wind that winter blows  
 Can chase disease away,  
 And shower blessings in the snows  
 That hide the earth to-day.

And everywhere a thousand gifts  
 Invite us to rejoice—  
 To grieve no more the days of yore  
 But raise a thankful voice ;  
 That tell us, though the world were fair  
 In years removed for aye,  
 The earth and sky, and sea and air,  
 As lovely are to-day.

Then tell me not that childhood's days  
 Alone produce us joy—  
 That manhood's fancy cannot raise  
 The structures of the boy.  
 The childish mind is lost in dreams  
 Of pictures far away ;  
 But man beholds majestic themes  
 In wonders of to-day.

Oh ye, whose eyes upbraiding rise,  
 Pronouncing fate unjust,—  
 Who walk the earth with cherished hopes,  
 Low trailing in the dust ;  
 Discard a false unmanly thrall,  
 Nor own so weak a sway,  
 But hope in Him who gave you all,  
 And thank him for to-day !

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William Cowper.

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BY PARSON FRANK.

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LONG had artificiality swayed the destinies of English verse, when Cowper arose to do it battle. An artist himself, and of refined skill too, he waged war with the affectations of art. Nature, it has been said, was "expelled by a fork" under the hands of Pope's imitators. Nonconformity to the Establishment of poetical orthodoxy, with its canonical traditions, its

prebendal-stall stiffness, its collegiate routine, and its lawn-sleeve proprieties, became high treason to the heaven of the muses, and exposed the schismatic to all the terrors of *ipso facto* excommunication. Bards no longer launched forth prophetic fires, but played with syllables, and sported with song. Manner was all in all—the substitute for genius, sense, and wit. Not, “what shall I say!”—was the question,—but “how shall I say it!” Not, “have I a burden that must be delivered for the relief and the very life of my soul!”—but—“can I set a distich upon six and five—can I command a good array of approved epithets—can I do the thing correctly, genteelly, *à la mode*?” Themes the most trivial were chosen, whereon to exercise this divine art of poetry, sadly degenerated from its first estate, when it walked with God, and was divinely free, and soared, and anticipated the skies. The fruit of the muses’ labour became whipped cream. The fashions curled and powdered and papered his fluent locks; and instead of issuing with frenzied eye from the hermitage of Night Thoughts, forth tripped my gentleman, sprucely and smirkingly, from the *dulce domum* of a band-box. He made magnificent exordiums and most impotent conclusions. He invoked the beatific Nine in his dainty introduction, and then groped his way like a sightless mendicant :—

“As if an eagle flew aloft, and then—  
Stooped from its highest perch to pounce a wren :  
As if the poet, purposing to wed,  
Should carve himself a wife in gingerbread.”

Not so William Cowper. While the million jogged on the beaten footpath, *he* was the courser that disdains the road,

“Snuffs up the wind, and flings himself abroad.”

His mouth spoke out of the abundance of a full heart, and the great heart of the world beat responsively. Instead of repeating, as Mr. Craik says, “the unmeaning conventionalities and faded affectations of his predecessors,” he turned to the “actual world of nature within him and around him.”* In his aversion from what is affected, he even appears to patronize rugged phrases and uncouth epithets and harsh rhymes, as though in pert defiance of the fashionable coteries. If to write a rough couplet was to be vile, he would be yet more vile. It was the reaction of Nature against the excrescences of Art.

We say, with a smile,—Poor Goldsmith. We might say, with a sigh,—Poor Cowper. His biography is indeed a touching history. The man was so tender, so sensitive, so loving, so ill-fitted to cope with that sorrow which worketh death, so feebly prepared by nature to endure the heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to, and the pangs of blighted love, and dreadful surmises as to the something after death. As Mrs. Barrett Browning beautifully writes,

“O poets, from a maniac’s tongue  
Was poured this deathless singing;  
O Christians, at your cross of hope  
A hopeless hand was clinging!  
O men, this man in brotherhood,  
Your weary paths beguiling,  
Groaned inly while he taught you peace,  
And died while ye were smiling!”

His life is no changeful romance indeed, but a household story, over which we linger with something of household affection. Each epoch of the

* “Sketches of Literature and Learning in England.” Vol. VI.



memoir has its interest;—the happy infancy of the future poet in his good father's Hertfordshire rectory, where the gardener, Robin, day by day,

“Drew him to school along the public way,  
Delighted with his bauble-coach, and wrapt  
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,”—

and where a gentle mother's smile and solace had power to chase away his every grief—until the bell tolled that called her to the grave, and her bewildered child watched from his nursery window the departure of the hearse, and drew

“A long long sigh, and wept a last adieu.”

Then the distresses of his boarding-school career, when coarse bullying broke the spirit of this “sensitive plant,” accustomed, as it had been, to a constant flow of love that knew no fail;—and when he acquired that hatred of public academies which was one day to find utterance in his “Tirocinium, a Review of Schools.” Then his seven years' course at Westminster, where timidity on his part invited persecution (and who can persecute like an unfeeling boy?), and the nervous shrinking lad afforded sport to his boisterous mates—for robust youth seldom makes allowances for constitutional incapacity to keep up, neck to neck, with its own wild race. Then his three years with Mr. Chapman, the solicitor, in whose office he and his fellow-clerk Thurlow—lord chancellor that was to be—employed themselves from morn to eve in giggling and making to giggle. Then his life in chambers at the Temple, as a regular student of law, where he “rambled from the thorny road of his austere patroness, Jurisprudence, into the primrose paths of literature and poetry,”—cultivating the acquaintance of Colman, Lloyd, and other *littérateurs*—amusing them and himself with verse-making, and translations from the classics. Then, at thirty-one, his nomination to the lucrative post of Reading Clerk in the House of Lords—an office which excessive nervousness compelled him to resign; then his appointment to be Clerk of the Journals, which the same unhappy cause, or “effect defective” (as Polonius would say), made of brief tenure. This he brooded over until madness visited his troubled brain; and when the dark cloud was dispersed, under the influence of excellent Dr. Cotton, he sought to preserve tranquillity in complete seclusion from the world and its “madd'ning crowd's ignoble strife,” for youth was over, and he was “left alone with ghosts of blessings gone,”—the bounty of a few friends enabling him to live in frugal retirement, and to “cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal,” as the young Edinburgh Reviewers once construed Virgil. Then came his intimacy with the Unwin family, and with iron-nerved John Newton—a period subject to relapses and reactions of morbid depression, but characterised by that regular poetical *régime* which he now imposed on himself as his purpose in life.

“God suffered once the thunder cloud  
Towards His love to blind him;  
But gently led the blind along  
Where breath and bird could find him;

“The pulse of dew upon the grass  
His own did calmly number;  
And silent shadow from the trees  
Fell o'er him like a slumber.”*

* Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Painful, often, is the contrast between the placidity, wit, and sportive humour of his verse, on the one hand, and on the other the deep gloom which was consuming him piece-meal—preying on his vitals, like the eagle of Prometheus. How often are his letters “the proofs of rare heroism ! how often were these flowers of fancy watered by a bleeding heart !”^{*} It is the knowledge of this that imparts so peculiar a charm to his epistolary and other pleasantries ;—the contrast, as Mr. Gilfillan observes, between their airy buoyancy and his fixed morbid misery ; and the view this gives us of the irrepressible spring of enjoyment originally possessed by a mind which not even the sorrows of madness could entirely choke up, and of that powerful sense of the ludicrous which could wreath the grim features of despair into contagious smiles. It is beautifully true of this man stricken of God and afflicted, that when, one by one, sweet sounds

“ And wandering lights departed,  
He wore no less a loving face, because so broken-hearted.”

His habit of surrendering his pen to the most obvious pleasantry at hand, and dallying with the most casual thoughts of the moment, has been compared to Hamlet's talk about Old Truopenny in the collarage, when the thought of his father's spirit is weighing with awful mystery on his heart ; or amusing himself with badgering Polonius, when the thought of filial revenge is swaying the very depths of his soul. He made no parade of the trappings of woe ; he wore no inky cloak ; he obtruded no “dejected 'haviour of the visage” upon the public ; he traded not in the forms and modes and shows of importunate grief ; but he had that within which passeth show ;—and, with something of Spartan endurance, he folded his mantle decorously over the struggle within, though his life-blood was ebbing, drop by drop, away. Poor Cowper !

His poetry is perhaps dull reading to people whose pulses are ever at fever heat, and who call nothing poetry that does not deal with corsairs and gjaours, and Manfreds and Cains. But it is popular still with a large number of steady old folks, who are addicted, rightly or wrongly, to English impressions of nature, English views of manners, and English sentiments of patriotism. It is manly, straightforward, unaffected, spirited, easy, hearty, domestic, John Bullish. It is truly earnest and sincere—another quality characteristic of John Bull, His Mark. The very general esteem for Cowper's poetry, at the close of last century, Mr. de Quincey calls “inevitable,”—because the poet's picture of an English fireside, with its long winter evening, the sofa wheeled round to the fire, the massy draperies depending from the windows, the tea-table with its bubbling and loud-hissing urn, the newspaper and the long debate—Pit and Fox ruling the senate, and Erskine the bar—all held up a mirror to that particular period, and their own particular houses ; whilst the character of his rural scenery was exactly the same in Cowper's experience of England as in their own ; so that in all these features they recognised their countryman and their contemporary, who saw things from the same station as themselves ;—whilst his moral denunciations upon all great public questions then afloat, were cast in the very same mould of conscientious principle as their own.† Professor Wilson ascribes to him the earliest place among that modern generation of poets, who, going back to nature, have sought the elements of poetry immediately in the world of nature and of human life :—“the

* Tuckerman's “Thoughts on the Poets.”

† “Autobiography of an English Opium Eater.”

charm of his poetry is a pure, innocent, lovely mind, delighting itself in pure, innocent, and lovely nature;—the freshness of the fields, the fragrance of the flowers, breathes in his verse. His own delight in simple, happy, rural life, is there; and we are delighted, as though, with happy faces, and with endeared family love, we walked by his side, and shared with him in his pleasures.* Mr. Campbell, again, while admitting that Cowper's rural prospects have far less variety and compass than those of Thomson, contends that his graphic touches are more close and minute; not that Thomson was either deficient or undelightful in circumstantial traits of the beauty of nature, but he looked to her as a whole more than Cowper, who contemplated the face of plain rural English life, in moments of leisure and sensibility, till its minutest features were impressed upon his fancy; and whose landscapes, if they have less of the ideally beautiful than Thomson's, are distinguished by an unrivalled charm of truth and reality.†

Though many persons may refuse to call Cowper one of their favourite poets, hardly one of them but will be found to class something of Cowper's among their favourite poems. The intense puritan, whom æsthetics cannot touch, and who scouts poetry in the abstract and concrete alike, as vanity and vexation of spirit, and in whose rather lengthy ears the notes of the muse are inharmonious as the crackling of thorns under the pot,—has a liking for, and has even purchased a copy of, the "Olney Hymns,"—though he is careful to tell you he thinks John Newton much the better bard of the twain. The mirthful frivolist, to whom the "Task" is no pseudonym, will allow that Cowper was a good fellow at bottom, for the sake of "John Gilpin." The moralist enjoys the didactic pieces, the scholar consults the translations, the schoolboy relishes "Alexander Selkirk," and every man of woman born exults in the "Lines on receiving his Mother's Picture." "Able Editors" differ widely in their estimate of his various works. Southey predicts that the "Task," and the fragment on "Yardley Oak," will be co-eval with our language, but dismisses all the rest with the sweeping assertion, that if Cowper's other works live, it will be because written by the author of these two compositions.‡ We can hardly assent to this, while we remember the *unique* beauty of "Oh that those lips had language!" and many a noble passage in the "Table-Talk," "Progress of Error," "Hope," &c. He holds a distinguished place, too, among our satirists. Campbell remarks that his satire is not abstracted and declamatory, but places human manners before us in the liveliest attitudes and clearest colours. "There is much of the full distinctness of Theophrastus, and of the nervous and concise spirit of La Bruyère, in his piece entitled 'Conversation,' with a cast of humour superadded which is peculiarly English, and not to be found out of England."§ Christopher North calls his satire "sublime," and contends that we have no other such satires:—"The same man who was well satisfied to sit day after day beside an elderly lady, sewing caps and tippets, except when he was obliged to go and water the flowers or feed the rabbits, rose up, when Poetry came upon him, sinewy and muscular as a mailed man dallying for a while with a two-edged sword, as if to try its weight and temper, when about to shear down

* Blackwood's Magazine, Vol. XXVII., p. 834.

† Campbell's "Specimens of British Poetry," Vol. VII.

‡ "Letter to G. C. Bedford," 1809. Southey adds:—"His (Cowper's) popularity is owing to his plety, not his poetry, and that plety was craziness. I like his letters, but think their so great popularity one of the very many proofs of the imbecility of the age." Rather cavalier treatment of Cowper and his admirers.

§ Campbell's "Specimens." Vol. VII., p. 358.

the Philistines."* Those who consider him, as many profess to do, tame and unimpassioned, must yet be conscious of the glow of his moral indignation, the flame of which burns purely and strongly amid much that is sectarian and John Newtonish. Southey, as we have seen, summarily dismisses these rhymed poems, declaring that nothing which Cowper has written in rhyme, except by sudden gleams, is above mediocrity, and that he not only wanted ear to form its harmony, but rejected that harmony on system; and that when he wrote in rhymes, provided he could cram his thoughts into the couplets, he chose rather that they should be rough than harmonious, that they should stumble than glide.† On the other hand it has been maintained, that Southey's poetry, not being organ-toned, nor informed with any very rich or original music, any more than soaringly imaginative or gorgeously decorated, is of a style that requires the sustaining aid of rhyme, and is apt, in blank verse, to overflow in pools and shallows.‡ There is more truth, we submit, in this view of the case, than in Southey's sweeping clause.

Never may the time come when Cowper's memory and works shall be treated otherwise than with affectionate respect by England and the English! The blessings of English homes and universal liberty owe him no mean portion of their being.

"Nor ever shall he be in praise by wise or good forsaken;  
Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken."

## "He Piped his Simple Lay."

### A CHARADE.

DAINTY Love! I lift my lay  
To thee, dearer day by day;  
And with fervour silent press  
To my lips, with sweet caress;  
Sipping from thy breath perfume;  
From thy lip—life to illume—  
The kiss, taken long and oft  
Fervent, full, yet sweet and soft:  
Toy with thy white taper neck,  
As thy twining wreaths me deck;  
 wooing with sweet murmuring chime,  
Yet reeking not the rest of time;  
Shedding o'er me webs air-fine  
In unbroken wavy line;—  
Helps my musings,—aids reflection,—  
Soothes my sorrows—rousts dejection—

Shares my wanderings and unrest,  
Nestling ever near my breast;  
Casting round me woven spells  
Of rare fancy—life's joy-bells.  
Though thy cheek be tawny-dyed,  
Still thy blush is scarlet-pied;  
Cosy, pendant, sparkling-eyed  
Genius of my lone fireside!  
Though with all she shares her favours,  
And life universal savours,  
Yet no jealous pangs have I,  
For to me she's purity:  
Banisher of daily strife,  
Constant, never-chiding wife;  
All thy charms, perfected, ripe,  
Sweet companion! cherished —!

HOPE WINGOLD.

* "Blackwood," Vol. XXIII.

† "Life of Southey."

‡ Craik's "Sketches of Literature." Vol. VI.

## Working Life and Working Home.

It is one of the laws of nature that a high state of development has always its peculiar evils. From our very infancy we have been taught the especial law of dynamics, that what we gain in power we lose in motion, and *vice versa*. We accepted the law without a challenge, and did not discover, until maturer years, this very same principle hidden in a multitude of disguises. The fleetness of the race-horse, the Atlantean shoulders of the athlete, the velocity of the express, the highest culture of mind, and the most perfected systems of social order and intercourse, are all demonstrative, in some way or other, of this general problem. Each brings with it peculiar conditions, and gives rise to special and prominent symptoms. Oftener than not, their evils or attendant vices are outbalanced by the positive good they bring with them; but as the existence of any drawbacks whatever is to be deplored, when we derive from their creative agency so many benefits, the former are not only deserving of thoughtful attention but remedial schemes.

In answer to this thesis, applied, as we apply it, to civilisation, the hand of history points to the great combination of the highest powers in the Assyrian, the Grecian, and the Roman name; and as they march majestically across our vision, we see all their pomp and pride in living colours, and their meanness, social impurity, and glaring national errors or vices, in the sombre shades of the background. Like the sweep of an invading army, we first behold the glittering costumes, curvetting steeds, flushed faces, and waving banners, and then the desolated plains, mangled bodies, and smoking dwellings that they leave behind. It would have been rare indeed had our modern civilisation, though so essentially differing from those that are past, been like them in their greatness, but unlike them in their attendant circumstances. Our own island, in presenting to the world a higher and more humanizing system, with a wider class of thoughts and motives, has not gone on, year after year, sending its commerce, its literature, its laws, into all lands, without contracting a special set of drawbacks on its operations at home. A perfect cloud of these minor social vices hang upon the rear of our progress, like a wild troop of Asiatic horse; and harassing in the extreme do they prove to those immediately within their range. We cannot pretend to specify them all, or yet enumerate them. Abler pens than ours have brought them to the light, and suggested means for their amelioration. We reserve to ourselves, therefore, only a very small and partially unused portion.

Our social fabric may be represented under the similitude of an ancient temple. The pedestals of the columns are the great mass of the nation—the sturdy artisans and manly toilers, who are in themselves a sustaining power; the shafts typify the solidity of the middle classes; the capitals may represent the nobility, whose opulence adorns, and whose grandeur exalts. The pediment exhibits alike the traditions of plebeian and patrician; and above them all, in fair proportions, is the national idea—the choral unity—it holds forth to the eyes of mankind. Our business is low down in this grand pile; we are with the pedestals, who, often unseen, still give strength and permanence to the superstructure. We write of the working men who crowd our busy thoroughfares, and hum in our national hive; and it is of their working lives and working homes we would wish for a brief space to be heard.

We are proud of our working men—of those valiant spirits armed for eternal war with the gods of earth, and air, and steam; ever wrestling, subduing, and creating. We love their independence, their moral manhood, and their general probity. We admire their cheerfulness under privation, their patriotism and staunch adherence to whatever is venerable either in our history or manners. Like other classes, they have their vices and faults,—many which belong to them as human beings, and others which are owing to imperfect moral and religious education, and the result of their being thrown into hard conflict with mankind without the inculcation of proper principles of justice and equity, or before they have been able to frame a code of their own.

The life of a working man is one of never-ending struggle, and should be one of never-ceasing aspiration. It is all up-hill work; and much care is necessary lest, when, Sisyphus-like, the top is reached, the heavy burden does not again bring us down with it to the very bottom. It is no matter of mere chance, luck, or accident. A brave heart, temperate habits, and sound bodies, are essential to success and happiness; yet many of our workmen are nursed into despair, and indulge in reckless excesses; and many of our manufactures and employments deprive them of that robustness which is so essential to their struggle. Many employments are mere speculations with human life. High payments tempt the workmen from more healthy pursuits, and dissolute habits increase their deadly work, and make life short, and, as many victims try to imagine, exceedingly merry: The collier and miner encounter all the dangers of choke and fire-damp, twist their bodies into all manner of unnatural forms, induce structural lesions of the heart and kidneys, and aggravate the diseases special to them under the names of "black lung," "belland," and others, by a neglect of personal cleanliness, and a stupid vacuity of mind. Absence from sunlight gives to their countenances its peculiar dusky hue, accidents disfigure their bodies, and the abuse of the pleasures of life, and a want of moral virtue, are evils that are barely compensated for by liberal wages and regular employment. The Sheffield file and knife grinders are also engaged in a desperate work. Liberal wages are given, and there is much to encourage the persevering working man, but there is a dark certainty confronting the thoughtful mind that is absolutely appalling. Begin as a lad, and this Nemesisian shadow has less of terror, though not less of directness of approach. To know that one's life, if we continue in our labour, can only reach a certain number of years,—the average is under forty—is enough to quench all fervent desire for progress, and induce a demoniac desperation. Where an intelligent workman does not immediately leave so fatal an employment upon the first urgent warnings of disease, this desperation very frequently ensues. Intemperance steps in to harden the conscience and stultify the mind, but only to aggravate the disease. Amongst the grinders themselves it is esteemed as the only thing capable of prolonging their lives; and, as a faneied good, they bow and prostrate themselves to this deluding Moloch.

Many other classes have also their characteristic aggravating causes. Bone, ivory, and glass grinders present a similar diagnosis to these already mentioned. Long hours, ill-ventilated and crowded rooms, closely-packed workshops, noxious effluvia emitted from materials in the various processes of manufacture, and those sedentary occupations which, besides forcing the frame into unnatural positions, necessitate a contraction of the chest, are all potent in the deterioration of health. And if one would estimate how such employments act upon the people, we must go, not to the different classes themselves, for many of them live in unhappy ignorance of the dangers that environ them—but to the medical men, who have them in their especial care, and before whom the young men who are reared amid such influences are brought up for examination as military recruits. Woeful indeed is the tale

they tell, not so much of their educational deficiencies as of their physical disqualifications. The width of the chest, the general muscular development, are much less than those presented by a smaller number taken from the agricultural districts. Usually they make smarter soldiers, and improve much by drill and a more robust diet, and have a capacity in adapting themselves to contingencies, which is not found in the rural recruit. But the very fact that one-third is the average rejected in the first examination, and one-fifth in the final one, from a great variety of causes, chiefly, however, malformations of the chest, spine, and lower limbs, is in itself sufficient to awaken the most serious apprehension. We do not purpose, even were we able, to detail any specific remedial measures for the consideration of such persons as have power to adopt them; we can only lament the existence of such evils, and join our feeble voice in the common cry which demands, that that boon God freely gives to every man, shall not be wantonly destroyed for the sake of enriching others; and that he who needs it most especially, to win his way, shall not be crippled where he needs be most strong, or made miserable by that which should rather be to him a source of felicity. There are several simple precautions which might obviate many of these crying evils, and where even these are impracticable, the workmen themselves may, by temperance, strict personal cleanliness, and moral habitude, prolong their lives and happiness. Much depends on the workman himself, whether his occupation be one of much or of comparatively little danger. The ærial coal-fields, as they have been called, of our great manufacturing towns, make all indoor employments unhealthy; and as so much depends upon bodily health, even where he has the good fortune to be, in more senses than one, an Odd-Fellow, he should omit nothing which can help him to obtain it where he has it not, or preserve it when he is blessed with it. The free use of baths, and regularity and moderation in diet, are essential in either case; but, above all, the cultivation of sober joys, and the enlargement of the mind, are necessary in preserving the Juvenalian *mens sana in corpore sano*,—the sound mind in the sound body. We have neglected to replace with something better those national and local sports which nurtured the manhood of a previous age, and the ill effects are everywhere apparent. The hours of labour are too long to admit of much, if any, real out-door exercise. The youth of both sexes are put to work long ere their feeble frames can bear sustained labour; and as such a state of things must manifest itself somewhere, it is demonstrated in the squalor and misery which so often hang around the workman's home.

Excessive and protracted labour, by producing physical and mental exhaustion, demands the use of stimulating liquors, and must impel the individual to seek relaxation in extraneous delights; in casinos, coffee-houses, taverns, and theatres. Whilst the cause exists in unabated force, we cannot hope much for a cessation of these effects; but, to the man of toil—and we regret he so often needs to be told this—his own fireside should be the haven where his unquiet spirit may find rest and soothing pleasures;—the centre of the little system round which his life and thoughts should unceasingly revolve. Many causes, independent of those already named, operate in preventing this; the warehouse and the factory, which take away the attention of young females from household duties; ill-drained and crowded dwellings; indifferent wages; and a cowardly, despairing spirit. In a little lecture a Church of England Clergyman has put forth,* which should be in the hands of all who recognise the talismanic charm of home, a fuller discussion than we can afford to give to the various hindrances the wife and husband have to meet with in establishing a comfortable home. We have only space for one brief

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* Working Life: How to make it happier. By Rev. H. Fearon, B.D. Rivingtons, Waterloo Place.

extract; for admonitory hints and counsels the reader must seek the book itself:—"If, then, it be true that individual happiness blossoms best in domestic life, it is also beyond question that this life essentially contributes to national power and stability. Every well-ordered household is a nation in miniature. It is in the combination of such families, more than, perhaps, anything else, that the moral and material greatness of a country like England consists. What a stake in the country does every father of such a family possess. Who can fail to see what a remarkable feature of English life, in the upper and *middle classes*, is this which I call home-life!—their attachment to their homes, and pride in their homes. Now it is this feeling, which, being so congenial to our national character, I should wish to give wider scope to. Home comforts are cheap comforts. 'He that biddeth at home liveth more thriftily than he that gaddeth about.' And I believe we shall find that, after all, the old song is right,—'be it ever so humble, there is no place like it.' A whole nation of well-ordered families would be not only the happiest, but the strongest community in the world; it would be almost impregnable; a compact union of globules, each in itself '*totus, teres, atque rotundus*.' "

The reverend lecturer, however, has not, in our opinion, given due importance to intellectual culture. A life of labour, of all others, wants a gleam of poetry woven into its prosaic woof. The absence of it depresses, and its presence expands it, into magnificent proportions. To feel that labour is not only the lot of all, but that it brings with it its own blessings and independence, and is part of that warfare of life which is to carve out our spiritual existence, is not only to work nobly, but to invest labour itself with heroic attributes. He should, therefore, make himself familiar with the nobility of all time, to arouse within him a sympathetic response. All the biographies of such men as Watts and Franklin should form part of his household gods. Plutarch, with his galaxy of kingly men, should infuse into his mind a manlier vigour; and of our own celebrities there is none one could wish a working man to be more familiar with than the genius of Cromwell, in the fiery expositions of Carlyle. Moreover—and this is a point we have much faith in—reading of that kind which shall supply the innate craving in minds necessarily narrowed in their contact with mankind, and prone to take one-sided views of things, for life, in living, dramatic personations, should not be forgotten. Who, with his wide human sympathies, and his ever original freshness, can be better recommended than Shakspeare? And what better plan, than that of readings by the home fireside, with the presence of a neighbour, friend, or fellow-workman, or some one of his class esteemed a bit of a "scholar," and who will kindly undertake to read aloud. The young will seek the existence of passionate life, either in reality or mimicry; and, so managed, it would have most of its zest, without any of its vices or demoralising influences.

This is the grand secret of the immense circulation, amongst the younger portion of the working world, of such periodicals as the "London Journal," the "Family Herald," &c.; and also of the numerous works of fiction, from "Claude Duval," and "Sixteen-string Jack," to the higher novels of Bulwer, Dickens, and Thackeray. We need hardly say that the class of which we have cited the two first as a type, are more eagerly devoured. In some way or other to meet this want, and whilst representing the interest of the Unity, to give a healthier and more substantial fare to the members, the Board of Directors established this very Magazine; and, either for silent perusal, or reading aloud as we have suggested, it needs no recommendation from us.

In the materials which shall go to the establishment of a cosy, comfort-



able working home, we are not disposed, with some men, to deprecate the presence of the nut-brown ale—(we do not mean a composition of grains of paradise, quassia, and tobacco-juice)—which, if our old ballad-writers are to be credited, is inseparable from good English cheer; nor yet the pipe, with its gently soothing influence, and its fairy wreaths, that rise and disperse themselves so gracefully, and seem to lead and lose the unquiet mind in mazes delicious as Tasso and Spenser conceived. We admire temperance and cleanliness, but we do not think the human body a vast *cloaca*, to be purified and flushed with incessant draughts from the crystal spring. With such robust frames as their lives demand, a mind full of noble thoughts and heroic images, a happy home and tidy family, the working man may calmly and conqueringly confront the giant which has cloven down so many of his kind, and attain to the ideal Longfellow has immortalized in the "Village Blacksmith,"—an ideal which flings a sweet and gentle light upon the threshold of every son of labour.

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## My Little Sailor Boy.

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BY MRS. C. H. ESLING.

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I've sent thee o'er the deep, my son,  
 And blest thee with a smile;  
 I would not that a tear should steal  
 Adown my cheek the while;  
 Thou wert too full of happiness,  
 Thine eyes were lit with joy,  
 And thy young heart beat glad and proud,  
 My little sailor boy:—

I sent them back upon my heart,  
 Where they have coldly lain,  
 Congealing, in those lower depths,  
 Like drops of wintry rain;  
 My summer vanished with thy smile,—  
 But what thou didst alloy,  
 Thro' guardian power thou canst restore,  
 My little sailor boy:—

Yes, He who gave thee to my arms  
 Will waft thee o'er the deep;  
 Will guide thee in thy waking hour,  
 And guard thee in thy sleep;  
 Oh! when the storm winds loudest blow,  
 And gather to destroy,  
 May His right arm be stretched o'er thee,  
 My little sailor boy.

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## A Chronograph from Italian History.

[1474—1563.]

BY WILLIAM J. OSTELL.

THE average-educated Englishman is generally innocent enough of Continental History, however "well up" in the constitution of the heptarchy, or the mutual slaughterings by his forefathers in the wars of the Plantagenet, and such other landmarks of his own insular story. Who, save a dryasdust professor or a literary "hodman," would venture to confidently write, or even easily discourse, upon the state of Europe's political divisions at the period of the revival of learning—the history of the mediæval Italian republics—the rival religious dominations and struggles in Spain—or the achievements, tyrannies, and sufferings of the Knights-Templar! The more so when he remembers—or makes discovery—that, as unconsidered "points" of general historic story, only two centuries back the Turks were thundering at the gates of Vienna; or that the Dukes of Burgundy, scarce three centuries since, were sovereign potentates, of weight as to the "balance of power;" or, again, that Navarre, Castile, and Arragon were separate realms when we in England held our Elizabeth on her throne; or that the old Roman Empire of the Cæsars was still existent when our Edward III. was fighting at Cressy and Poitiers.

Of the grand outlines of the great narrative of universal history—of the rise and progress of humanity—we allow our educated Englishman to be far from superficially conversant. Of the great lights dedicated to sober Clio,—from garrulous inquisitive Herodotus, father of history and his own conceits; Thucydides' interesting story of ever-memorable Greece, and his time-enduring tale of the plague at Athens; of the masterly delineations of Livy, and the unapproachable power of the matchless Latin writer Tacitus (perhaps the most original author Rome produced);—from these to all the fullest particulars, and the most minute of details, concerning the incidents of the eventful and interesting story of this little "isle set in the silver sea," to be found in the pages of its painstaking and patriotic chroniclers—Rapin or Henry, Hume or Macaulay,—of all this, we at once grant him a certificate of competency; but of the kindred story of the European federation, its diverse nationalities and peoples, their internecine struggles towards the goal of solidarity and freedom, their rule by sceptred tyrant or hydra-headed oligarchy, their physical interdependence and local jealousies, their use and abuse of that Janus-faced virtue, patriotism;—above all, the real living and being—the strivings and doings—of the pith and marrow of all humanity, and consequently of all true history,—the mighty concrete mass, the *people*;—of all this at our chosen period, which we vaguely term the closing of the dark ages, or, specifically, the middle ages,—of this great space between the setting sun of Classic splendour and the meridian of Modern progress, we are afraid that most Englishmen are either ignorant or see "but as in a glass, darkly."

It is much to be desired that a system could be evolved from the study of History for the more effectively imprinting, not only the distinctive facts, but contemporary events and cognate causes and effects, and their

mutual influences, so that a present confined knowledge of some one act of the grand drama of Humanity should not stand in isolated interest from the mighty chain of events that go to make up the great whole.

Some few magnificent scenes have stamped an era for themselves, and have become stand-points for all retentive readers and students of the past. The mind grasps at once and for ever the periods of the Reformation and the French Revolution, or the rule of the Medici in Italy, and the grand age of Louis XIV. in France, almost as readily as the Norman conquest or the Revolution of 1688. But how many of us could give a ready answer to even the date, much less the causes and consequences, of the Thirty Years' War; or when Spain gained her long firm footing in Italy, and how she lost it? This study, which, for want of a more descriptive term, we would designate that of Contemporary History, is not to be taught by rigorous cramming of arbitrary dates, or even learned by straight-edged groupings under distinct periods of chronology. Neither, probably, is it to be accomplished by a Magliabecchian perusal of all the standard histories, and their satellites, the countless hosts of memoirs, letters, &c., in existence, even if life were of Methusaleh extension, or leisure of the most favourable length: especially if the "standard" author were as tough as Macaulay represents, by a pithy anecdote, Guicciardini to have proved to a convict who, offered his choice between the galleys and the ponderous writer, gave up the historian and returned to the lesser punishment of the oar.

To illustrate our conception of what is intended by Contemporaneous History, we have taken a marked yet slightly understood period of European annals, and have chosen from the scene mentioned at the head of this paper,—the more so, that, whether from the undying glories of their progenital race, once dominant lords of all the boundary-marks of civilization; or whether as the fertile genetrix of cities and colonies, laws and languages; or whether as the metropolis of faith's grandest and most potential organization (for good or ill); or, again, as the foster-mother of sublime Art—the home of song and nurturer of heavenly-rapt strains of Music,—the whole of the world that is not either remaining or relapsed into barbarism, is, has been, must ever be, so much indebted, directly or not, to that sunny southern land forming the Mediterranean peninsula, as to make her lengthened story by turns proudly and painfully interesting to all who pretend to liberal culture or human kinship.

The period here chosen is that of *Michaelangelo*, or, by Vasari and others, *Michaelagnolo Buonarrotti*; which is to be reconsidered, perhaps, under two aspects:—1st, the contemporaneous characters and events as bearing on our suggested study of Contemporary History, strictly selected between the period of the birth and death of the great Italian; and, 2ndly, Michaelangelo himself; for we may scarcely devote all our attention to the goodly company, however illustrious, and pass unheeded the noble host in whose mansion—to pursue the figure—we are pleasantly staying awhile; the more so when that host is the grand old Florentine, the father of epic painting, the architect of architects, the very Jove of sculpture, the imperial, many-sided, representative Italian, Michaelangelo Buonarrotti, scion of the noble but impoverished house of Canossa, and yet better known as the friend of the grim, mighty Pope Julius, and the framer of the world's cathedral-fane, St. Peter's at Rome.

Let us glance rapidly at the state of realms and rulers when the world-famed Titan in Art was born. Louis XI., the bigoted catholic, wearer of leaden saints nigher to his leaden brains than his stony heart, was King of France. Edward IV. held his brief and uneasy tenure of the English crown; and the wars of the Roses were turning the fair garden of our

island into battle-fields and burial-heaps, when the scant-civilized English were scarcely beginning to learn to trade and barter; while commerce, learning, and art were flourishing in Italy—glorifying their present and leaving an aureole of splendour for their future annals. Scotland was in an independent state of semi-barbarism, under James III.—a numeral which all true protestants and upholders of the Hanoverian succession are glad enough to remember was never borne by a James on the English throne. Hungary was a great, powerful, and independent kingdom, under the illustrious Matthias Corvinus, and doing doughty service as the bulwark of Europe against the avalanche-hordes of the followers of Islam. Two centuries had to arise and set ere Russia and its Czars were names of import to European statesmen; and the Dukes of Muscovy were almost as far off to men's comprehension as Prester John, or Cartaphilus, the Wandering Jew. Poland was a potential state, with a polished court, and had not then arrived at the stage when, like the crumbling Roman Empire, she was to be put up to the highest bidder. Castile, Arragon, and Navarre were separate royalties in Spain; but the Moors still held supremacy and its fairer provinces; though, five years *after* our great painter's birth, Castile and Arragon were united under the renowned Ferdinand and Isabella, with whom began the splendid, but evanescent, career of the haughty Spaniard, that made him master of the riches of a new world and of the fairest provinces of the old—only, hereafter, to serve to point the lesson of the instability of mere material adjunctives, independent of moral force, to sustain a state in vigour, more than its integer, the individual. Brabant, Burgundy, Bohemia, and Savoy, were enrolled among the independent European Powers; and Germany was then one great empire, though whether its union was of the character so much desiderated by her modern and divided children, is scarcely matter of doubt. The Doge of Venice held the noble seat which had been filled for *eight* centuries, during which long period had the haughtiest of aristocratic republics existed, from hence to decline till deleted by another republic, the French, as recently as 1797. Genoa was mistress of the commerce of the world, while Holland was unknown as an independent federation till a century afterwards. Northern Africa poured forth her ceaseless hordes of organized soldier-pirates and sword-converting missionaries; and the Knights-Templar were doing their lofty duty at Rhodes and Cyprus, or even in Africa itself—sentinels of the Christian outworks against the ravages of the foes of their faith and their freedom. Sixtus IV. held the pontifical chair in the metropolis of the world; whilst the old Roman Empire, slowly dying out in its Eastern division, had been but a score of years before expunged beneath the merciless tread of the Moslem fanatics. But far more interesting, to the true student of history, than the gallery of its princes, would be a picture of the state of men and manners during this epoch of what the world was doing; how the people lived—what lessons it could furnish pregnant with tried experience, or as beacons for future avoidance; how the pulse of humanity then beat, whether with feverish throbbings towards unattainable beatitudes of faith or feeling, or with steadier course, to preserve peace and goodwill among men and their possessions.

In this year (1474) was also born Ariosto, who gave chivalry its epic; as well as Egnatius, the learned pupil of Politian—so celebrated and honoured in his own time, that the Venetians exempted him from all public taxes; and in this same year Caxton established printing in England, "setting up" the first press in the Almonry, in the precincts of Westminster's noble abbey; and, within the year, had put forth his "*Game of the Chesse*," a notable event, truly, to all forthcoming generations of reading Englishmen, however little regarded then by our rude forefathers,—thus cheating the devil, as Quevedo says, when men turned lead into letters instead of bullets.

In the birth-year (1474) of Michaelangelo, of his great contemporaries in art, Leonardo da Vinci, the artist, astronomer, musician, playwright, and mechanician—profound philosopher and accomplished gentleman both—was in his 22nd year; Raffaele de Urbino, whose works have earned him the proud designation of the Milton of Art as Angelo was its Shakspeare, was to appear on the world's stage but ten years afterwards, and, dying at the early age of thirty-four, left a name synonymous with the apotheosis of Christian art—of that realization, to finite sense, of abstract, fervent, holy sentiment taking to itself a living embodiment and form for all time. Albert Durer, the German, was born but a year or two before, and Hans Holbein some twenty years after; while the princely Titian, born before, was the art-fellow, sometimes the competitor, and eventually outlived the great Tuscan.

To give anything like a concise *précis* of the contemporary events of the period embraced from the birth to the death of Michael Angelo—from 1474 to 1663, ninety years—is a task which will not admit of too broad an outline, or too minute an attention to detail and colouring. If we can group upon our canvas a few of the prominent characters with sufficiently skilful manipulation to render them truthful in portraiture, we must leave the rest to be rather indicated than expressed, and remain content.

The overthrow of the Eastern empire by the Ottomans, in 1453, when Constantinople became the head-quarters of the Turkish rule in Europe, scattered over the surrounding countries and courts of the Continent a multitude of refugees, who—especially in Italy—found a home for themselves and their learning. The study of Greek literature became prevalent in that land of letters, and, a second time, Rome drank her mental draughts from the Grecian fountain. Angelo had the privilege of associating at the Academy of San Marco, in Florence, instituted under the immediate patronage of Lorenzo de Medici, with such accomplished scholars as Politian and Pico Mirandola, who both died in the same year (1494), after having passed their life in learned friendship. To this academy also repaired, for Greek culture, two young Englishmen, viz., Grocyn, and Dean Colet, the friend of Erasmus and Sir Thomas More, and founder of St. Paul's School. Cosmo de Medici founded, at Florence, what was called a Platonic academy, and its teachings had, according to the critical, much influence on the bent of the genius of Michaelangelo, more especially as developed in his poetry. At this period a brief notice might be taken of the Marchesa da Pescara, the all-accomplished Vittoria Colonna, who added a fresh leaf of glory to the renown of her ancient princely house, by a learning which would be accounted rare even in these days of universal knowledge. This lady was mistress of many tongues, especially of Greek, and held public theses, as was the fashion of the times, with the most eminent men of her day. Whether gallantry always gave the noble philosopher and poetess the palm of victory, history, after the fashion of Herodotus, is discreetly silent, or "prefers not to mention." But of far more consequence than the Revival of Letters—though such revival became its primary cause—was the *Reformation*. The contemporary events of the life of Michaelangelo have no greater or more important event than this,—an event that loosened men's minds from rock-bound tradition and its exorcism of priestly domination, and for ever set open the floodgates of individual judgment, and freed the gathering streams of free inquiry in its onward course to the great ocean of eternal Truth. Illustrious age-fellows of the man who remodelled Art, were those *clari et venerabiles nomines* who strove to enfranchise the human mind: the lion-hearted Luther, the meek, scholarly Melancthon, the soldier-ecclesiastic Zwinglius; while relentless Calvin and stern John Knox rested not till they had replaced one mental tyranny by another,

though, indisputably, a milder one. Other religious perturbations arose in men's minds during this transition epoch,—other lights were to be discerned in this firmament of a clearer heaven. Servetus boldly preached Arianism in the very strongholds of Papacy—in Italy itself; and the remarkable Ignatius Loyola founded a power at which even nineteenth-century enlightenment looks askance,—whose perfected discipline and unquenchable ardour upheld Rome at her utmost need, and which read the signs of the times, and ably held in check, if it did not turn the flank—if we may so express ourselves—at one bold, sure stroke, not to be thoroughly dislodged when it had gained the vantage-ground. We must, unwillingly, not dwell upon the life or doings of that contemporary Italian “Reformer before the Reformation,” who should be better known by Englishmen, the daring Dominican monk Savonarola, the fearless and simple-minded, but ill-fated precursor of Protestantism, who for many years held in Florence, as reformer of gross beliefs and morals, a power not inferior to that shortly afterwards exercised by Calvin at Geneva. Together with the Scriptures, the writings of Savonarola were the favourite study of Michaelangelo in his later years, for whose author, while living, he had great friendship, and for whose memory after his death by torture, strangulation, and burning, in 1498, he held an affectionate veneration. To these foregoing luminaries must be added the lesser lights of our own land,—Wolsey, Cromwell, Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, Bishop Jewel, and Matthew Tyndale.

Another great contemporary event was the splendid discovery of America by the Italian Colon, or Columbus, which landmark of history so speaks for itself as to need no further retrospection,—to be followed by the voyages and explorations of our Sebastian Cabot setting forth from our then great seaport Bristol, and the daring but bloody exploits of Pizarro, opening up further the lands of the Caciques of the Western Indians. Literary contemporaries were the Italian historians Machiavelli, Guicciardini, and Jovius, and the poet Ariosto, besides many others of note to the learned or the *dilettanti*. Rabelais and the elder Scaliger flourished in France; the statesmen Ximenes and Comines played their great parts in the arena of politics, leaving enduring histories in which they themselves had been principal actors; and Leland in England and George Buchanan in Scotland are names still held dear in literature. The fierce Barbarossa swept the seas from continent to continent; the brave King of Hungary, Matthias Corvinus, and the grim, gallant Knights of Rhodes repulsed again and again the encroaching Osmanli; and the Moors made their final despairing struggle for dominion in Europe,—and mournfully gazing with a last, long, strained look, sighed their farewell to their fathers' homes and their own birth-place in Spain,—leaving their impress to our times on much more than the glorious Alhambra and their monumental cities—pilgrim-sites for us to this day. In France, the names of the noble Francis I. and the renowned Constable Montmorenci stand out till we come to Henri IV., first “King of France and Navarre.” Finally, we may mention that Copernicus sought to reconstruct astronomy; Robert Stephens printed at Paris—a name ever associated with the Alduses and Elzevirs of the world-enlightening art; and in 1488, one of the expatriated Greeks at Florence first printed Homer—a noteworthy event.

For the tangled story of the many Italian republics we must refer our readers to Sismondi, for these present limits would only render the attempt, to give even a faint outline, one of confusion. Of the rise and glory, and triumphs and decline of the Medici and Borgia families, we can now afford no fuller details than, concerning the Medicis, to state that Cosmo, founder of their fortunes, though Grand Duke of Tuscany, lived in

the wealthy republican city of Florence, and though richer than any contemporary reigning prince, had acquired his large fortunes by trade, while they were disbursed in all that was elegant and refining, and that he begat the celebrated Lorenzo, patron of Michaelangelo, who in turn begat Leo X., whose story can only be read in the elegant and careful work of Roscoe;—and the Borgias, that our own reigning royalty claiming descent from the house of D'Este, must peradventure include in their ancestry the notorious Lucretia, who married the then Duke of Este for her third or fourth husband. Of the innumerable and incessant conflicts between sturdy burghers and citizen-merchants, and hiring mercenaries doing service for the "noble houses" of Colonna, Orsini, Malatesti, Storza, &c., we will be mindfully silent, and only mention here that in 1495, the French, under Charles VIII., took Rome itself, and, like their ancestor Brennus, overran Italy. Would that it had been their last appearance on that scene!

We now turn to our brief account of him who stamped the age of which we treat, and trust that sufficient has been indicated, if not expressed, to render intelligible our conception—may be crotchet—of the Contemporary Study of History, and to justify also, in some measure, the heading of this paper.

As introduction to the life-story of Michaelangelo, we will quote the following from the charming peroration of his pupil, friend, and biographer honest and loving Vasari:—"In the Casentino, and in the year 1474, a son was born, under a fated and happy star, to the Signor Ludovico di Lionardo Buonarroti Simoni, who, as it is said, was descended from the most noble and most ancient family of the Counts of Canossa, the mother being also a noble as well as excellent lady. Ludovico was that year Podestà, or Mayor of Chiusi-e-Caprese, near the Sasso della Vernia, where St. Francis received the stigmata, and which is in the diocese of Arezzo. The child was born on a Sunday, the 6th of March namely, at eight of the night, and the name he received was MICHAELANGELO, because, without further consideration, and inspired by some influence from above, the father thought he perceived something celestial and divine in him beyond what is usual with mortals, as was indeed afterwards inferred from the constellations of his nativity, Mercury and Venus, exhibiting a friendly aspect, and being in the second house of Jupiter, which proved that his works of art, whether as conceived in the spirit or performed by hand, would be admirable and stupendous."

The father's office, or *podesteria*, having come to an end, Ludovico returned to Florence, or rather to the Villa of Settignano, about three miles from that city, where he had a farm which he held from his ancestors; and here Michaelangelo—one of many children—was given to the wife of a stonecutter to nurse; and when he had attained a proper age, was sent to the "school of learning kept by Messer Francesco of Urbino;" but the lad had even then early shaped his own course, by yielding to the impulse of art ever struggling within him. Michaelangelo's father had very serious objections to his son's artistic views, even going so far, it is said, as personal chastisement, in which we find amongst other instances a parallel in the history of one who was to be music what our heavenly-named scion of the Counts of Canossa was to be in art,—we mean, of course, the composer of the *Messiah*. Michaelangelo's promising abilities attracted the notice of Lorenzo the Magnificent, who sent him to the Academy he had founded, where the lad was so earnest at his lessons as to study at nights and on holidays; but the death of Lorenzo, when he was eighteen years of age, was a sad loss to the earnest scholar. About this time he turned his attention to anatomy—an unusual course in those days, but proving the thoroughness of the process by which men only become

great masters. While his friend Savonarola was holding his too brief power in Florence, Michaelangelo visited Rome, where he sculptured his *Bacchus* and the celebrated group of the *Pietà*, now in St. Peter's. When twenty-eight years old, he revisited Florence, to execute the colossal statue of *David*, to paint a *Holy Family* for Angelo Doni, and to enter into competition with Leonardo da Vinci for the design of the celebrated Cartoon of Pisa. Benevenuto Cellini thus speaks of these two great works:—"While these cartoons thus hung opposite to each other, they formed the school of the world."

Michaelangelo was drawn from his artistic and literary studies at Florence (where he prosecuted the art of design while assiduously studying the Tuscan poets, especially that kindred genius Dante, the sternly sublime) by the invitation of Julius, son of Lorenzo de Medici,—a haughty, imperious master, who found in Angelo a servitor who paid a greater fealty to his mistress Art than to his master the splendid Pope himself. Engaged in the construction of that mighty prelate's magnificent mausoleum—though never completed in its original integrity of design,—the relations between the Head of the Church Militant and the Master of Art were stormy to a degree, insomuch that Angelo, feeling indignant at the studied neglect of his haughty patron, fled to Florence, but was prevailed upon to return to Rome, where he undertook the painting of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, at the urgent request of the pontiff, which occupied two years of that labour which only Michaelangelo could give to his beloved employment. Julius II was succeeded by Leo X,—Leo the magnificent,—who employed Angelo to build the superb facade of the church of San Lorenzo, at Florence, wherein many of the Medici family were entombed; but Angelo bitterly regretted the loss of some five or six years spent in raising marble and making roads at Seravizza, to forward a work which, after all, the capricious pope abandoned. In 1527, the terrible sack of Rome, by the Constable de Bourbon, took place; and on the Imperial army encamping before Florence, Angelo devoted his transcendent abilities to the work of strengthening that city's fortifications,—and such was his success as an engineer that the great Vauban afterwards had plans of the works made for his own special use. He escaped from the slaughter on the fall of Florence by treachery of its governor. But we must pass on. Six years later he commenced his great work of the painting of the *Last Judgment*—a wonderous conception, and a golden heirloom for time. In his seventy-first year the great artist painted, in the Pauline Chapel, the *Conversion of St. Paul* and the *Crucifixion of St. Peter*: but the grasp was now becoming feebler—the energy and vigour were succumbing to age. We hurry on to the crowning work of this long life of glorious labour—the design and construction of St. Peter's, the church of the world. Upwards of seventy years old when he commenced his arduous but glorious task, death found the old man still busy, and loving his noble work,—pursued amidst other commissions of adorning the capital, and constructing fortifications, and completing the Farnese palace; and in 1563—just one year before our Shakspeare was born—he sank to his rest, with the dying words, "In your passage through this life, remember the sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ." Learned and pious, frugal yet liberal, art was his life—his soul—his strength; and no name amidst the many great sons of Italy, stands out with a bolder individuality than the wit and poet, painter and sculptor, architect and engineer, Michaelangelo Buonarrotti.

And what do we gather from this retrospection of a glorious chapter of Italian history—in its sons if not in its politics—for Italy herself,—foundress of song and music—home of the eternally Beautiful—the cradle-land of revived learning—patron of science—the stronghold of the Christian faith



in dark and perilous times ! Shall her reign be for ever only that of glorious art ? Surrounded by forms of breathing beauty—all that may enchain the senses and adorn daily life—have these no power to *ennoble* as well as immortalize her children ! When shall the problem be practically solved of how far taste and the sublimation of sensuous beauty are inimical to self-reliance and the rough virtues of sturdy independence and an elevating patriotism ! We cannot gainsay the mighty lessons we bring from the page of history, that no instance can be recorded of a resuscitated nationality, save as a *caput mortuum* ; but if the diverse elements of Italian nationality could be but fused into a whole, then would we hope again for Italy—grand, noble, fruitful, venerable, and beautiful,—once more mistress of the Mediterranean, and, whether monarchical or republican, with a new vigour from dissipated nightmares of long suffering and foreign oppression ; and spurred on by her hallowed memories of the indelible past, once again to dignify herself by conquests of mind that, irradiating, benefit a world. Or if to be that she is ever only to rule supreme in Art, while others plod, and strive, and hold all the grosser material blessings, yet has she still a glorious and undisputed and omnipotent domain :—To teach man what elevates his life, what lifts him up from his native earth to glorious conceptions and soul-filling creations, to be a presence to him for ever,—for, says Schiller :—

“ In patient toil, thy master is the bee ;  
 In craft mechanical, the worm that creeps  
 Through earth, its tortuous way, may tutor thee ;  
 In knowledge couldst thou fathom all its deeps  
 All to the Seraph is already known :  
 But thine, oh man ! is Art,—thine only and alone ! ”

Whether in the mid-air suspended dome or the grand torso of the Farnese Hercules, the undying Laocoon, the ever-youthful Antinous, the perfect Medicean Venus, the Christian grace of Raffaele, the splendours of Correggio, Da Vinci, and all the noble host from Cimabue to Tintoretto,—these are Italy's sign-manuals and chartered rights for the homage, pilgrimage, and love of all who feel in the possession of the sense of the Beautiful, God's great gift to his creatures.

## To my Son.

BY GERARD KINGFREDE COOPER.

BORN amidst sorrow, cradled in misfortune, hither  
 Thou hast come, sweet child ; and in thy tiny face  
 Thy mother's lineaments I can faintly trace ;  
 And now, while scarce a day of life thou'st seen, whither  
 Wing'st thou thy flight ? I've heard wise men declare  
 That without baptism infants have no entry where  
 The angels sing around the throne : and is thy doom  
 Inevitable death beyond the tomb ?  
 No ; though dogmas have it so, it cannot be  
 That God is all so vengeful ; and the mystery  
 Of Adam's sin be cast on one so innocent : e'en now  
 My head and not my heart to that old doctrine bow.  
 I cannot think that Jesus, the lowly and the mild,  
 Can punish thus eternally a little sinless child.

## Der Freischütz.—A Sketch.

BY EDWIN F. ROBERTS.

GRIM grandeur, demoniac splendour, horrible fascination, weird witchery, dark and awful story, what language, beyond its own, can fitly embody "Der Freischütz!"

Among the marvels of the creative world it ought, most certainly, to be classed. If the *libretto* be not quite coherent (is it!), what signifies that in a thing full of incantation and *diablerie*? It is, in fact, an Orphic superstition—an embodiment of potential dread; and the story, in itself, combines the true Teutonic elements of fancy and imagination. Monkish legend, Gothic tradition, and popular belief, all converge into the fiction where man, half a devil, towers even above Zamiel, and is more dreadful than he who is *all* devil, and by no means so terrible. Here romance is grafted upon what would else have been merely horrible. What an overture! I have heard it in sleep—sobbing, moaning, wailing, exulting. I have mourned with that poor forlorn Max, whose woodcraft has been spoiled, only to be righted by the wretch who has sold himself to the demon. I look with something like awe on that bold, bullying Caspar, who is altogether given over to the wicked one, and whose breast is rent asunder by a tornado of passion; who sings wine *lieds*, and capers frantically to his own grim music—the mad, doomed wretch—and to the shriek of the night-owl! Look into the story as told by the *music* rather than by the *words*, and does it not make you shudder! When that tumult of melody, awful and thrilling as it is, is over; when that unapproachable overture has been played *twice*, as is always the case; when the listener, rapt in that raging torrent of sounds, has been borne through *andantes* of the cottage and the forest, he is led into the middle of that fearful *crescendo*, which indicate babblings rising up as out of nether deeps; while Zamiel, on the dim "Broken," is leading off the infernal chorusses;—then—*lever le rideau*—up goes the curtain, and the ghostly work begins.

Poor, honest, handsome Max has failed in his last shot, and gets snubbed by the peasants—men and maidens—which nobody would like! Old Cuno is disgusted; and as for Agatha, what will *she* say! The devil (Caspar & Co.) alone knows as yet. However, disappointment is followed by mirk, tenebrous shadows; and if waning stage-lights, and shifting phantom-shapes, did not tell you, that crepuscular music would. It growls, it moans, it makes its dreadful plaint, and speaks of something wicked that is at hand. What can so fitly usher in that goblin, clad in hues of brimstone and of fire, with his sinister gestures, and his "eldritch" laughter! If stringed instruments—if brass, and wailing wood, and sonorous trumpet-blast—*can* speak, they are speaking now, as Caspar, just about to tumble into the "limbo" of lost souls, touches Max on the electric nerves of love and wounded pride, and whispers the temptation in his ear. Max, shuddering at the impious hint, declines and accepts—will and will not. How Caspar, in deadly fear, *shows* his teeth! How Zamiel, at the mention of heaven, sneaks off in *haste*, like some poor dupe whose hat has been knocked over his eyes by a gang of sharpers; and soon we are introduced to the second act, the ground of which is chiefly occupied by the affectionate Agatha, and the merry, chirping, cheerful Anne, whose pretty songs, "*Grillen sind mir böse*"

*Güste,*" &c., and "*Kommt ein schlanker Bursch gegangen,*" &c., are fadeless favourites with any and every audience. These are followed by that delicious *aria*—half-hymn, half-prayer—(*Leiss leiss frome Weisse*), breathing affection, speaking awe, praying for help and aid; and in which the ineffable tenderness of a woman's loving nature is infused, if words, and a melody not to be surpassed in the range of music, can convey the sentiment.

It is, as it well deserves to be, one of those things which have escaped what I may term the profanation of trills, shakes, and ornament of every kind, being in itself perfection, and the simpler rendered—but with any additional amount of *feeling* the singer can deliver it—the better. It should be chanted, too, rather than sung,—chantered with a grand, fervid simplicity, and a depth of solemn passion approaching to a religious rite. I well remember an old friend—a composer, too—whose genius was of a high but eccentric order,—he is now very far away. I remember him to have sat by my side on one occasion when this was being delivered, mutely listening to it—inhaling it, drinking it in, so to speak, note by note,—and when it was over, rousing up as from a sweet reverie, after a short pause, he said, half whispering, with the slightest touch of brogue,—“Great God! it's *miraculous!* Bate that if you can!” Which I couldn't, and of course didn't try.

I am not much of a musician myself, in the executive department. I could —“once upon a time”—play upon a “Jew's Harp,”—on two of them, even, at a spell. That was a miraculous performance also. But the difference between the subjects, the style, the orchestration, and the like, must be so sufficiently obvious to every reader, that he can, without difficulty, draw his own inference on the matter, in which case I have said enough.

I remember one night being at that jovial, dissipated, decadent old “Wrekin,”—*Ach Gott!* what cannikins have we heard clink there, when—but no matter—I remember that a priggish *petit maître* (just come from Covent Garden, where “Massaniello” had been performed) rushed rashly into instant criticism, and informed us generally that there was such a “bit” by the violins in one part, so “crisp and sparkling,” (and cool, too, very likely); and that this was *scherzo*, and that *grado*, or maybe *di salto*; and while *arpeggios* distinguished one, the *cadenza* of the other was “*bu-tiful*,” and that the *aria di cantabile* was to be especially remarked; to all of which L— P— (a distinguished violincellist, who makes a “lunch” of an opera or so, daily, and whom he chiefly addressed), with a sarcastic grin under his spectacles, said, “so there was;” and my young gentleman was, strange to say, “shut up” all at once—his hopes of affording fuller illustration being totally knocked on the head by so candid an admission, and I saw that his proficiency in the “Dictionary of musical terms” was in a state of peril, from which I also take a hint; so that whoever expects to find a technical exposition in this paper of mine, may surrender that expectation in despair, and “cudgel his brains no more about it.”

Instead of which, therefore, I prepare myself for that immortal incantation scene, with its moon-distilled blights,—for the awful “Uhui” of owls and goblins, and other “birds of night,”—for that scene which, like a nightmare or remorse, *eats* into a man, and will not quit him by any persuasion short of force, lunar caustic, or a dissecting knife.

I heard an acquaintance (at the same old “glory-hole”—and, bye the bye, what *does* that mean?) observe, that in the part of Caspar, Herr Formes, who is so much at home in it, has a mannerism about him of an obtrusive order. “He strips off his coat, and rolls up his shirt sleeves. He goes to work like a plumber,” quoth he. “Of course,” replied I, “he’s going to melt down some lead, and cast bullets!” “He fans and blows the

fire," objected my friend. "It might go out," I argued, "and plumbers do fan and puff their fires, I've seen them." Quoth he, "I've seen Paul Bedford do it;" but I could not follow his *sequiter* here, and therefore the matter dropped; but—holy Moses!—what a comparison was suggested! Look out now, however, for the blue fire and the "quack-salver."

I confess to not liking pyrotechnics in a theatre; nor very much care about them out of one. When they occur in the former case, the propriety of having the parish engines at hand, and the "plugs" out, comes immediately to my mind. You see the reckless wretch going on with his unholy work, but when the catalogue of horrors in the Wolf's Glen is crowned, as it were, with cataracts of fire and water mingling wrathfully together, with a hissing and lurid glory, I felt, with the fool in the forest, that "when I was at home I was in a better place," and anxiously watched the sparks extinguishing one by one. It requires some nerve to "stand" the whole—devilment, sky-rockets, catherine-wheels, crackers, gongs, clanging chains, and the like; but, setting aside a slight *tremoloso*, I confess to enjoying it, for the music of that appalling scene—oceanic-surfing, rife with doom and devils—is not to be resisted by the senses. Whatever may equal it, there is nothing created by the genius of man that can go beyond it. "*Disi!*" and there's an end of the matter.

I like to watch Caspar going to work with his deliberate detail of manner, for is there not a terrible task to be performed, and one that may make him sweat drops of blood? I lose the individual in the earnestness and transcendence interest which in a manner transforms the spectator into Max himself. With him we walk the meadow and thread the forest paths. We go with him over the hill, moist in the moonshine; and plunge into the ravine that is at its foot. All this time the muttering of the witch-hag follows us. The horn of the Hartz-hunter echoes dismally in the woods. The rush of a ghostly crew in full pursuit darkens the moon on the top of the hill a moment, and then is past, and there is a hoarse bellowing in the wild rock above. Presently the trees scream as if in torture—they writhe and toss their leafy arms about as if in agony. The storm sobs, and pale phantoms wail and gibber piteously at us; and there arises from the midst of the infernal orgie, over which Zamiel presides, harrowing echoes of the misery and the mad mirth of lost and doomed souls. The mother's spirit—characterizing a superstition which invests it with home sentiments and maternal instincts belonging to our common human life—appears to wave back, and warn, the infatuated youth. The *simulacra* of Agatha plunges into the raging cataract. Despair, rendered desperate, brings Max, with an impetus, into the charmed circle. The unholy regions ring with exulting laughter, and—*consummatus est*—he has the bullets; but alas, what a price he pays for them, and how much a hundred-weight that lead has gone up in the "spirit-market."

We go but little farther now, not having recovered breath and nerve enough from the last inferno-galvanic shock. We know that a snowy dove plays a part in the story, which is fatal for Caspar, and cuts the poor beaten bully up considerably. He has cast dice with Satan for his soul and has lost! Poor devil! I can almost pity him. Indeed, if Burns had the magnanimity to be sorry for "Auld Nickie Ben," one may spare a sigh for Caspar, if only for singing his part so finely, and being defiant, and true to his *role* to the last. And I am happy to know that full "poetical" justice is done to all by the medium of "chorusses" and "concerted pieces," and that the curtain descends to what may be synonymous with the sounds of "lutes and soft recorders."

And after all, one hopes that Caspar may not some night be damn'd in real earnest. If so, how is "Der Freischütz" to be got up again!

## A Summer's Day in the Woods.

BY RICHARD CARTMEL,

P.G. OF THE ST. OLAVE'S BRANCH LODGE, SOUTH LONDON DISTRICT.

AT the dawn of a summer's day, some twenty years gone by, a small band of entomological brethren emerged from Cumberland's ancient capital, and bent their way to one of those gorgeous old forests that terrace the northern part of our beloved country with a profusion of grandeur. The attire of our friends was somewhat grotesque. Jackets of coarse materials descended to the knees, the contents of whose capacious pockets evidenced the nature of their journey. Leathern cases, containing small boxes, gave proof of their earnest hope that those fragile denizens of the forest, moths and butterflies, would be captured before the decline of day; various-sized tin cases, receptacles for foliage-feeding larva, a small net, and provender to cheer their way, also made part of their luggage. Umbrellas, in the hands of the party, added to the character of their costume. A four hours' inspiring walk found our travellers verging that magnificent old wood which adorns the vicinity of the noble river Eden, a little south of the antique mill near to the sequestered village of Armthwaite. Wide-spreading oaks, abounding with silent life, margined the forest, the favourite haunt of the purple hair-streak butterfly, the hue of whose glancing wings gleams in the sunshine, as in joyous hilarity it flits in and out of the lofty branches. To capture this pretty highflyer the most agile of the party ventures, net in hand, into the elevated boughs. Some incautious sluggards reward the risk, and gaily harbinger the pleasures of the day. Entering the paths of the forest, the current of thought momentarily changes, for,

The warblers of spring have ceased to sing,  
And their wild wood notes to call,  
In the silence around we hear no sound  
Save that of our own footfall.

Soon the solitude is disturbed, and the staves of the butterfly hunters glance amongst the leaves, and their umbrellas are covered with myriads of the insects which find sustenance in the umbrageous foliage. How deeply interesting to mark the diversity of forms and colours of the caterpillars forced from their abiding places. Here are some with hair ranging from the slightly perceptible to the dense coat, while others again are entirely destitute of hirsute covering; again, there are scores of different species varying in their colours and markings, from the bright reds and yellows to the subdued greens, and the sombre greys and browns, with their interminable shadings. Their manners and habits, too, equally excite surprise. Here is one so indolent that only hunger can prompt him to action; there, another so restless that he cannot be restrained, and so vicious withal, that if an unfortunate relative cross his path he will fatally bite him for his temerity. That dusky dead-looking twig is a ten-legged caterpillar erected on his hind legs. And now, as he progresses, his hind and fore legs meet, and his back is arched like a bow. Touch that tiny sixteen-legged green and white lined larva on his black head, and he wriggles backward with an alacrity equal to his forward movement. Thus the silent life of the

forest is replete with delight and instruction. Leaving the majestic oaks towering high over all their compeers of the wood, new beauties startle the eye, and nature claims the heart's deep homage. Bordering the oaks are light, feathery, tapering birches gracefully waving in the flush of youth to the genial breeze. Their aged parents, denuded of their lower limbs, and with their dusky silvered, pencilled stems, rear their noble heads aloft in solemn stateliness, stern monitors of time. Their vernal leaves, year after year, afford home and shelter to hosts of insect life. Now all is sunshine, and beauteous moths flit by alternately with pretty butterflies in coats of green and kirtles of brown; contrasting with this prodigality of nature's growth, gently sloping rocks bare their rugged breasts in sterile patches. Here the grayling butterflies, whose colours harmonize with the rocks, love to resort and royster in their freedom. Lower down the slope, where moss and ferns abound, the little Duke of Burgundy butterfly, in his dark brown and tawny suit, sports his contented hour; and in this locality, but at an earlier period, the cardamines, in his flaming gold-coloured tip, peers into dingle and bush for his fair wood lady, robed in her rich under-vesture of green; while those pretty congeners, the handsome prince and the lovely silver-spot, live in peace, scarcely ever roaming from their natal place. Close by, nestling on some fragrant flower, is a frolicksome little gentleman, displaying his fiery copper coat to the astonished eye, flitting from blossom to blossom, and tasting of their sweets. The sprightly and active little skippers in their dingy habiliments are hopping and jerking around and about, more quickly than the eye can follow; while, gliding overhead, exhibiting her sulphureous white undersides, is a great cabbage butterfly, having lost her way, and in sad perplexity that no garden is near. As we gaze enraptured at this glorious outpourings of insect life, a pair of lovely blue butterflies sweep up and down the wide expanse, battling in the air. One swoop of the net and their riot ends, like that of many a roysterer before and since, in a prison, where they doubtless bewail the folly of strife.

Among the lowlands of this extensive forest numerous families of meadow browns and ringlets dwell in unobtrusive privacy. Threading our way through the long grass, we observe broods of them springing up in succession, evincing their strong dislike at our unprovoked intrusion by showing their swarthy features in low and slow flights, and then quickly hiding amongst the rampant vegetation. In the glades and along the hedge-rows, the wall-browns, in more pleasing colours than their namesakes of the meadows, skim along the surface of the shrubs in a humble and lowly way. Having no ambition, they rarely take a lofty flight. Not so, however, the elegant and restless tortoise-shell. There he lays basking on that sunny bank; now he bounds over hedge and wood path, and soars along to pay his compliments to some nettles clustering in an obscure corner, where those inconstant wanderers, the showy peacock and the gay painted lady, preceding him in their morning call, have just hid away to the uplands to cheer the little creamy heath, skipping o'er the heather, chasing lurking loneliness. Thus, in the course of a summer, twenty-two different species of British butterflies are to be found within the precincts of a single wood. Nor have we exhausted the number, for we catch a glimpse of another, heavily winging his way in the distance. As he approaches, we discover him to be a large, handsome orange-tawny and black-spotted fritillary, his undersides shining with silver spots. A strong desire to possess this splendid butterfly pervades the company, and an exciting chase ensues. Danger threatens; he exerts his power, and away he dashes, leaving his pursuers far behind. Quite tired and hot, we seek repose on the grassy rim of a gently flowing rill. The lightsome breeze softly laves our heated brow; the merry field cricket chirrup his cheering note, and the lustrous hues

of wondrously-formed dragon-flies glint in the sunshine as they eagerly pursue their prey. The meadows are bright and fragrant in their ripening russet, and on the rising ground beyond, thorns, hollies, brambles, and ferns are blending their greens with the bright colours of wild flowers, and show gloriously against a back ground of old forest trees receding into the far away horizon. It is a picture for an artist's eye. On the other side, huge rocks, jutting into crags, support tall pines, which shoot their dark heads high into the clear sky. Far below, a swiftly-flowing river darkles its deep passage. Where shoals prevail, its waters surge and ripple over, falling in snow-white threads, interlaced with hazy lines as the murky obstructions are dimly seen; then it flutters a brief moment in glinting globules, and passes away murmuring a plaintive song to the dull eddying boom of the distant waterfall. The declining sun deepens the shadows and subdues the broad effulgence of noon. Nature, in all her grandeur, is gushing forth, mellowed into loveliness, and the waters carol her triumphs. An undefinable, reverential transport is stealing over the senses, and the harmony of nature is melting the obscurities of the mind, and all the little incidents connected with insect life admit of a solution, as their actions are unfolding themselves to the perception; the heart exclaims "Instinct as contradistinguished from reason! there is no such thing;" you feel that Godhead is permeating the universe, breathing intelligence into animated nature, and reason pertains to active life, not necessarily emulative, for to man alone is accorded the power to employ thought and disseminate wisdom. The delightful lessons of our Order are insensibly obtruding upon the memory, with nature as their exponent. We feel that "Truth" is more than an operation of the mind—the perception and application of right from wrong. Then the soul, in its aspirations after truth and purity, fashions and forms itself into tangible modes of action, revealed in "Sympathy," "Charity," "Benevolence," "Love," unbounded in its action and influence, embracing every object of existence, endowing all life with reason. The flowers of the fields furnish endless emblems of "Friendship." From age to age, in sweet communion, the buttercup and daisy have together drank the dews of heaven, and bent their lowly heads to the transient storm, their drooping petals imprinting a soft kiss as they tenderly entwine their fragile forms for mutual support; and, as the depressing clouds disperse, raise their sparkling eyes in grateful adoration, smiling a welcome to the returning sun. "Hope" is a journey, bounding and exciting; fond anticipations and high spirits greeting you. "Faith" is an encircling halo of felicity, smelling of sweet odours, its wafted perfume diffusing blissful serenity, joy, and happiness. Thus

Friendship, love, and truth,  
Faith, hope, and charity,

are types of nature discoverable

In the waters, in the trees,  
In the meadows, in the fields,  
In the earth, and in the air,  
In the sky, and everywhere.

**CONVERSATION.**—One thing that occasions our finding so few people who appear reasonable and agreeable in conversation is, that scarcely any one thinks less of what he is about to say, than of answering correctly what is said to him. The most artful and complaisant people content themselves with affecting to pay attention to what is said, whilst it is evident, from their looks and manner, that they are little attentive to it, and impatient to take up the conversation, without reflecting that they thus offend others, and fail to convince them on any point. Listening attentively, and answering to the purpose, is the perfection of conversation.—*Rochefoeuill.*

## Odd - Fellowship.

### Statistics.

#### INCREASE AND DECREASE IN THE MANCHESTER UNITY DURING THE PAST TEN YEARS.

If there be any want particularly felt by members of our Order, it is that of information concerning the vast society of which they are the units. True it is, that in the Quarterly Reports of the chief officers, much valuable information is contained, and that, according to law, they are periodically read in the assembled lodges; but it is well known that figures cannot thus be well appreciated, or stored in the memory: the following tables, therefore, are offered to our readers, and the members of the Unity generally.

For the first time, then, in the new Magazine, "Statistics" are now presented. But first, the word itself. Statistics is a word which has only recently appeared in our dictionaries. It seems to have been first used by Sir Joshua Sinclair, in his plan for a *statement of the trade, population, and production of every county in Scotland, with the food, diseases, and longevity of its inhabitants*. We may say, then, that statistics are a collection of facts or figures relating to the applied sciences—to places or populations, detailing—mechanical or agricultural experience; the resources or commerce of a state or city; or the general rate of mortality or of sickness, the division of labour, and attendant circumstances—whereby average results may be obtained from past experience, to be applied, when necessary, for future guidance. Within this definition the four tables appended fairly come; and in presenting them we feel bound to remark that the Unity must be not only perfectly satisfied with, but proud of, its excellent servant, C.S. Ratcliffe, whose painstaking and superior abilities in the business of the Order, enable us to furnish the figures so readily.

The number of members initiated in the past 10 years, is 154,485 (Table 1); and adding thereto 452 members of 7 lodges reinstated in 1850, and 329 of 5 lodges also reinstated, in 1851, we have 155,266; against which there must be set off 123,273 (Table 2) who have ceased to belong to the Order; showing a net increase of 26,993 members. Then, if 249,261 members—the numbers at the close of 1847 (Table 3)—be subtracted from the numbers at the end of 1857—namely, 276,254—the difference shows the same increase. The general rate of mortality in the 10 years combined, is 1.116 per cent., or 1 death out of every 89 members. The percentage of members leaving the society, according to Column 8, Table 2, is 2.920, or 1 out of every 34 members. Using a common phrase—the tables speak for themselves. To those who attentively examine them, they will be both interesting and suggestive. We think we shall be in a position to offer continuous chapters on Statistics in future numbers, and will only now say, in conclusion, that the present flourishing condition of the Unity must be a source of great satisfaction to the members. It stands out as a bold fact, showing what the Anglo-Saxon race can do; and is the strongest testimony that the majority of male adults in the British nation are of provident habits.

The curious in such matters may like to know that the next important Society—the Ancient Order of Foresters—was composed, at the commencement of 1858, of 172 districts and 1,917 courts, containing 135,001 members.



TABLE I.—INCREASE.

NUMBER AND AGES OF MEMBERS INITIATED. TOTAL NUMBER, 154,485.

Age	1848	1849	1850	1851	1852	1853	1854	1855	1856	1857
18	1066	953	1159	1070	1173	1965	2187	2343	2447	2706
19	1235	1073	1229	1121	1186	2009	1969	2111	2296	2248
20	941	786	829	803	832	1599	1913	2152	2358	2310
21	1256	1152	1260	1266	1234	2236	2522	2670	2952	2837
22	992	910	925	890	1062	1596	1911	1999	2291	2144
23	962	810	774	895	900	1578	1839	2010	2142	1977
24	773	732	694	701	693	1025	1171	1374	1468	1478
25	604	596	578	628	610	895	814	1071	1254	1130
26	629	635	698	661	696	840	1064	1218	1377	1329
27	484	429	410	441	471	472	723	846	908	854
28	394	412	378	385	381	500	557	688	807	704
29	428	391	411	412	445	562	655	796	855	773
30	290	278	277	302	234	330	355	479	527	510
31	200	179	231	210	303	282	306	360	419	374
32	159	169	177	156	188	245	267	315	378	303
33	120	92	108	93	103	124	170	224	278	244
34	89	74	89	72	79	125	135	214	264	236
35	58	41	46	53	61	109	156	211	280	239
36	25	20	31	24	31	53	58	123	121	139
37	..	..	41	30	37	58	64	90	134	89
	10645	9732	10335	10217	10613	16618	18836	21319	23546	22624

TABLE II.—DECREASE.

NUMBERS LEAVING, FROM ALL CAUSES.

COLUMN 1.—Number of Deaths. 2.—Rate of Mortality. 3.—Members of "Lodges Expelled." 4.—Members of "Lodges Suspended." 5.—Members of "Lodges Succeeded." 6.—Members of "Lodges Closed." 7.—Members of "Lodges Closed and Funds Divided." 8.—Members Left by Migration, Nonpayment of Contributions, or from causes unknown.

Year	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Totals.
1848	2399	0.954—1 in 109	512	1586	1710	818	4744	13636	25416
1849	2807	1.197— .. 81	154	591	1637	1043	1529	11789	19344
1850	2189	0.973— .. 102	51	..	1641	..	1899	965	6635
1851	2451	1.070— .. 93	137	1012	1637	98	1324	7733	14392
1852	2565	1.138— .. 87	225	1011	537	47	1400	5581	11366
1853	2728	1.215— .. 83	144	654	680	615	813	3188	8831
1854	2768	1.19— .. 84	46	336	..	..	539	6876	10466
1855	2724	1.13— .. 83	39	..	286	157	360	7244	10810
1856	2811	1.111— .. 90	149	597	65	..	123	7966	11721
1857	3077	1.171— .. 85	44	452	890	311	165	4315	9203
	26506							69907	128273

TABLE III.

NUMBER OF MEMBERS  
AT CLOSE OF EACH YEAR.

YEAR.	No.
1847	249,261
1848	234,400
1849	224,878
1850	229,040
1851	225,194
1852	224,441
1853	232,228
1854	240,499
1855	251,008
1856	262,833
1857	276,254

TABLE IV.

TRAVELLING RELIEFS.

YEAR.	Travelling Cards granted.	Amount paid. £ s. d.	Average each Traveller. £ s. d.
1848	1708	1959 10 7	1 2 11
1849	1105	1126 17 10	1 0 4
1850	767	386 0 11	0 15 4
1851	611	455 15 8	0 14 11
1852	530	337 9 4	0 12 9
1853	398	163 10 0	0 8 2
1854	442	264 8 10	0 11 11
1855	558	399 8 2	0 14 4
1856	528	350 10 10	0 13 3
1857	574	431 14 10	0 15 0

J. H.

**SOUTH LONDON DISTRICT.**—We have received the annual statement, for the year 1857, of this important district, from Mr. G. Burgess, its respected C.S.—From this document we learn that the district consists of 3921 members, of the average age of 34 years 7 months, belonging to 42 lodges. The aggregate sum received as contributions to the sick and funeral fund, during the year, was £4,224 14s. 5½d., while the sick payment amounted to £2,158 8s. 7d. The sick and funeral fund of lodges amounted to £22,732 6s. 4d.; which, with the district fund of £1,871 0s. 5d., gives a total of £24,603 6s. 9d. The incidental fund is stated to be £1,271 16s. 10d., the distress fund, £400 1s. 4d.; the widow and orphans' fund, £445 7s. 3d.;—making a total capital belonging to the district, free of all charges, of £30,732 8s.; a highly satisfactory result.

**BURNLEY, STAFFORDSHIRE.—ODD-FELLOWS' SOIREE.**—One of the largest and most enthusiastic meetings ever witnessed in the Assembly-room of the Mechanics' Institution, Burnley, was held there on Thursday evening, April 15. Notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, from ten to twelve hundred persons were gathered at a grand soirée. Such a meeting is certainly surprising when we consider the prices paid for admission, and that the meeting was preceded by no gathering round the tea tables. G. Stansfeld, Esq., presided on the occasion, and on the platform around him were Charles Hardwick, Esq., G.M., author of the "History of Preston," Samuel Daynes, Esq., Rev. John Allen, Rev. R. Nicholson, Rev. J. T. Shawcross, Mr. John Todd, Mr. T. Broxup, Mr. Cumstive, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Chew, Mr. Watson, and others. Mr. C. Greenwood presided at the piano.—The chairman briefly commenced the proceedings of the evening, and introduced Mr. James Kelly, Prov.G.M., who read the first public report of the district.—From this document we glean the following statement:—The Burnley District consists of 1,300 members, who possess an accumulated capital of £4,626. During the last three years (1856) there has been paid,—to sick members, £1868 17s. 7d.; permanently disabled members, £226 11s. 4d.; funeral donations, £706 9s. 10d. It may be assumed that there has been paid, for the last fifteen years, annually,—for sickness, £622 19s. 1d.; aged and infirm members, £75 10s. 5d.; funeral donations, £235 9s. 11d.—Various songs enlivened the evening's entertainment, but the great attractions were the speeches of P.G.M. Samuel Daynes,

of Norwich ; G.M. Charles Hardwick, of Preston ; and the Rev. Mr. Allen, of Long Sutton, Lincolnshire. These gentlemen reviewed the past history, present condition, and future prospects of our Order, at considerable length and with great eloquence.—At the conclusion of these addresses, the Rev. R. Nicholson proposed, and Mr. Kelly, D.G.M., seconded, a vote of thanks to the visitors, which was carried unanimously, amid great applause.—A vote of thanks to the Chairman was then cordially carried, and the meeting broke up amid the stirring strains of “God Save the Queen,” by the vocalists present and the whole audience, upstanding and uncovered.

DUBLIN DISTRICT.—On Tuesday, the 1st of June, a performance took place in the Queen's Royal Theatre, Great Brunswick Street, for the benefit of the widow and orphans of a late brother of the Loyal Anna Liffey Lodge. The house was crowded in every part with the brethren and their friends, and a very handsome sum realised. Brother Barry, of the Loyal Good Intent Lodge, Birmingham (one of the performers), delivered an appropriate address, which was enthusiastically received, and the entire affair reflected much credit on all the actors in it.

WELLS, NORFOLK.—THE EARL OF LEICESTER AN ODD FELLOW.—On the 7th June, the Right Honourable the Earl of Leicester, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Norfolk, and nephew of the Earl of Albemarle, was initiated a member of the Loyal Leicester Lodge, of the Manchester Unity, at Wells, Norfolk. The Vicar of Holkham and Rector of Wells have also expressed their intention of immediately becoming members of our Order.

### Address

*Written by JAMES CURTIS, P.G.M., of the Brighton District, on the occasion of laying the first stone of an Odd-Fellows' Hall, and delivered by him at the Swiss Gardens, Shoreham, on the day of the 16th Annual Fête of the District, June 27th, 1853, at the conclusion of an Amateur Theatrical Performance.*

Our tale is ended now ; yet, e'er we close our play,  
Accept a few words on our Annual Day.  
Throughout our play your kindness has extended,  
And cheered us on until our task is ended :  
Yet, e'er I make my bow and bid adieu,  
I crave your hearing for a word or two ;  
Once more our cause most earnestly I plead,  
And you, my friends, once more will give me heed.  
Without delay I then will hasten on—  
You all know well the work we're now upon :  
This morning thousands round us at our call,  
Saw us commence our own “Odd-Fellows' Hall ;”  
One worthy hand performed a gen'rous deed,  
And countless numbers wished our task God speed.  
The public voice our task has kindly blest—  
Oh may their blessing ever with us rest.  
A gen'rous public aiding in our task,  
We seek a “fair field, and no favour” ask ;  
We fear no faction ; we our Hall will raise,  
And, by our efforts, we'll deserve your praise.

For rallying round us on this happy day,  
 The grateful tribute of our hearts we pay ;  
 For who can say, that views the scene around,  
 That we have not your approbation found ;  
 And whilst a kind approval you will yield,  
 No faction e'er shall drive us from the field.  
 Ye who seek pleasure, here amusement find,  
 Joy reigns around, we leave dull care behind,  
 The mazy dance and festive song abound,  
 Whilst all is mirth and happiness around ;  
 May our exertions your applause ensure,  
 Though last, not least, our efforts—Amateur.  
 But now to end,—Oh ! may both great and small,  
 Live to see flourish our "Odd-Fellows' Hall ;"  
 And may e'en those who with us disagree,  
 Our Hall's prosperity long live to see.

### Presentations.

**DENBIGH.—LOYAL CLWYDIAN LODGE.**—The honorary and benefitted members of the above lodge, wishing to present Mr. Martin Smith, jun. (who has been their secretary and district secretary for the last twelve years), with a token of respect and esteem, entered into a subscription, which amounted to £15, for presenting him with a kit-kat portrait. The artist selected was Mr. Jones, of Chester, who fully justified the selection of the committee. It was resolved that the presentation should take place on the 1st of March, being St. David's day, when J. Parry Jones, Esq., Mayor of Denbigh, presided, supported by E. Pierce, Esq., coroner, J. R. Hughes, Esq., M.D., and E. Pierce Williams, Esq., M.D., both honorary members. Mr. Parry Jones stated that he felt great pleasure in presenting Mr. Smith with his portrait, and the lodge was greatly indebted to him for the zeal and anxiety which he had always manifested in its welfare. He considered that the present position of the lodge was owing to Mr. Smith, for it was well known that Odd-Fellowship, a few years ago, was looked upon with suspicion by the majority of people, but now, when its principles were better known, and persons like Mr. Smith held responsible offices, the Order was more appreciated. Dr. Pierce, Mr. D. Griffiths (Clwyd-fardd), and other gentlemen spoke warmly of Mr. Smith's great merits as a member of the Order. Mr. Smith did not think he could find words to express his feelings for the handsome testimonial they had presented him. He should at all times study the interest of the lodge, and felt pleasure in finding the Order increasing, and likely to do so the more it is known. Mr. Parry Jones had at all times manifested great interest in their welfare, which he would not have done had there been anything wrong with the Order. This was not the first testimonial the members had voluntarily presented him, and he hoped he should never disgrace his lodge or the great society of which he was a humble unit.

**KENDAL.**—On Saturday, the 5th of June, a testimonial was presented to Mr. Robert Jackson Wilson, consisting of a very handsome china tea service, with electro-plated teapot, cream ewer, teaspoons, &c., by the members and friends of the St. Thomas's Lodge of Odd-Fellows, at the White Horse Inn. The meeting was numerously attended, and Mr. Whitehead, the presiding officer of the lodge, was in the chair. The presentation was made

by Mr. Thomas Thwaites, who, in a very appropriate address, said that Mr. Wilson had occupied the situation of secretary to the above lodge for seventeen years, and that during the greater part of that time he had also occupied an important office in the district.—Mr. R. J. Wilson, in a short but very feeling address, thanked them most sincerely for the honour they had conferred upon him.—Addresses were also delivered by Mr. Lyon, Mr. T. Huck, C.S., and others, interspersed with songs by the Chairman, Messrs. Hargreaves, Wilson, Harrison, &c., which altogether made up a very pleasant evening.

**OLDHAM.**—On Monday, April 19, the members of the Grand Junction Lodge held their eighteenth anniversary. In the evening a presentation took place to P.G. George Healy, the father and founder of the lodge, of a very handsome silver snuff-box.—P.G. Samuel Neild, in an encouraging speech to the young members, read the following, which was inscribed upon the box :—“Presented to P.G. George Healy, by the members of the Grand Junction Lodge of the I.O. of O.F., M.U., Oldham District, as a token of respect for past services.”

**SALISBURY.**—At a special meeting, held on the 14th April, 1858, the members of the New Sarum Lodge presented to George Bartlett, P.P.G.M., a P.O. Certificate (granted by the district) in a handsome gold frame, as a token of their esteem for his valuable services rendered to their lodge, as secretary, for several years. The presentation was made by E. Goddard, P.P.G.M., in a very complimentary speech, which was duly acknowledged by the recipient.

**SHEFFIELD.**—At the December meeting (1856) of the Sheffield District, after Mr. Rawson had been elected, for the twenty-eighth time, as C.S. of the district, P.P.G.M. Brimelow urged that it was high time for some public recognition of services so unremitting and valuable as those of C.S. Rawson. On his proposal a committee was formed to promote a testimonial, and after waiting upon each lodge in the district, they were enabled to report to the June meeting that they were in a position to recommend that a piano-forte should be purchased and presented to Mr. Rawson, at such time and place as might be deemed most convenient. The committee comprised Messrs. Brimelow, Skinner, Outram, Simpson, and Green, P.P.G.Ms.; C. Corbitt, Prov.G.M.; and George Cox, Prov.D.G.M. The presentation was delayed in consequence of Mr. Rawson's illness, but was finally fixed for the 28th of September last, when nearly a hundred (chiefly past officers) sat down to a dinner at Host Skinner's, Foresters' Inn, Division Street.—After the cloth was drawn, the G.M. of the district, Mr. C. Corbitt, presided; while the D.G.M., Mr. George Cox, filled the vice-chair. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts having been given from the chair, Mr. Brimelow, P.P.G.M., chairman of the testimonial committee, made the presentation, which consisted of a cottage piano-forte, value £30, bearing the following inscription on a silver plate :—“Presented to C.S. Samuel Rawson, by the members of the Sheffield District of Independent Odd-Fellows, Manchester Unity, in recognition of his valuable and efficient services as Corresponding Secretary of the District during a period of over twenty-seven years; and also as a testimony of their high appreciation of his unwavering rectitude as a man.—September, 1857.”

**TROWBRIDGE.**—On the evening of Monday, February 1, a special meeting of the Trowbridge District was held at the Loyal Mount Ararat Lodge, Trowbridge, to present a testimonial of esteem to their worthy and much respected C.S., Mr. George Haines, of Warminster, whose indefatigable exertions have proved so successful in placing that district in its present prosperous position.

About 150 of the brethren were present, including many past officers from the various lodges. P.G.M. Rogers ably presided, supported by P.D.G.M. Kellow. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the chairman proposed the Manchester Unity, which was responded to by P.P.G.M. Harvey. The Grand Master then introduced the business of the evening, and in the name of the district presented the Corresponding Secretary with a purse of guineas as a testimonial of esteem and a mark of their appreciation of his valuable services for the past eight years. The purse was surmounted with a silver plate bearing a suitable inscription. When Mr. Haines rose to return thanks he was received with the most cordial greetings of applause. He had always felt a pleasure in meeting them as Odd-Fellows on ordinary occasions, for he regarded the proceedings at the lodge room as a mental and physical recreation after the toils of the day, and although this was the proudest moment of his existence as an Odd-Fellow, he felt more than ordinary difficulty in addressing them; he sincerely thanked them for the money, the purse, the inscription, and the kind expression of their appreciation of his humble services, and assured them the enthusiastic demonstration of their cordial and unanimous feelings on this occasion had produced an impression upon his mind which he valued far more; language failed him now; the court of that night would never be effaced from his memory, but would serve as a stimulus to still greater exertions.—The proceedings of the evening were enlivened by speech, sentiment, and song.

**WHITWORTH DISTRICT.**—The members of the Milton's Glory Lodge, No. 491, Whitworth District, at their annual lodge night, held April 3rd, presented a handsome silver lever watch to P.G. James Butterworth, as a memorial of his services as outside tyler of the above lodge. On the watch was neatly engraved the following inscription:—"From the Milton's Glory Lodge, No. 491, M.U., to Bro. J. Butterworth, tyler for 21 years." P.P. C.S. A. Shackleton, in an appropriate speech, presented the watch, and observed that the recipient during the whole twenty-one years had only been absent twice, once through sickness and once through the sickness of his wife. The election of officers was then proceeded with, and P.G. James Butterworth was appointed outside tyler for the twenty-third time. The annual financial statement was afterwards read, showing not only an increase of funds, but an increase more than equivalent to the increased ages of the members.

### Sonnet to Burns.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL, P. G.,  
*Author of "Shakspeare: his Times and Contemporaries."*

BURNS! from my childhood I have loved thy lays,  
 And they have taught me bravely to endure  
 All human ills. Thy muse doth make more pure  
 The heart that loves her : as in darkest days,  
 For suffering Freedom, thou didst touch the chords  
 Of manly feeling in each British heart,  
 Till all the worthy wished to bear a part  
 In their dear land's redemption. Holy words  
 Of comfort for humanity did fall  
 From thy sweet lyre : tyrant and bigot quail'd  
 Before thee, whilst all wise and good men hail'd  
 Thee as a God-sent poet. Cottage and hall  
 Have heard thy hymnings ; and the trump of fame  
 O'er all the world proclaims old Scotia's ploughboy's name.

*Cleveland Lodge, No. 780.*





Henry Buck  
Prov. C.S.



THE  
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**Mr. Henry Buck, C.S.**

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THE subject of the present memoir is the son of an officer in the Excise. His family have been located, during several generations, at Wattisfield, in the county of Suffolk. Mr. Buck was born at Walsall, in Staffordshire, on the 13th July, 1813. He was educated in Birmingham; and, subsequently, apprenticed to a joiner and builder in that town. He entered upon his useful career as an oddfellow in March, 1838, on the opening of the Victory Lodge, No. 1,418, Birmingham District. Mr. Buck, who was one of the twelve founders of the lodge in question, has (besides passing through the chairs) held the office of "permanent" or assistant secretary from its commencement to the present time. Some idea may be formed of the practical value of Mr. Buck's services, from the fact that this lodge, now consisting of 104 members, and which has experienced considerably more than the average amount of sickness, has nevertheless accumulated a reserve fund of upwards of £1,300.

In 1850, a vacancy occurring, Mr. Buck's friends selected him a candidate for the corresponding secretaryship of his large and influential district. His previous labours had been so far appreciated, that he was appointed to this most responsible office by the unanimous votes of the assembled delegates. Mr. Buck's labours in his more extended sphere of usefulness have been many and most important. Amongst others may be named the appointment of a medical staff, which is so organised that each member can select his own surgeon; and the collection and careful digest of annual returns from each lodge in the district, by which the state of the funds, the amount of sickness, &c. experienced, is rendered available for the future guidance of the members. The value of these returns have been much augmented by the many practical suggestions of the corresponding secretary in reports periodically submitted to the quarterly committees.

Mr. Buck was first chosen to represent his district at the Annual Moveable Committee, held in Dublin in the year 1851. His re-appointment, on every subsequent occasion, is the best possible commentary upon his capability and conduct as a legislator for the future well-being of the Unity. The deputies assembled at the Annual Committees of the Order were not slow to recognise the value of Mr. Buck's efforts. He has been four times elected one of the Directors of the Manchester Unity, and merely lost the appointment to the office of Deputy Grand Master of the Unity in Whitsun-week, during the present year, by a single vote.

One of Mr. Buck's friends observes that "he seldom indulges in flights of fancy,—but his speeches are generally more full of figures of arithmetic than figures of imagination." In other words, Mr. Buck is a thoroughly practical man; one of those who, though labouring daily and hourly in the furtherance of any and every scheme which appears to him calculated to advance the best interests of the institution, appears never to seek for personal distinction. He has gained it, nevertheless, and, from the manner in which he has gained it, it is all the more honourable to him, and more likely to prove permanent. Although Mr. Buck (as a matter of taste, perhaps) generally avoids any attempt at oratorical display, he is, nevertheless, an excellent debater in committee;—few men, indeed, place their views and the arguments upon which they are founded in a clearer manner before the parties to whom they are addressed. Mr. Buck has ever fought in the van of the army of progress. He is not a "fair weather" oddfellow, but one who has steadily advocated the improvement of our laws, and especially those relating to financial matters, whether such advocacy was for the time being popular or otherwise. It is in a great measure to the labours of such individuals as the gentleman whose portrait accompanies this number of the Magazine, that the present improved condition of the Manchester Unity is mainly to be attributed; and it is likewise from the labours of men of his stamp that much future valuable effort in the right direction may yet be anticipated.

Mr. Buck is a married man, and has been in business for himself

several years. His domestic comfort is further enhanced by the presence and attention of two daughters. It is almost superfluous to add that Mr. Buck enjoys not only the respect and confidence of his brethren in Birmingham; but that his modest demeanour, practical knowledge, and upright conduct, have procured him many friends and admirers throughout the Unity.

### Poverty Parts Good Company.

BY J. R. PLANCHE.

THE baron is feasting in lighted hall,  
And forty bold yeomen will mount at his call;  
His kinsman is left in the cold porch to sigh  
O "Poverty parts good company!"

Time was when that baron was fain to ride,  
And carry the hawk by his kinsman's side;  
But fortune can faster than falcon fly,  
And "Poverty parts good company."

The baron's broad mantle has vair on its fold,  
His hose are of velvet, his hood is of gold;  
His kinsman, in russet, creeps shivering by,  
For "Poverty parts good company."

Time was when the baron was proud to wear  
The brodered badge of his kinsman fair;  
But fortune is fickle, and time hath gone by,  
And "Poverty parts good company."

Baron and kinsman have sickened and died—  
'Scutcheoned and plumed is the hearse of pride;  
But a coffin of the plain elm tree  
Must keep that proud hearse company!

Into the same dark vault they thrust  
The rich man's clay, and the poor man's dust;  
Side by side again they lie;  
In the grave we are all of a company.

## A Bunch of Wild Flowers from Hampstead Wood.

BY CAROLINE A. WHITE.

In the palmy days of Simplery, when physicians patronized the art as their own, and dedicated huge folios on the subject to her then Majesty Queen Elizabeth—when Gerard and Parkinson, following close upon the steps of Turner, that “painful and curious searcher of simples,” added largely to the pile of facts and observations which had been handed down, clouded with fable, and steeped in superstition, from the days of Aristotle and the peripatetic philosophers, as the basis of botanical science,—Hampstead Heath was one of the many places in the suburbs, as well as *within the city*, where materials for their charming art abounded. Very beautiful must have been the extensive heath at this period, with its fair prospects smiling under a clearer sky than London and its environs have since seen; its picturesquely undulating outlines, crowned by that “weed of England,” the oak; its heathy slopes and fern-clad hollows; its hawthorn clumps and furzy hillocks; low lying ponds and wimpling water course, with black alders grouped about its margin, and rich woods closing up from the hamlet of Kilburn, to the north-eastern extremity of the heath, and stretching thence even to the little village of Kentish Town, into which a gate opened from Hampstead wood, and through which ran the clear waters of the old Fleet river, sparkling with limpid smiles and gurgling aquatic laughter, at having escaped from the old grinding water-wheel in Turnmill Lane.

It is beautiful now, trodden by thousands of footsteps on a sunny Sabbath afternoon—beautiful, in spite of its assenine herd, its bleaching-lining, and the ass-drivers! But in John Gerard's time, more of the quiet sanctity of Nature encompassed it. The turf had long since recovered the trampling of the eager-footed citizens and their families, who, in 1524, had dotted it over in the highest parts with little sheds and tents, in the hope of escaping the inundation with which the astrologers had threatened the city, and the effects of whose indignant disappointment the false prophets only escaped, by attributing the non-occurrence of the catastrophe to a mistake of a figure in their calculations, and thus settled the matter by placing the event a century in advance.

Bellsizes House had been famous as the residence of various great men, even before the time of Henry VIII.; and here Sir Armigal Wood, the first Englishman who had made discoveries in America, had died, just when Gerard was deep in the study of medical botany, and in the full energy and enthusiasm of his twentieth year. The park stood, as we know, at the foot of Hampstead hill, and beyond it a few rustic cottages facing each other on opposite declivities, composed the village, for as yet the rich Jews had not built their country houses there, nor were the waters so famous as they afterwards became; circumstances that we learn from a guide-book of London in 1724, which had, at that date, raised it from “a little country village to a city;” and though the people did keep high holidays upon its summit, where the last suburban Maypole lingered within the memory of a few of the past generation, there were times, we have no doubt, when, with the exception of a group of rustic children from the adjacent

village, little pilgrims to glade and copse, in search of the first primroses and blue-bells, the stooping figure of the Elizabethan herbalist "in Flaun-drish hat," and woollen hose and doublet, was the solitary bit of human life in the whole range of the sweet landscape. He himself has left us the best proof of the Heath's comparative solitude, in his description of some of the plants which *then* made it their *habitat*, and to which shade and tranquillity, and the absence of trampling feet and ravishing hands, were and are essential conditions of existence.

Then the valley lily (*convallaria majalis*) grew there familiarly as in the woods of Kent and Berkshire, amongst the green dells of the light-soiled heath; and the singular little *neottia spiralis*, "our lady's tresses," with its curled spike of small white flowers growing fragrant at the hour of the vesper *Ave Maria*, and Twayblade (*listera ovata*), with various others of the orchideous tribe, made it their summer tiring place, and mimicked the fair insect forms around them. Indeed, the whole way, from his house in Holborn—a locality which the physicians of these times much affected—must have abounded in objects of interest for the compiler of the "Great Herbal."

We see him in the primal days of Spring, when the spiny boughs of the black thorn were studded with incipient blossoms, and the buds of the wild cherry-trees began to swell, and the leaves of the elder and woodbine to cast a partial greenness on the hedge rows, setting forth upon his simpling expeditions; and with bent head and thoughtful looks, pausing from time to time to enrich his scrip with a specimen, or to figure, verbally, descriptions which to this day preserve, with graphic accuracy, the outward appearance and characteristics of the plants.

When his ears were no longer assailed by the pertinacious clapping of the Lazer's alm bowls, and the old grey church and the shadow of the gallows at the north corner of the garden of St. Giles's Hospital were passed, Bradford Bridge led to a field path (now Gray's Inn Lane), beside the ancient manor-house of the Grays of Wilton, to the village of Pancras, a small and solitary place, but pleasant in summer for its walks and situation in the fields; and then by hedge rows, and cottage gardens, and orchards, and fresh meadows, till Hampstead wood was gained, and the botanist began his work in earnest.

Here Spring dropped her first primroses in scattered clusters, and purple violets (her young acolytes) flung all abroad their essence in her path. Here, too, the fair Veronica (*speedwell germander*) peeped from behind the straight stemmed hazel wands, with round blue eyes, to see the green robed goddess pass along, and the glazed flowers of lesser celandine (*ranunculus ficaria*) spring in her steps, and light the leaf-paved woods with golden stars that wink and set if but a rain cloud threatens. Here, in moist, gloomy shadows, the sleepy daffodil (*pseudo narcissus*) hung her fringy solitary flowers, as full of dangerous power, and evil spells, as when the daughter of Ceres made garlands of them in Sicilian plains, and Dis surprised her.

But when the games of old May-day were ended, and the tall shafts in the city streets, and on the village greens, were left alone, with their votive wreaths of birds' eggs and leaves and flowers (offered unconsciously to the Lamia of the old Romans), when the wild cherry tree came out all bride-like in her flowery vestments, and the celestial twins played naked in the sun—and the apple blossoms painted the orchards, and the fields glowed with vegetable gold, and lonely lanes and woods and heaths were bright with flowers—then came the fullness of joy for our olden Herbalist, and every way-side and hedge-row became to him a glorious book, inscribed with Hygeen secrets, of which he held the cypher.

How sweet it is to tread with him in fancy those worn-out wood paths, to behold in imagination the brisk morning air of plants, their crisp leaves, dewy freshness, and erect flower stalks; some (though he knew it not) like the sensitive flowers of the dandelion, with a perceptible rapture trembling through all their floris at the sun's approach—others, like the modest daisy, "vermeil-rimmed and white," coyly unfolding; while, by the path's edge, the little scarlet pimpernal (*anagallis*) laughs out openly her faith and joy, and the flushing wild rose overhanging it impatiently uncurls her scented petals.

He has told us how "near unto the gate that leadeth out of the wood unto a village called Kentish Town" "*our lady's mantle*" (*alchemilla vulgaris*) lifted its handsome exquisitely plaited leaves, "with so many corners, and dents, and points," as to make the name a fitting one even on the lips of a reformist, though all the world knew it was not so much to its modish form, as to the healing hidden in those large soft enfolding leaves that it had owed it.

Here, too, the "*verge d'or*" ("*verge auria*" *solidago*), or golden rod, that famous wound-herb of the ancient Saracens, threw the light of its pale yellow flowers through the thick undergrowth struggling to the path, and at its feet (*ajuga reptans*) common bugle, set up its solitary taper spikes of blue whorled blossoms, and the purple heads of the betony (*betonica officinalis*), good in ancient times against witchcraft, illumined the same locality—and the creeping strawberry ran on, rooting its stems and ripening its scarlet-cushioned seeds while summer lasted. In moist shady places the yellow pimpernal (*lysimachia nemorum*) spread its elegant stems, and ovate leaves in pairs, studding them here and there with solitary flowers—and in little open spots and glades the trailing dog-rose (*R. Arvensis*) looked lovely as a masking Driad, all over clothed with flowers. Close to the path-way thronged the dangerous spurge (*euphorbia amygdalide*), its red tinted stems, and spreading heads of pale green leaves, looking like Lilliputian palm forests; while the great St. John's wort (*hypericum-androsaemum*) let the glory of its large, bright, gamboge-coloured flowers gladden the shadows of the underwood, and charm the air of evil with the resinous perfume of its shining leaves. Sometimes the woodbine threw its long streaks of light from clusters rich as tawny honey-combs, and of more fragrant but less sating sweetness; and the pretty wood pea (*viola sylvatica*) climbing, by its tendrils, to the height of five or six feet, over bush and tree, spread out its creamy petals veined with blue—one of the most lovely of the vetch tribe. Here, too, upon the outskirts of the wood, grew *climatis vitalba*, which, "because of its decking and adorning the ways and hedges where people travel," he (Gerarde) tells us "I have named it 'Traveller's Joy';" yea, and it shall be so named as long as the love of simple beauty and poetic sentiment endures in English hearts; the name was of nature's prompting, on some sweet sunny morning in July, when its green masses of tangled leaves and starry blossoms hung about the hedge-rows, weaving living bowers, and breathing up to heaven the rustic fragrance peculiar to it; even when these are past, it still retains a wintry beauty, for in the quaint language of Queen Elizabeth's physician, when its clusters of white flowers are past, after them come forth "tufts of flat seeds, each one having a fine white plume like a feather fastened to it, which make in the winter a goodly show, covering the hedges all over with his feather top." Here, too, came up the high-taper great or mullien (*verbascum thapsus*), (candle-wicke mullien, Parkinson calls it), with its large soft leaves covered with cotton, with which it powders the ground around it in a wide circle; the whole plant, from its stately height, its large club-shaped spike of handsome flowers of a golden yellow, and its great woolly leaves, is a most

conspicuous one; it was found on the hill at Highgate when Gerarde wrote, it grows there now, and each year a plant may always be found at the foot of the left hand steps ascending to the terrace at the end of the church, in what is now Highgate Cemetery. Funeral memories have ever attached to it, for the tall stalks dipped in suet were used by the ancients to burn in funeral processions, and it owes its English name of high taper to the same circumstance, from its having been used as a torch. The Greeks burnt it in lamps under the name of *flama*, and the Romans called it *candularia*. In Germany, to this day, its vegetable wool is used as a sort of tinder.

In many places in the wood, from the first coming in of spring till deep in winter, the tragic-looking white dead nettle (*lamium album*), with its dark, deeply serrated leaves, and snow-pure flowers, might be found; but our botanist was evidently ignorant of the near neighbourhood of its showy relative, the yellow dead nettle (*galeobdolon luteum*), which, indeed, he did not reckon one of our sylvan flora, though I have frequently gathered it in Caen wood—the only remnant left of the woods converging in his days around Hampstead.

He tells us that the common avens (*geum urbanum*), precious in those days, for the clove-like fragrance of its root, opened its small cinquefoil-like flowers of a ripe corn colour by the wood paths. In Spring the roots were sought for their aromatic qualities, to medicate and give a delicate savour to wine, and in Autumn, "when dried, were laid amongst garments to perfume them with the smell thereof;" for, as yet, the eastern world had not been ransacked for exotic odours and strange spices; and the beds of sweet woodruff (*asperula odorata*), which Gerarde found spreading its dark green whorled foliage, and fair clusters of delicate white flowers, amongst moss and strawberry runners at the foot of elm and oak trees, were as much in request for scenting linen drawers and presses, as damask rose leaves and the sweet lavender.

Under the shady hedge rows the starchy roots of the wake robin (*arum maculatum*) spread great clusters of its large green glossy leaves, spotted with purple, and ripened undisturbed its rubied berries within the shelter of its cowl-like spathe. From its roots the yellow starch was made, so much in vogue during the reign of Elizabeth, and subsequently, till it died out with Mistress Turner at Tyburn, where she suffered for her share in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury.

Close at hand the woody nightshade (*solanum dulcamara*) spread its branched stems and lurid leaves, and gracefully drooping clusters of Circean flowers, beautiful to the sight, but full of dangerous properties; while beside it another saturnine plant, black Briony (*Tarnus communis*) threw its trailing stems and large heart-shaped varnished leaves high up amongst the hedge row trees and foliage. Though usually affecting mountainous regions, the curious twoblade (*listera ovata*), which Pliny tells us was anciently used to make the hair of the eyebrows black, was an inhabitant of Hampstead wood, and Gerarde is careful to note how its tall stem, crowned with a spike of small green flowers, is garnished about half way up with a solitary pair of broadly ovate leaves ribbed like those of plantain, but of a paler green and rounder shape, a characteristic which at once distinguishes the plant and gives a reason for its present name, and its older one of Byfoyle;—flushing shady places with a rosy hue, the willow-herb (*epilobium angustifolium*), now so rarely met on the outside of gardens, set up its tall stems, beset with narrow-pointed smooth-veined leaves, and handsome flowers in terminal spikes—and the grey round heads of the sheeps scabious, (*jasione montana*) showed through the soft fresh turf, an herb according to our ancient authority that "hath so many good qualities, and is so beneficial to mankind," that Satan, out of envy, is said to have bitten

off a part of the root, and so procured it an evil name. In the thickets, the large cymes of the elder flowers (*sambucus nigra*), shone in broad white patches; a tree esteemed from root to berry by the ancients, and on the virtues of which whole folios have been written—while in more distant glooms, and moister situations, the water elder (*viburnum opulus*), that threefold ornament of our woods, bedecked the ends of all its branches with snow-white flowers while the red sun of June and July shone; mantled itself in purple leaves in autumn—and when the winter came, grew yet more glorious, all over-hung with scarlet clustered berries.

But at this rate when shall we reach the heath for which we started? We have not yet exhausted half the plants that met the "father of English botany" on his way thither; over their buried germs, houses have risen, and wide roads, and pavements stretch,—but a remnant of the heath, golden with gorse and furze, and sweet as hymettus, with ling and thyme, is left to us. And there (if our readers are not wearied of our floral theme), we hope to find our way one of these fair autumn days; and gather in the spots where Gerarde found them, a bunch of wild flowers conserved from the days of Elizabeth to those of Victoria, with all the characteristics that he notes still patent in them.

## The Ceaseless Weaver.

THERE is a stern and ancient man,  
Who worketh at a loom,  
Weaving the mantle for the bride,  
And raiment for the tomb.

From summer-time to summer-time,  
His shuttle flieth ever,  
And if you bid him rest awhile,  
He answers, "Never! never!"

Yet watch him, that his mystic work  
Be done as it should be,  
For he is weaving every day,  
A robe for thee and me.

He throws the shuttle to and fro,  
The pattern we must give—  
Co-workers with the stern old man,  
Until we cease to live!

Not till Eternity begins,  
Will rest his shuttle's chime,—  
Our actions are the woof and warp,  
The Weaver old is Time!



## Old Doctor Sandy.

I REMEMBER the old gentleman very well, though I was only a boy about as tall as his walking stick, when he flourished in the village of my nativity. He was not exactly a doctor, though he was always called so, and had rather an extensive practice in the place and neighbourhood, where he had grown famous for the cure of sore pates and chilblains, contused shins, burns, scalds, and other fleshly pains and ailments. He was likewise eminent for his skill in hair cutting and shaving, and might have been the village barber, without the dread of a rival, had he been contented to confine himself to so humble a vocation. But Doctor Sandy had a soul above shaving and clipping, and never regarded his expertness with scissors and razors otherwise than as a mere accomplishment, to be resorted to in particular emergencies, or used for the purpose of insinuating himself into the good graces of such as might be likely to employ him in his surgical capacity. The barber and the surgeon, he used to say, were originally one, and in support of the statement would refer to the history of Tom Jones, and triumphantly gain converts from all sides. With the people among whom he lived, it was an accepted maxim, that whatever was to be found set forth and printed in a book, must, in the nature of things, be matter of unquestionable fact; and accordingly, against any references of that sort there was nothing to be opposed.

The doctor, I believe, had a twofold object in affirming the identity of the barber and the surgeon: it was a fact which seemed to countenance him in turning his hand to both professions; it dignified the barber, and was no disparagement to the surgeon; and the combination of the two in his own person looked like a laudable instance of what Bacon has styled "reverting to the ancient ways." I do not think the doctor had ever read Bacon, but this was decidedly his "sentiment," as Lord Duberly would say,—his own interior sense of what he meant you to understand as being his definable aim and aspiration. He wanted you to take him for a practitioner of the olden sort, whose pharmacy was not encumbered by modern experiments or inventions. For these latter he had the most ineffable contempt, and was nowise backward to express himself accordingly, when he happened to be in companies where his disgust was likely to be appreciated. For his own part, he said, there was nothing covert or mysterious in his practice: people might see with their own eyes that he dealt in wholesome vegetable medicines—in strengthening decoctions, and soothing fomentations, in the adroit use and application of a manifold variety of curative herbs and wild flowers. To be sure, it required *skill* to select and prepare the same; and it was that skill which constituted the sum of his qualifications. By virtue thereof, he held himself entitled to serve his generation by doing a little healing on reasonable terms. His fees, indeed, were not exorbitant, save now and then in extraordinary cases, when his patients chanced to be individuals of reputed substance. From the poor, who were his principal patrons, he was content to take a very moderate remuneration, for the obvious reason that they could not possibly afford to pay a greater. He was not particular about always exacting money: he would even take his fees in *kind*—that is to say, in serviceable articles of consumption, such as bacon, corn, butter, poultry, or potatoes. It was all the same to him, as he observed: these things had to be purchased somewhere, and it was rather a convenience to have them direct from the producers. Such a method saved him from the deceptions of the retail trader,

and put into his own pocket whatever profit that functionary would have secured to himself.

It will be proper for me to state unequivocally that Doctor Sandy was not altogether a humbug. He did really perform some undeniable cures by means of the aforesaid decoctions and fomentations—cures which, perhaps, many an hospital nurse could have performed, but positive, indubitable cures notwithstanding. I think he was particularly illustrious in the “scald-head” department; at least he was most given to boast of his successes in that description of disorder; but he had likewise a high reputation for his treatment of cut-wounds and bruises, and, if I remember rightly, he was much extolled by the drunken heroes of the neighbourhood for his expeditious cure of black eyes. His greatest remembered “case” of this sort was that of Bill Sinash, the prize-fighter, when he was licked by little Tipney, the boatman, and carried off the ground upon a hurdle. Bill, I have understood, had not a particle of eyesight left—not enough to enable him to see the handle of a beer pot—and the doctor restored him to a full capacity of perception in twenty-four hours. Whenever he went afterwards into a house for the first time, he would be sure to tell that story. Under any other person’s treatment, he would say, the man would have been doctored into blindness. “But you see,” as he would add, “I knew the nature of his flesh, and only allowed him a single pint of beer a day, and in four and twenty hours, as I tell you, I brought his eyes all right again; and when I turned him out of my hands cured, he didn’t so much as *squint*—which, I assure you, before that he used to do considerably!” Many other wonderful successes in his practice was the doctor accustomed to relate to willing listeners; some of which, seeming probable enough, were readily believed, though a number of his most striking stories required such immense credulity, that there was hardly anybody who could be properly said to take them in. People were not in the habit of contradicting them, but in telling them again they did not pretend to guarantee their accuracy, and simply related them as Doctor Sandy’s statements.

To say the truth, the doctor had a decided gift for *lying*. As in the case of members of another profession, his calling required him to *talk*, and his acquired information was not sufficient to answer his emergencies. Matters of local gossip were soon exhausted, and after that there was nothing for it but invention; accordingly, the doctor invented to a very large extent. Besides professional stories, he had some extraordinary legends of personal prowess and adventure, which might rank with the marvels related by Munchausen; one of these was a tale of wonderfully successful poaching. In a field near his house, he, one evening, noticed a couple of hares playing round a hay-stack, as though, being aware that all certificated sportsmen were by that time engaged over their wine, they had concluded there was no danger of any interruption of their pastime. They had not calculated upon poachers; and above all, they had no conception of the existence of a man of Doctor Sandy’s adaptive faculties. The frisky creatures went on with their gambols round the hay-stack, and for a few minutes the doctor stood at a distance admiring the spectacle. But a vision of hare-pie came over him, and with it an instinctive longing to see them placed comfortably in an oval dish, under a crust. How he was to get them was the question: for he had no gun that would shoot in a circular direction; and they were too quick and nimble in their motions to afford him a chance of hitting them as they turned any given point of the circuit. Besides, his gun was in the house, unloaded, and he was too impatient to think of fetching it, lest the animals should get scent of his errand, and disappear in his absence. It happened, however, that he had no need of it; for a bright idea struck him, as with a sort of inspiration, which effectually served his purpose.

He had a ball of shoemaker's wax in his pocket, which he was going to make up into a plaster; and it singularly enough occurred to him that this might prove a weapon with which to slay the hares. So, cautiously approaching as near as possible, he hurled the ball of wax in the direction in which one of the hares was coming, and, being an extraordinary marksman, hit the animal just between the eyes, where, miraculous to say, the ball stuck fast till the stricken creature ran butt against the head of its companion coming the other way, whereby the wax, through its adhesive properties, held the two together in a fix, and the doctor ran up and got them both! Such a feat, perhaps, had never been done before, and it was therefore not unnatural that he should feel a little pride in it, and deem it worthy of relating.

But this was nothing to the wonderful capture of the midges, which was another of his stories. It used to be told on this wise. One night, when the doctor had returned home rather late, and had just seated himself in his arm-chair by the fire-place, and was taking off his shoes and gaiters preparatory to going to bed, he was suddenly startled by an unaccountable buzzing noise within the chimney. What in the world it could be he was puzzled to divine. His first impression was that it must be something supernatural, and he began to wonder what sin he had lately committed to render himself liable to such a visitation. Then he thought it might be rogues coming that way to possess themselves of half a dozen sovereigns which he had locked up in his desk; and, being not without some bravery, he resolved to take down his gun and shoot the rascals in the legs as they descended. But neither legs nor arms, nor any fragment of a visible body appeared; still the buzzing, rumbling noise continued, seeming like a whirlwind that had somehow got confined there, and was establishing itself in permanency. The doctor had no great deal of hair on his head, but what little he had began to stand on end. His mind was in a corresponding state of agitation. He did not know what to think of the commotion. Was doomsday coming, and was this a preparatory announcement? He could not tell. One thing, however, he thought he would just venture on, by way of ascertaining. He would shoot up the chimney. Should any thievish chimney-sweep, or other evil disposed mortal, be entangled in its mazes, the fellow would thus be seasonably admonished not to descend further; or, should it happen to be the Father of Evil concocting some new mischief, perhaps he would get wounded, and thereby be disabled from going about so much in holes and corners, leading people into temptation. Any way, the doctor would try a shot, and see. So, boldly pushing the muzzle of his gun up the dingy opening, he steadied himself and fired. The report was not heard in the tumult which succeeded: for down came a smothering cloud of something which covered Doctor Shandy with unutterable confusion; and he had to wink and sneeze a good many times before he could take note of what had happened. Then his eyes beheld a sight which probably no eyes had witnessed in all the world since the creation. There lay, in enormous heaps upon the floor, in the fire-grate, and choking up the chimney, the slain bodies of innumerable midges!—all as dead as smelts, or ginger-beer that has stood in glasses for a thousand years—a multitudinous holocaust, or singed sacrifice, such as, for the magnitude of the number of the victims, was never offered by any votary to the most unappeasable of his gods. When Doctor Sandy began to shovel them together into a corner, he found the chimney nearly two-thirds full; and having finally got them in a heap, he measured them, and found the quantity to be sixteen bushels and a quarter! Perhaps nobody but himself would have thought of turning them to account; but the doctor was shrewd at an experiment, and so salted them down and fed a pig on them for half

the winter! He used to say the flavour of the pork was admirable; and by way of favour, he sold a ham of it at half-a-crown a pound to an alderman of his acquaintance, who declared that, next to turtle-soup, it was the most savoury thing he had ever tasted!

The doctor had scores of other tales equally as marvellous; but perhaps these may suffice as specimens till we come to write his complete biography, in twenty volumes. There are stories of him which show not only his wit in lying, but his skill in finding articles that never had been lost. Thus, it is related, that going one day into a carpenter's shop to borrow a jack-plane, he slyly appropriated a little parcel of nails, and on finding himself observed, said he thought it was half a pound of sugar he had been fetching from the grocer's, and which he fancied he had put down, to have his hands at liberty in examining whether the plane was properly set. Another time he was passing by the blacksmith's, when seeing some handy little pig-rings lying on a ledge outside, he stopped to look at them, and finding them to suit his fancy, he was going to put two or three in his pocket for private use; but as they had only just been made he found them hot, and dropped them, and was rather gingerly picking them up again when the blacksmith came suddenly round a corner, and asked what he was doing! "I was thinking," said the doctor, "that it is hardly safe to let such things as these be lying about, and so I was going to bring them in and caution you against leaving them so temptingly exposed to passers by." The blacksmith laughed and thanked him, but said he thought they might be trusted to lie where he had placed them, at any rate till they cooled. But if all be true that is told of Doctor Sandy, he was not always satisfied with merely petty pilfering. There was a tale about his stealing a lady's linen garment from a hedge, and cutting it up to mend his shirts; but as the lady never troubled herself to go and swear to the pieces, nothing was done to prove the case, and it was by some regarded as a scandal. He would often borrow things and forget to take them home; and as careless, unmindful people, often could not remember, after a lapse of time, where a thing had gone to, it was apt to be set down vaguely as being "lost," and was thus left quietly among the doctor's store of miscellaneous articles. If any of them ever turned up, old Sandy had a ready turn for an excuse, and was always either just going to bring it home, or had been lately wondering who it was that had been kind enough to lend it him.

What with his practice in the healing art, his miraculous success in shooting midges, and his adroitness at stumbling unawares upon all sorts of waifs and strays, the doctor for many years realised a decent little income, which was quite sufficient to supply him with all the necessaries, and some of the comforts of existence. It is not within our recollection whether he was an old bachelor or a widower, but he was certainly a single man, and for a long while lived alone, managing his domestic matters himself, without assistance from womankind. But by some singular fatality, as if the invisible powers had conspired to upset his quietude, he became post-maturely smitten with a passion that would have been more properly in character with his younger days, and, at the age of fifty-five or thereabouts, had the audacity to marry a young wife! Of course, all the neighbourhood had a good deal to say about the absurdity of the match; but old Sandy didn't care; he was bent on matrimony, and was not to be deterred from the adventure by any amount of derisive criticism. He jumped over the churchyard stile as nimbly as a boy of seventeen, as he led his blooming bride away after the ceremony; and took every opportunity of showing to gainsayers that, if he was a little seasoned in point of years, he had still a deal of spirit and activity, and could face the world without abashment. For the first few months he was very jovial, and seemed, in a manner, to have renewed his youth; so that people

said old Sandy was growing back into juvenility, and would soon become a boy. But in no great while it was observable that he was desperately hen-pecked, and manifested in gait and countenance the signs of that condition. In the course of a few years he found himself, greatly to his inconvenience, the father of a family, which went on rapidly increasing till there were more mouths than he could feed. During these years his doctoring practice very much fell off—the faith of people failing them in his skill, when they saw him so hopelessly going down in the world. Not being able any longer to live by surgery, he was obliged to turn his hand to work as a day labourer. The last time we saw him he was scraping gravel on the roads, and had regular relief from the parish. This descent into pauperism completely broke down his spirits, so that you could see at a glance he was a distressed and weary-hearted man. Poor old Doctor Sandy! thy last years, I know, were very sad; and I can discern that it all came of that untimely re-juvenescence, in which, perhaps, thy soul took too much pride, and which plunged thee into a state so unbecoming to thy years. Rocking the cradle, as our country saying is, “with woollen mittens,” was a pastime strangely at variance with the requirements of thy grey old age. Hadst thou had the wit to think of it, thou must have known, too, to what a dismal fate thou wast committing thy descendants: born as they were most of them to immediate pauperism, and with souls so pauperised from the beginning as to be in danger of never rising to a sense of manly or womanly independence—what a lot was that! If Rhadamanthus has got hold of thee, I make no doubt but that he has put thee on the purgatorial treadmill; though, perhaps, that were a needless chastisement, seeing that thou hadst purgatory enough in this life, and wert not particularly improved by it. Be thy fate, however, a warning to other adventurous old boys, verging upon sixty, who, without capital in hand or immediate expectations, shall be bent on marrying girls young enough to be their grand-daughters; for if thou wert here again to give the result of thy experience, thou wouldst assuredly echo the advice of Mr. Punch to all “persons about to marry,” and say—“Don’t!”

### To-Day and To-Morrow.

HIGH hopes that burn'd like stars sublime,  
Go down i' the heavens of Freedom;  
And true hearts perish in the time  
We bitterliest need 'em!  
But never sit we down and say  
There's nothing left but sorrow;  
We walk the wilderness to day,  
The Promised Land to-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now,  
There are no flowers blooming!  
Yet life beats in the frozen bough,  
And Freedom's spring is coming!  
And Freedom's tide come up alway,  
Though we may strand in sorrow;  
And our good bark, aground to-day,  
Shall float again to-morrow.

## A Little Music.

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MUSIC is music, and I love it ; but when one piano only leaves off for another to begin, or for three more to start *fortissimo*, why, music is more than enough,—and that is the exact state of things in Paris at this moment. You cannot flee the pianos ; their sounds come up from below, down from above, in at your window, from over the way ; make sweeps at you from round the corner, madden you, make you swear, and force you to wish Apollo's lyre down every one of the performers' throats. I do think that if a furnished house keeper, in a good street in Paris, were to put a board up outside his house, whereon should be the legend—"No pianos or piano in this house, and all the windows are double"—I do think, I say, that that proprietor might ask double prices, and yet always have his house full.

Recently living in Paris, I have suffered from the pianos. I have dashed books about through their gentle means ; I have cursed madly. Even the porter had a piano and a guitar ; and one night he gave a concert—the first of a series—an amateur concert. He asked me to attend ; I bowed and said I would.

Go with me to this concert—do.

I go in. M. Champs—the porter, who has two rooms to himself in the bottom of the house—welcomes me, gives me tea.

There is a good deal of company, and the company is not so badly dressed, if I except two or three—especially except one young female, whose shoulders stick out so much that I want to hammer them down with something hard. She wears a low dress (*low dress*, indeed,) which shows those odious shoulders off to the worst disadvantage. And the frill round the top of her dress sticks out, too ; and I can see lining underneath. Also this young female has elbows of the sharpest, and she has dressed her hair in a fashion prevalent in the time of Louis the Eighteenth ;—altogether she is almost as vexing as her father, who does so perspire that I fear I shall have to tell him to go away, and let the sweat of his brow fall upon other parts of Paris. He is a fat, short-necked man, with a pompous face, and a pompous gold-rimmed pair of eye-glasses.

There are about a score of people present, and I feel sure they are all to sing or play ; there are fiddles under chairs, and flutes on ledges, and accordians in laps.

Altogether, I hope I shall find some amusement here.

A spoon drops from a cup—it is the sharp-shouldered girl's.

"My daughter, what do you mean by that!" says the papa with the gold-rimmed spectacles,—eye-glasses. "O, papa—I'm afraid."—"Why!" "Because I shall have to sing."—"Why are you afraid of singing?" "O, papa—I'm afraid."—"R-r-r-p—pick up your spoon." "O, papa, yea."

I am wedged in, or I would pick up the spoon.

Ultimately, the tea is cleared away. The concert is going to begin ;—yes, but who is going to begin it !

Everybody is most concessive ; nobody likes to begin ; everybody prays everybody else. At last four young gentlemen rise simultaneously and perform a quartett instrumental. I can't say I like it.

Done,—the papa says, "My daughter, sing." "O, papa, I can't."—"You shall, daughter." "O, papa!"—"If you don't I'll take away your piano to-morrow, as sure as you dropped the spoon." "O, papa!"

N.B.—The papa and daughter converse in a whisper,—I hear the conversation only by great exertion.

"My daughter will oblige," says the papa,—and, like a lamb led to the altar, does the sharp-shouldered girl go to the piano.

"O, papa,"—here she speaks aloud—"I could'n't dream of accompanying myself,—I could'n't; I should mix up the keys."

"Sir, I'll accompany," says a little boy with a voice as sharp as the young lady's shoulders; and he comes forward with the air of a dazzling sun.

"A prodigy," says a lady near me to another lady; "a prodigy; he isn't eleven, and he plays like—oh, like a man."

"The angel," says the other lady.

And, indeed, if he is an angel, he is a proquathic one. Here he is, with his retreating jaw and his progressing nose, sitting at the piano, and tapping it like a pig as he must be. The papa agrees to turn the leaves, and fixes his eye-glasses to that end, and sticks his left hand amongst his ribs, while the sharp-shouldered daughter quivers—as to her shoulders, horribly—they look like boney jelly.

The poor girl sings a doleful ditty, which is like a soft wind; and the little prodigy tries to drown her voice in deep notes; while an elderly lady in the background looks seraphically happy.

At last the performance comes to an end.

"Now then," says a vulgar woman who has been talking the whole time of the song,—*"Now then."*

I look towards the speaker, and find she has her eyes fixed upon a young lady who is coolly arranging her dress and fitting a bracelet.

"Now then, Piccolomini," says the vulgar woman, looking at her daughter, who is the cool young lady, and who is still arranging the dress and the bracelet.

"Piccolomini!" I say to myself, and look at the young girl; and, sure enough, there is a likeness in her face to Piccolomini—a likeness, as there is a likeness in our Mr. *Punch's* caricatures to the caricatured. She is a girl with a bust fit to knock a man down to look upon, and with the boldest eyes; dear me.

"The dear girl," says an old lady near her.

"She shall be dear enough some day; the opera treasurer shall find out that," says the vulgar mother, dusting her hands grandly.

"Mamma," says the bold girl, "pray don't;" and in a tone which says "pray do."

"The dear girl," says the old lady again—who, I feel sure, can't hear, and pretends to like the music simply to prove that her listening organization is perfect.—*"The dear girl."*

"Now, my child, what will you sing!—stop," says the vulgar lady, finishing with a bang. *"Stop."*

She rushes to the door, which is open, for the room is close, fetches it to with a slam; goes to the windows, closes them both; sets a chair for herself in the centre of the room, that she may catch most delicately the sounds of the dear girl's voice, and then she says, "O, how she sang last night—how she sang last night; everybody wanted to double encore her, but she was not permitted to sing a third time—I would not permit her; we must take care of her voice, the dear girl. Now, Adèle, what will you sing!"—Adèle shrugs her shoulders.

"Casta Diva!" asks mamma.—Again Adèle shrugs her shoulders, looking round on the company as she does so.

"Ah vous direz," with variations.—The dear girl elevates her eyebrows.

"Or Piccolomini's air, 'The Traviata'" asks mamma.—The dear girl smiles and rises, while two gentlemen rush to help her—if she wants help;

—indeed she seems a good deal more fitted to help them, for they both look weak, than they her.

"Brava, brava," says the old lady whom I know to be deaf.

Aided by the gentlemen, the dear girl seats herself at the piano. She fusses—she jumps up and down a little on the seat—she drives her bracelets up her arms—she touches her ear-rings—and then she gives a horrible crash on the piano. That done, there is a long stop, during which a peddling dropping noise is heard. The dear girl's mother starts up from the chair in the centre of the room, and demands to know what the noise is. She discovers, at last, that it is the pianoing prodigy, aged eleven, who is having a private game of marbles in his own private trousers pocket. His mother takes the stones from his pocket and puts them in her own; then Piccolomini favours us with another crash; after that she somehow blurs upon the keys up and down, and then she begins to sing. She sings three notes, —they seem to come from the clouds, they are so misty—and then she stops and coughs, while the two gentlemen who stand near her look on with sympathy.

The mother rushes to Piccolomini again, and asks her what is the matter. The dear girl seems to seek for some time, and then she says, "One of these gentlemen has some pachouli on him. I never can sing if there's pachouli about."

"Go away—to the other end of the room," mamma entreats; and the scented gentleman going, the parent leans over her Piccolomini's shoulder, and says "Now."

"Now" she does, and a very pretty do it is. The guests begin talking, that they may not begin screaming. Piccolomini comes to a trill; everybody stops to hear the trill, and in the very centre of it there is—there is a smack heard, just like a kiss.

There is a giggle—a laugh; and Piccolomini rises from the piano.

"I knew I couldn't sing, mamma," she says; "I never can after I have been near pachouli."

Meanwhile the company applaud and giggle—it may be the kiss, it may be Piccolomini—it may be both.

As for me, I look about. I miss the porter's daughter—a simple little girl; and I also miss a vain, beardless, little, broad-hipped man, upon whom I have seen the simple little lass look with love, reverence, and admiration.

The porter himself, and his wife, are too busily engaged about keeping the concerted ball going, to pay any attention to the absence of the simple little maid; and so comes another piece.

A comic song—which may be well enough, but I haven't enough French to see the force of it.

Then that little wretch of a boy plays variations—he calls them,—I would call them the screams of the untuned; but they come to an end at last, as does the concert; and then we all go away.

The dear girl wraps herself up warm in thick shawls, for fear of cold, and goes off with her mother, who deplores the pachouli, and says of what a treat that odious perfume has deprived the company. The deaf old lady—I have found her out beyond a doubt to be deaf—goes away serene and satisfied, for she thinks she has humbugged us all. The pompous father goes away cranching, and bearing off with him his precious daughter, with her shoulders sticking out through her shawl, I declare. The little prodigy goes away ferriting his restored marbles. And all the amateur musicians go away with their various instruments, and taking a good deal more care of them than of themselves; while the beardless, wide-hipped, little man, who has made a conquest of the simple little daughter of the porter, takes a killing leave of that engulphed little lady, and says "*Adieu, chère p'tite.*"



## A Few More Words about Management.

BY CHARLES HARDWICK, P.G.M.

IN a preceding paper on the management of friendly societies, I stated that I had "yet another and stronger reason" why the "office clubs" instituted by the upper classes were unpopular with the great bulk of the industrious provident men of this country, the consideration of which I postponed to a future occasion. I now, therefore, resume the subject. The reason referred to mainly rests upon a strong conviction that the British character is deeply imbued with an innate love of the great principle of

### SELF GOVERNMENT.

This impression is the result of no flimsy theory, germinated by my own legitimate share of English enthusiasm, fed upon the fulsome oratorical garbage too frequently served up as a palatable condiment with the dull, meaningless, clap-trap of after-dinner harangues; it is the result of much actual communion with the more intelligent of the working classes, in their practical efforts for moral and social advancement. We Englishmen are constantly in the habit of boasting of the liberty-loving instincts of our Anglo-Saxon progenitors, of the electoral character of their municipal and political institutions, and of their cordial detestation of autocratic assumption, whatever may be the form of its manifestation. From the period of the Norman conquest, the great principles of absolute or oligarchal authority and the ancient electoral right have been in constant collision. Step by step, century by century, irresponsible authority has waned before the joint efforts of the barons and the people, and Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, the Acts of the Convention of 1689, and the Reform Bill of 1832, remain as memorials of the, at least, partial re-conquest of the country by what is termed the Anglo-Saxon population. True, the labouring men amongst our ancestors shared not these boasted privileges. About two-thirds of the inhabitants were slaves. Indeed, notwithstanding the repeal of the feudal laws in the reign of Charles II., the really tangible emancipation of the labouring classes can scarcely be said to have commenced till near the end of the last century, on account of the stringent laws to which they were still subjected; laws which not only utterly ignored the right of the toiler to sell his labour in the best market, but which compelled him to accept the offer of any employer in his parish who demanded his services, at a price fixed by act of parliament! The dissolution of the monasteries, and the emancipation of the serfs, necessitated the poor laws of Elizabeth. In the first year of the reign of her brother, Edward VI., an act was passed, professedly "for the punishment of vagabonds, and the relief of the poor and impotent persons," which pretty plainly intimates what sort of freedom the aristocracy of the 16th century considered as the right or privilege of the working population. The said act declares that if a man refuse to work at statute prices, he shall be branded with the letter V (vagabond), and declared a slave for two years to any one who shall demand him. If he resisted this invasion of his freedom by an attempt to escape, the letter S was burnt upon his cheek, and he was decreed to be a slave for life! If his Anglo-Saxon liberty-loving propensities urged him to a further effort in this direction, the then merciful and equitable laws

of England adjudged him to death as a felon ! Nay, strange as it may sound to the ears of those previously unacquainted with the fact, as late as the year 1768 (but ninety years ago), an act was passed declaring that the London tailors should be compelled to labour from six in the morning to seven in the evening, "with an interval of one hour only for refreshment !" The said act likewise decreed that the wages of the free English fabricator of human clothing should not exceed two shillings and sevenpence per day, except at a period of general mourning, when, for the space of one month, he was permitted to demand the sum of five shillings and three halfpence. If any master or workman committed the atrocious crime of paying or receiving more than the sums mentioned, the offender was subjected to the penalty of two months' imprisonment and hard labour ! Nay, more : in order to prevent the "free and independent" master tailors of London evading the law by the employment of workmen whose location was more than five miles distant from the city, the party so offending was subjected to a penalty of £500—a somewhat heavy punishment, to our modern notions, even for so very enormous an offence ! It was not until 1795, that workmen could legally travel, in search of employment, out of their own parish. In that year it was first enacted that poor persons should not be removed until they actually became chargeable to the parish ! Previously, it was quite sufficient that a man was poor, in order to cause his being summarily ejected from the locality into which he had so impertinently intruded ! In the following year, Mr. Pitt, to his honour as a statesman, first raised his voice against the principle of these semi-slavery enactments. The increase of the cotton trade, and the expansion of the general legislative and commercial intellect, has now nearly swept away all these antiquated enactments of a selfish and ignorant authority. Some few tattered shreds, however, till within a year or two, demanded and received the deference due to obsolete but unrepealed fragments of the British Statute Book. So much for the "good old times," so far as the mass of the population were concerned !

The working man of the present day, under whatever disadvantages in some respects, is nevertheless legally free to sell his own labour at the best price he can procure, and in what locality his necessities or his inclination may dictate. He can dispose of his little capital, when once earned, with equally perfect freedom. He can likewise, now, legally combine with his fellow men for the attainment of a common object, where individual effort is inoperative or inadequate. His last resource, in affliction, during his transition state from serfdom to personal freedom, was the parish. When the shackles fell from his limbs, the spirit of self-dependence expanded in his heart. His liberty brought dignity and responsibility. The serf had a right to maintenance from his lord. The semi-serf felt it no degradation to receive, regularly, a portion of his wages from the parish, while his strength lasted ; and, when that failed, he looked forward without shame to the workhouse as an asylum.* But the free man has no such contract. He feels there can exist no true liberty without self-dependence. Hence the origin of sick clubs and other friendly societies ; the insurance companies of the working man ; the honourable substitute for the parish relief of the

* In a debate in the House of Commons, in 1817, on petitions from Dorsetshire complaining of the heavy burthen of the poor rates, which amounted in one year to 19s. and in another to 21s. in the pound, "Lord Castlereagh, whose official position afforded him the means of obtaining the best information, expressed his conviction 'that in cases where 19s. or 20s. in the pound were paid for poor rates, 15s. of that would be found to be wages paid in the shape of poor rates,' for that the farmers had long been in the habit, in many parts of the country, of paying a great proportion of the wages of farm labour out of the poor rates."—*Sir George Nicholls : English Poor Law.*

semi-slave, by act of parliament, and for the compulsory provender of the territorial serf.

There appears to be something extremely captivating to the human heart in the very sound of the word "Philanthropy." This personified virtue is evidently a twin brother of "Charity," and doubtless possesses, in common with his amiable and universally-beloved sister, the power of hiding from the lynx-eyed public a multitude of genteel peccadilloes. But philanthropy, like charity, may be either real and unassuming, or superficial and ostentatious. Between these two varieties there exists as wide a distinction as between pure gold leaf and the "Dutch tinsel" commonly employed in the decoration of the gingerbread bipeds and quadrupeds so highly prized by the juvenile portion of the community. It is quite possible to nurse and fondle a virtuous impulse until it degenerates into a merely selfish enjoyment of the "pleasure of doing good." The highest exhibition of the spirit of true philanthropy is to be found in the efforts which are directed towards the destruction of the necessities which demand its exercise. It is essentially, when genuine, suicidal in its operation. To the existence of the superficial or "sham" philanthropy, as Thomas Carlyle would style it, public applause, and honour and authority over the parties philanthropised, if I may use the expression, are essential ingredients.

Since the working men of England, by their own strenuous efforts, have succeeded in giving practical form to their sense of the responsibility inherent in the possession of true liberty, a vast amount of philanthropic commendation and philanthropic advice has been lavishly bestowed upon them. A large proportion of this is fashioned, doubtless, from the true Australian nugget; but I fancy I can now and then detect a little of the gaudier glitter of the gingerbread sheen previously referred to. The latter is often accompanied by loud flourishes of trumpets in honour of its own disinterestedness, and violent denunciation of those unfortunate children of mental darkness who fancy they do not require its patronizing assistance; or who, with greater presumption, positively refuse to be dictated to by any self-styled philanthropist, however learned, either in his own estimation or in the opinion of those who dispense popular honours in this direction. The fact is, the working men of England, having once tasted of freedom, and its highest privilege, self-government, like it so well that they will defend it, not only against all professed foes, but against the machinations of amiable but somewhat insidious friends, who appear to be now anxious to share, if not to monopolise, the honour and authority incident to the direction of the very provident institutions which, in the earlier period of their existence, were treated by them with indifference or contempt.

This is the true British spirit, and ought to be fostered by every lover of his country and his kind. It is idle to assert that they are not sufficiently educated to understand the nature of the laws which determine the financial conditions requisite for future stability. My answer is, as it ever has been,—If you think so, cease your abuse, and give them instruction! They have, so far as the Manchester Unity is concerned, progressed more, in this respect, by their own unaided efforts, during the past few years, than some of these "disinterested" advocates of "office clubs" seem to be aware of, or, at least, appear to be inclined to acknowledge. Nay, there are many of its members, even in moderately humble circumstances, who more thoroughly understand the question, theoretically and *practically*, than the best of their would-be teachers. Even if all the valuable knowledge were in the sole possession of the directors of these office clubs, which I deny, it would still be highly undesirable that the self-governed clubs of the working men should be destroyed.

In the first place,—In what consists this vaunted superior knowledge?

Why simply, a portion of the past financial experience of a number of these societies has been thrown into a tabular form, so as to be available for future guidance. But is not all this equally open to the inspection and study of the intelligent members of the self-governed body? If they have found it a long and toilsome labour to explain a portion even of its teachings to the more uneducated members, have the agents of the office clubs met with better success? I answer, decidedly not. Indeed, owing to their ignorance of many matters of detail and management, and consequent blundering, they have rather increased the difficulty to the earnest practical labourers in the cause of progress, by inducing doubts in the illiterate mind as to the reliability of any calculations whatever. Nay, the contradictions of some of the highest authorities themselves, as evidenced on their examination before the parliamentary committees, and in their published works, have themselves materially added to the difficulty to which I refer. What says Mr. Neison, a gentleman who holds a very high position as an actuary and writer upon friendly societies? At page xxii. in the preface to his recently published edition of "Contributions to Vital Statistics," he observes:—

"Attention is particularly directed to the observations and facts in pp. 440—6, on the Government Analysis of the sickness experienced by friendly societies during the quinquennium 1846—50, and printed in Parliamentary Papers No. 955 of 1853, and No. 506 of the year 1854. Since the DISASTROUS publication of the *Highland Society's tables*, in 1824, perhaps no other so unfortunate event as the publication of what is termed the *Government Tables*, has arisen in the history of benefit and friendly societies, and into the nature of the mischief likely to be occasioned by it, I have fully entered in the pages already referred to. A careful perusal of these observations must satisfy every one having a practical knowledge of the management of friendly societies, of the imminent danger of circulating such documents under government sanction!"

And yet these tables were calculated by Mr. Finlaison, the government actuary! Again, Mr. Neison, on the following page, says:—

"The portion of the Appendix in question commences in page 37, and is entitled 'Suggestions, by John Tidd Pratt, Esq., the Registrar of Friendly Societies in England, for the Establishment of Friendly Societies; with Tables of Contributions for Payments in Sickness, &c.' In page 39 he states that 'provision should be made, in the rules, that nothing but sickness incapacitating from labour, and requiring constant medical treatment, and of limited duration—as contradistinguished from chronic ailments and mere decrepitude—should be provided for; and that slight paralysis, blindness, mental disorder, or senile infirmity, should not entitle a member to sick relief from his society.' And again, at page 48, it is stated that the Tables 'are not intended to meet the case of chronic infirmity demanding little or no medical attention.'

"This is certainly," continues Mr. Neison; "*a most extraordinary suggestion to come from one holding an appointment of so high pretensions.* It would be interesting to know the Registrar's views of what the establishment of a friendly society is meant by him to effect. It surely cannot be his object to work out a mere problem in medical science, in order to determine the relation between acute and chronic diseases; and still, *looking at his suggestions in the most favourable light it is possible to regard them,* no one can conclude that there is any intention to make benefit societies self-supporting provident institutions, which shall, during the physical vicissitudes to which all flesh is heir to, render their members independent of the parish and the workhouse.

It will also be found that in the published Analysis of the Government Returns themselves, the nature and extent of the 'chronic ailment and mere decrepitude' are nowhere given; so that so far as these documents and the Registrar's instructions are concerned,

the promoters and those interested in the management of friendly societies, have no choice but to follow implicitly the Government Tables, and permit about one member in seven, of the sickness claimants above the age of forty, to be drafted to the workhouse. Had the eliminated elements in question been given as a separate and distinct series of results, data would have been available for societies to make the necessary provision for 'chronic ailment and mere decrepitude,' *but nothing of the kind has been done.* It is therefore hoped that all interested in friendly societies will soon become fully aware of the defective and most disastrous aspect under which the results of the Government Analysis of Sickness has been submitted to the public."

The partially-educated working man may well hesitate, before he consents to be "led by the nose as tenderly as asses are," when he discovers that those in whom he is told to place implicit confidence, entertain no such profound veneration for the opinions or advice of each other. Mr. Pratt's office is legally restricted to the examination of the laws submitted for registration—not as an actuary, but as a barrister employed by government to prevent societies having objects otherwise than those recognised by the statute, availing themselves of its protection and privileges. Of course, whatever advice Mr. Tidd Pratt may tender, as to management or other details, ought not to be confounded with his official duty. In some respects his knowledge of friendly societies is very extensive; in others, and especially in the practical difficulties attending the introduction of novel principles of finance, or of routine management, of course his experience is of a limited and somewhat imperfect character. It would be very advantageous to those parties who are practically labouring amongst the humbler members of these societies, if Mr. Pratt or his clerks would carefully separate his *advice* from the exercise of his office as a legal functionary. From the manner in which the former is sometimes mixed up with the latter, members fancy they are compelled to accept *all* his alterations, or remain unenrolled; and as a certain number of his suggestions are repugnant to their prejudices, and others in themselves positively unimportant, it is to be regretted that the progress of enrolment should be impeded from such trivial causes. The fact is, the act of parliament never contemplated the interference of the Registrar in these matters. It fully recognises the right of the members to manage their own affairs in the particulars complained of. If the objects of a society are such as to entitle it to the privileges of the act, and its expressed conditions are complied with, Mr. Pratt's official duty is to register the rules, however much he may fancy he could improve upon them. The self-dependent people of England will ever refuse to accept compulsory advice as to the management of their own affairs, by whomsoever it may be tendered. Mr. Pratt's official duties are to some extent inconsistent with the office of confidential adviser. Many of the working classes look upon him in the light of solicitor to the government, and consequently regard with suspicion, rather than confidence, any recommendations, however valuable in themselves, which emanate from such a source.

It is evident to all who have *practically* as well as *theoretically* examined the great question of friendly society insurance, that some time must elapse before anything like perfection in financial law will be arrived at, except by a very limited number of ordinary sick clubs, and a few of the more intelligent branches of the larger affiliated bodies. The thing cannot be effected by either a *coup-de-main* or a *coup-d'état*. It has cost years of labour to convince the educated upper classes, and even parliament itself, that matters infinitely less abstruse required improvement; and surely more rapid intellectual development ought scarcely to be expected from the relatively humbly educated legislators of a working men's friendly

society. If the office-club advocates and the actuaries succeeded in carrying conviction to the humblest of the members, of the erroneous nature of some of their financial laws, why, the parties convinced would simply set about improving them, and not, as some of the sanguine but visionary theorists imagine, desert their self-governed societies, and hand themselves over, as imbeciles, to the tender mercies of the secretaries and directors of the fashionable office clubs. Nay, if but a small portion of the members be induced to secede from insolvent bodies, their very secession, as they leave behind their share of the funds, will rectify the existing deficiency in the assets, as compared with the liabilities, and thus remove the very ground upon which the rival institutions take their main stand! Should things ever come to this pass, the principle of self-government has sufficient charms for British feeling, to speedily regain the ascendant. If the practical details of some of these supposed model establishments were exposed to the public gaze, some rather startling specimens of "*superior management*" would, I have good reason to believe, be presented for the edification of their humbler self-governed competitors. Nay, even the upper-class insurance companies do not always exhibit such highly-finished specimens of management as is to be desired. It appears that thirty-three of these scientific establishments, during the year 1857, closed, and transferred their business to other companies; and, during the two years past, no fewer than eighteen have been subjected to the operation of the Court of Chancery.* It is thus evident each party would be much better employed in endeavouring to improve its own machinery, than in idly denouncing the imperfections of its neighbours.

If the self-governed friendly societies presented no greater contribution to the cause of social progress than the practical education afforded to the members by periodical legislation, and the continual exercise of the executive function, they deserve the support of every true friend of law and order, and moral and intellectual advancement. The day has passed away, in Britain, when a dull, soulless submission, on the part of the people, to the dictation of a favoured few, was regarded as the perfection of human social or political relationship. It is in vain, therefore, to expect that the independent provident man will subscribe his money, and cheerfully hand it over to the paternal care of any middle or upper class personages who may feel anxious for the trust. The history of such like trusteeship, in free and honourable England, even, is anything but a record of wise and honest administration; and affords reasonable ground for a suspicion that the personal influence conferred by such authority may be, at some time, employed for other than the interest of those by whom or for whom the funds are collected. The political prosperity and peace of England depend not, at the present day, upon the blind routine worship of existing authority, but upon the moral and intellectual appreciation of the necessity of law and order for the protection of the personal liberty and rights of even the humblest of our fellow-citizens. The greatly-improved tone, in this respect, exhibited during the past few years, may be fairly ascribed, to a considerable extent at least, to the operation of the principle of self-government in the friendly societies of the provident working men. It is an old maxim that if you wish to make a good commander you must teach him how to obey; and it is equally true that if you wish the cheerful submission to law and order from a free man, you must teach him how to govern. These societies have done this, both by precept and practice; and I have no hesitation in saying, that to the influence of this teaching, the signal failure of the recent physical force Chartist agitation may, to a

* See an able article on this subject in the "Saturday Review," of March 27th, 1858.

considerable extent, be fairly attributed. It has been calculated that the reserved capital of all the friendly societies in Britain exceeds eleven millions of money! The men who have had the making and administration of laws for the collection and dispensation of this capital, are not very likely, without mature consideration, to join any faction whose course of action would destroy public credit. Truly every member of a friendly society has a "stake in the country" of immense value to himself, and a direct pecuniary interest in the prevention of anarchy, and the preservation of order. He has been practically taught, too, that obnoxious enactments are not to be repealed or amended by violence, but by intellectual and moral suasion, exercised within the limits prescribed by existing law. The very magistrates and police authorities, in some of our large towns, seem to have discovered this. Instead of "swearing in" a large number of special constables, on the occasion of Her Majesty's visits to Manchester, the preservation of order on the line of route was, to a large extent, confided by the police to the members of friendly societies there assembled. What a change in less than thirty years! A royal or princely visit, during the year of the Peterloo massacre, would have been differently escorted. And what a contrast to despotic France. All attempts at free expression of opinion, and, of course, of self-government in nearly every shape, are there suppressed. The members of the self-governed "secret" societies in free England honour and protect their Queen as the representative of the majesty of the law; the secret societies of despotic France conspire to destroy the "man of their choice," who, having attained his object, the imperial throne, governs them as slaves, by the power of the sword!

The true duty of the middle and upper classes, with respect to friendly societies is, therefore, to foster by their countenance, and aid by their advice, the self efforts of the working men in this praiseworthy direction—but to leave the practical management in their own hands. True there have been, and will yet be, many failures; but the "lessons of humiliation and blunder are worth a thousand masters," and will, in time, work out the true remedy. For the future, every lodge or club that fails will, like the stranded *Culden* at the battle of the Nile, serve as a beacon to its neighbours, and thus do good service to the cause of improvement. If the management be left in the hands of the members themselves, they must, of course, bear the consequences of their own acts, with cheerful resignation. But such will not be the case should disappointment in old age result from the ignorance, mismanagement, or neglect, of wealthy patrons into whose hands has been committed the government of those societies from which the working man has been so confidently assured he will receive, to the last penny, in the hour of affliction, the justly-earned reward of his own commendable prudence and forethought.

## The Poor!

THE poor—the poor!  
 Around the rich man's gate they stand,  
 Reminders of the mild command,  
 "As hath been given to thee  
 Give thou ungrudgingly  
 To the poor."

The poor—the poor !  
 God's messengers to those who mourn !  
 Oh ! from the soul's o'erbrimming urn,  
 In hours of deepest grief  
 How sweet to pour relief  
 On the poor !

The poor—the poor !  
 They huddle in the slimy street,  
 With hungry hearts and bleeding feet,  
 Beneath the cold moon's eye,  
 And His who from on high  
 Guards the poor !

The poor—the poor !  
 Did He not love them when He came  
 To share the weight of human shame ?  
 Shall we who tread His steps  
 Speak with unpitying lips  
 To the poor ?

The poor—the poor !  
 God's gleaners of His bounty, bear  
 His high commission wheresoe'er  
 Hearts hope His heaven to share !  
 Wo for the slighted prayer  
 Of His poor !

## The Voice of the Spirit.—A Psychological Romance.

BY HENRY OWGAN, LL.D.

"And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness—  
 Strange forebodings of ill, unseen, and that cannot be compassed."

*Longfellow.*

It will be remembered by those who have sojourned sufficiently long in this very mysterious old world—mysterious and marvellous, notwithstanding its hard facts and prosaic realities—that, about a quarter of a century since, the first public exhibition of the phenomena of mesmerism, in addition to astonishing all the intelligent portion of the community, and making the fortunes of many a charlatan, gave rise also to animated and even angry discussions among eminent and sincere inquirers into scientific facts.

Men, upon whose veracity and candour and single-minded zeal, no antagonist could presume to cast the slightest doubt, adopted and maintained, with equal pertinacity, and almost equal force of argument, the opposite sides of the question, "whether or not any one incarnate human soul could, under any circumstances, influence or communicate with another, otherwise than through the normal and customary agency of the



external senses." About that time, indeed, it was scarcely possible, in any company of cultivated and intellectual persons, to avoid assisting in, or at least hearing, some earnest controversy on the subject, or witnessing some attempts at practical illustration; and being a student in the old Dublin University, during the highest temperature of the debate, I was naturally induced, as were also many others, to enter deeply into the merits and interest of the inquiry, and to apply for information to some of those ponderous mediæval works on psychology and dæmonology, in which one of the old libraries in the city abounded.

The view which I was eventually led, in common with several other curious explorers, to adopt, was this:—that, as our nature is unquestionably composite—half spiritual and half material—and, as our spiritual element has its own peculiar instincts, testifying to certain facts which we feel independently either of revelation or of inferences from external phenomena, and which are indelibly impressed on the minds of all men in all times and all conditions of society, that spiritual element is susceptible of influences with which mere matter has no connection. I went, also, so far as to believe that we might have some dim and shadowy perception of the actual presence of purely spiritual existences, of which our material senses could not possibly take cognizance; and that it may be possible for our spirits, even while imprisoned in the flesh, to hold a close and mysterious intercourse with them, if we could so discipline and elevate our minds as to make some approach to their level. I remembered, of course, that well-attested instances of supernatural communication on great and momentous occasions, are recorded; and that it would be vain and presumptuous to question the authority: these instances fully proved the possibility of such intercourse; and I had often experienced, in my own insignificant case, sensations which—as they were otherwise unaccountable—I regarded as warnings and presentiments of coming events. But I found it utterly impossible to believe that its manifestations could ever be made to minister to a vulgar curiosity, or a greedy and speculating traffic.

While the discussion continued to engage even the higher organs of periodical literature, I happened to be one evening stating my theory, somewhat to the foregoing effect, in the house of a learned friend and the presence of a few other guests, all more or less interested in or acquainted with the subject, when an old gentleman, who had been for some time listening to us all, without taking any part in the debate, observed that he could very clearly remember a time when subjects of that nature engaged much of the attention of the learned and scientific all over Europe, though it was a period when it might have been expected that intense political excitement would leave no room for any other and less urgent speculations. "But," said he, "I find that it has always happened, that, when the intellects and passions of men, over a large surface, are violently agitated by any one cause, the activity so awakened extends itself to all other matters that can be, in any way, brought within its range. The time to which I allude was that of the French Revolution, when, although thrones were played for, and lost and won, and every most crafty and fearless diplomatist in existence 'stood'—as Homer says—'upon a razor's edge,' quackery, in all its phases, was more rampant than ever it has been since; and sober men—if, indeed, any man could have been called sober at such a time—sought an anodyne for maddening suspense in the mummeries of ignorant and plausible jugglers. Clairvoyance, magic mirrors, and astrology divided the public attention with the fitful hazard of power and wealth. It was the same during the great plagues in London, Florence, and Constantinople; everything serious had assumed a shape too frightful to contemplate; and life itself was valued at just what it was worth.

"Well," he continued, "it is dull work, this moralizing, and I shall give you, by way of illustration, the particulars of a little romance in real life, which came under my notice at the time.

"I was then," said he, looking toward me, "what you are now—a young and enthusiastic student, and fully as much alive to the attraction of anything that seemed a deviation from the ordinary course of psychological experiences; and I remember two gentlemen, with whom I was acquainted in college, named Fitzgerald and Lovell, who were by some years my seniors in age as well as in academic standing, and availed themselves of the privilege extended to very distinguished graduates, of residing in chambers as long as they might find it agreeable or otherwise convenient. They were both insatiable book-worms; and the knowledge they possessed of the most secret and devious, and cobweb-curtained holes and corners of literature and history, was almost miraculous. They were inseparable companions, though in many respects antipathetic, and always diametrically opposite on the great metaphysical question of the origin and source of human knowledge. Fitzgerald was a disciple of Aristotle, and recognized none but the external senses; Lovell, on the contrary, was a Platonic, and adopted his master's more poetical and spiritual theory of innate ideas and ante-natal reminiscences. The one would argue earnestly from the impossibility of imagining any colour, or perfume, or sound—of, in fact, conceiving any simple idea whatever—which does not come through the material organs of sense; and the other would appeal to our aspirations after immortality; to those shadowy and evanescent reminiscences that, now and then, in momentary flashes, seem to glance upon the impressions and recall the scenes of a former existence; or, to the mystic voices that, in hours of dreamy and silent solitude, pronounce our names, ever so far away, in tones clear and musical as a silver bell.

"'All illusions! my dear fellow,' Fitzgerald would say, 'all illusions of the ear and the memory! Prove the thing to me, in any logical way! Bring me face to face with any man who can show me, on a mirror, a person then existing at the antipodes!—show me a man who can read a book or a newspaper through a stone wall, and I'll give in to the supernatural.'

"To this sort of challenge Lovell would reply, 'that the spiritual cannot, from its very nature, be tested by the material,—just as we cannot see the air; that such influences can only be felt; that there are inner as well as outer senses, though the majority of human beings would seem to possess the latter only; and that, to all by whom they are not felt, their existence can never be demonstrated.' Besides, he was deeply read in German romance; and, of course, inaccessible to logic.

"Both were men of independent means; their poetry of life had not yet all effervesced away; and they were in no haste to plunge into the world, preferring to give a year or two longer to the ideal, before they should encounter the actual. In the summer, they generally wandered away to some wild, fresh, sunny place, and came back, when the days were shortening, fat, hirsute, and sunburnt. So far, they were true philosophers; for we are all too anxious, in youth, to forsake that liberty, to which we look back, in after years, as to a lost paradise, and to load ourselves with responsibilities that crush us to the earth.

"On one of those occasions—I remember it particularly, because they invited me to accompany them, and I was so churlish as to refuse—they went to taste the refreshing excitement of a bush life amid the gay and chivalrous semi-barbarism of the west of Ireland, travelling upon wild, long-haired, sure-footed ponies, climbing the precipices that overlook the restless Atlantic, angling in the transparent lakes and rivers, and sleeping almost wherever night overtook them. The scene of the adventure that

first brought their several theories to a practical test, was on the remarkable river which flows, alternately above and under ground, for a considerable distance on the border of Clare and Galway; disappearing at intervals, silently, mysteriously, and suspiciously; sinking softly and darkly down into the earth, and emerging again as quietly and abruptly. It was a regularly-shaped basin, measuring, across the brim, perhaps something more than a hundred yards; so regular, indeed, that art seemed to have been employed to correct the deviations of nature. The sloping sides were lined with rich soft grass, through which a shrub of some sort grew here and there, and overshadowed by a small grove of tall trees; but, in the bottom, there lay glistening a pool of deep inky water, noiseless and motionless; so deep and dark that, on creeping down the inclining bank—which should be done very quietly and cautiously—it was a trial of the strongest nerves, to look into its calm treacherous depths. It was, however, a portion of the river moving slowly across, for any buoyant substance thrown in went down as if withdrawn by an invisible hand, and was seen no more. In short, the character of the whole scene resembled that which induced the ancients to consecrate certain places to the powers of the world of shadows; and in this instance, too, a similar superstition prevailed; for the gloom and horror of the place suggested an association with his infernal majesty—in plain popular phraseology it was called 'the Devil's Punchbowl.'

"It happened, on one of the days which they spent straying about this neighbourhood, that they were reclining under the twilight shade that hangs round the curious aperture I have described; and while they lay there, beguiling the lazy hours of noon in slow and discursive talk, a strange and sudden apparition, in striking contrast with the general tone of the scenery, emerged into view. Two young and remarkably beautiful women, very fashionably dressed, appeared within a few yards of them on the verge of the basin, and stood, as if arrested by amazement. The men, too, were suddenly silenced, and gazed in astonishment on the visitors, whose unexpected appearance and singular beauty seemed almost to shed a light upon the sombre shade and the black water, and to suggest, for the moment, the idea of something supernatural. 'How very beautiful!' said Fitzgerald, in a low voice, as if a loud word would have broken the charm—'How lovely that black-haired girl is!'

"'Yes,' replied Lovell, mechanically, like one dreaming; for he saw, just then, nothing but the other, whose bonnet an amorous bough had thrown back off her head, and displayed long, glossy, undulating tresses of the richest nut-brown, to which a stray sunbeam, glancing through the foliage, lent a tinge of gold, 'Speak low!—they don't see us yet—who can they be?—It would be such a god-send if we could make an acquaintance in this wilderness!'

"While he still spoke, Fitzgerald laid his hand on his friend's arm; for, the most witching of all Nature's music—woman's soft and silvery voice—fell upon his ear; and as it continued to flow, Lovell felt the pressure of the fingers grow tighter. The language was French, but nearly as familiar to the listeners as their own. Coming unexpectedly upon such a scene, there was, of course, but one subject on which the girls, or Sylphs, or Goddesses—as the case might be—could speak; and the younger sister—for such was evidently the relationship between them—at length signified her intention to venture down and look into the water.

"'If she does,' said Lovell, rising on his knees, 'nothing can prevent her falling into that Avernus;' and before he had time to cry out, '*arretez, Mademoiselle!*' she had already taken a few steps downward. The inclination was such that the increasing impetus carried her on irresistibly, and the next instant she was running rapidly, right down into the black shining

water. A sharp scream proclaimed her terror ; and just as she grasped a bough of laurestinus, which, half-severed by her weight, held her suspended over the scowling gulf, Lovell darted forward, and seizing the main stem of the shrub with one arm, drew her toward him with the other ; while Fitzgerald rushed across to stop the other girl, who seemed on the point of flinging herself down to share the peril which she could not alleviate. The difficulty now was to enable Lovell and his burden to ascend ; and for that there was no time to lose, for the tree was but slightly rooted, and if it gave way, as it seemed likely to do, no human being would ever again behold them alive. Accordingly, leaving the elder sister—who happened, by the way, to be the dazzling brunette whose first sudden appearance had flashed upon him like a sun-burst—to observe their movements from above in fixed and breathless anxiety, he approached Lovell slowly and steadily, planting every step firmly in the yielding sod, and deriving some additional support from the spear of a fishing-rod, which he carried unspliced in his hand. The two men then placed the terrified girl between them, and with considerable exertion and extreme caution, scrambling upwards almost on all-fours, they at length placed her on the level ground. It was one of those moments of keen suspense that fix the gaze, and make the breath come short ; for a single false step would have irrevocably decided the fate of all the three. Just as they laid her in the arms of her sister, trembling all over, and sobbing hysterically under the strong reaction of the certainty that she was safe, two other persons, a lady and gentleman, who were unmistakably the mother and father of the girls, made their appearance. After a few hurried sentences of explanation, and ejaculations of joy and gratitude, the elderly gentlemen, with all the polished courtesy of a French aristocrat, grasped the hands and inquired the names of the deliverers of his daughter. 'He was an exile,' he said, with a sad smile, 'he had not the opportunities, which he could formerly command, of testifying his sense of their kindness ; but he was a gentleman and could feel it : he had now no chateau to which he could invite them ; but, if they would do him the honour to visit him in the humble lodging which he inhabited, for the present, in the adjoining village, they might, perhaps, while away a summer's evening not disagreeably.'

"It is scarcely necessary to say that the invitation was gladly accepted, and that the evening was such as the two guests had seldom enjoyed before. Such fascination as the music of sweet voices and a guitar could add to the witchery of rare and graceful beauty, and to the sympathies already awakened by the morning's adventure, gave golden wings to the hours, and the history of the family lent a further interest to an intimacy which one great cause promised to perpetuate. They learned that M. Latour was an enthusiastic Royalist, whom, with many others, the Revolution had driven to seek safety in flight. He had been honoured, even, by a personal acquaintance with his late unfortunate master, Louis XVI., his attachment to whom was further attested by his having given his daughters the names of Marie and Antoinette—names which he still pronounced with pride, though thenceforth associated with an evil omen ; and having, by a succession of ingenious disguises, escaped the fate of his Royal friends, had arrived in England with a small remnant of his former affluence, which still enabled him to maintain some semblance of gentility. Some business, to which he did not more explicitly allude, had brought him, a short time previously, to the capital of Ireland ; and he had seized the opportunity to visit some of the more picturesque regions of a country whose metropolis had so favourably impressed him.

"When they separated that night, it was with a promise that the visit would be repeated next day : the appointment, of course, was faithfully

kept, for the intervening hours were filled with waking and sleeping dreams of the captivating strangers; and during several succeeding weeks, my two friends and the two brilliant foreigners might have been seen wandering together, or in pairs, around the dark silent river, and the green sunny banks, of Lough Cooter. At length the time arrived when they must part—at least for the present; and they murmured their farewell on the understanding, tacitly, but not the less definitely arranged between the young people, that Marie and Fitzgerald, Antoinette and Lovell, were pledged to each other truly and for ever. How could it well have been otherwise? M. Latour himself did not affect to be ignorant of the double attachment; but candidly warned the young men that his consent depended upon their obtaining the sanction of their respective parents. This determination, honourable as it was in itself, was felt as a sore discouragement by the lovers: the daughters of an impoverished exile were not likely, as such, to be regarded as very eligible matches; the personal and mental recommendations of Marie and Antoinette—all that inspired the passion and poetry of the *liaison*—would, of course, count for nothing; and parents, when their own romance of youth is dead, can seldom sympathize with the unselfish devotion of younger hearts. Still, youth is the season of hope as well as of romance; and though the desired acquiescence was, in both cases, promptly refused, and even all correspondence interdicted on one side and declined on the other, they did not yet listen to despair, but kept looking into the misty perspective of the future for a more propitious hour.

"Now"—continued the old gentleman, growing more animated in his narrative—"now comes the mysterious part of the story. It was somewhere about three years, I think, after that apparently hopeless separation, and the two collegians, after topographizing the Troad, and lingering among the long-faded traces of its eternal legend, were wandering through Southern Greece, under the cloudless sunshine, over the consecrated mountains, and along the blue waters, where every step was upon some monument of heroism or genius. They had, in the interval, spoken but little of the Latours; they seemed, indeed, to have succeeded in forgetting them; or if memories of so deep and tender a cast would, now or then, in quiet and pensive hours, force their way unbidden, to keep them secret and sacred even from each other.

"One evening, however, as they halted at a humble caravanserai on the northern slope of Mount Geranion, over which runs a precipitous bridle road from Athens to Corinth, and sat for some time in a silent abstraction strangely inconsistent with the time and place, Fitzgerald observed to his companion that he seemed dejected.

"It is true enough," said Lovell, "I do feel depressed; and for a very singular cause—so singular, that I scarcely venture to tell you."

"That is curious enough, too, in itself," replied the other,—"that a visionary young gentleman who has confessed to so many romantic speculations from time to time, should hesitate to add one more to the number. Let us hear it by all means—especially if it be anything psychological—we have not had an argument since we were looking for the *Kalikolonè*."

"But you will laugh at me," said Lovell.

"Certainly not at any man with so serious a face—the gravity of your countenance is an antidote."

"Well, then; you remember the Latours?"

"Fitzgerald started; but immediately recovering his composure, pleaded guilty.

"The fact is," continued Lovell, "that the political disturbances in Dublin are alarming me on their account;—they are there at present, and in danger."

"My dear Lovell," said Fitzgerald, "just remember that we are now on the borders of old Attica, with all Europe between us and home. How do you know that there are political disturbances there? Do you correspond secretly with Antoinette?"

"Not by letter," was the slow reply, "but—but, in short—in dreams!—you do not seem so sceptical and sarcastic as I thought you would be," he added, after a pause, finding that his companion appeared to feel some interest and curiosity.

"To tell the truth," said Fitzgerald, gravely, "I suspect that I have only too much reason to believe you."

"Why! have you, too, a dreaming correspondence?"

"Not until last night; and then my dream was too indistinct for interpretation. I suppose I am not sufficiently *spirituel* and imaginative. I thought I saw Marie in tears, but had no idea of the cause. I don't wish to be influenced by a dream, though it is a remarkable coincidence that we should have been dreaming so nearly the same thing."

"Last night," said Lovell, impetuously, under the encouragement of unexpected sympathy, "Antoinette stood before me trembling and in tears; she said they were in danger; that her father is innocently involved in some political complication of a perilous nature; and that we can save him if we return at once. She said, also, that Marie desired to speak to you, but that you could not hear her. It was the first time that her phantom or spirit—or whatever it may be—mentioned you and Marie; though I have seen her, at intervals, since we parted after that month of enchantment. At the first interview she told me that so long as I loved her, her spirit would visit and converse with mine. Since then, my actual waking life has darkened into a dream, while in dreams alone I fancy that I really live."

"While he spoke in this fashion, Fitzgerald regarded him with a stern and inquisitive look, as if he were disposed to doubt his sanity; but, meeting the quiet eye and unimpassioned countenance of his friend, he relapsed into thoughtful silence, and observed, after a pause—

"Well, by Jupiter! it is very unaccountable; for Marie appeared to me, and fixing her eyes upon me sorrowfully for a moment, glided away in silence."

"Not at all unaccountable," replied Lovell; "for you know I have often explained those things to you,—however, I am resolved to turn *awfy*, this time, without seeing Corinth, and make all speed for home—will you come?"

"Yes," answered Fitzgerald, after another pause, "if it were only through curiosity."

"During the intervening weeks, while expediting their journey, no supernatural visitations were experienced, or at least acknowledged, by either; which Fitzgerald attributed to the sound sleep induced by the fatigues of hasty travelling; but, in the last night which they passed on the continent—for, having travelled up through Hungary and Germany, they were embarking at Hamburg for London—the spiritual communications appeared to be resumed; and, on the next morning, when Lovell presented himself, he was deadly pale, and sank helplessly into a chair, as if overpowered by some strong emotion of sorrow or terror. Fitzgerald stared at him in alarm, and inquired if he were unwell."

"Not actually unwell," he answered, "but very much agitated by doubt and suspense;—something serious has happened; I have seen Antoinette again; she was in tears, and dressed in mourning. She said nothing, but bent her eyes intently upon me, and raised her hands as if conjuring me to lose no time.—Let us be going!"

"This affair is beginning to mystify me," said Fitzgerald,—"I don't more than half believe it, but if it should turn out veracious, I shall begin to lose faith in my philosophy."

"In less than a week afterwards, by favour of the wind, they arrived in Dublin; and had scarcely taken some hasty refreshment at an hotel, when Lovell set out to look for the Latours; and Fitzgerald, who regarded the search, without some definite indication of locality, as a rather visionary enterprise, applied himself to the more matter-of-fact business of preparing their chambers for habitation. The college he found nearly altogether deserted, for the city was almost in a state of siege. It was one of the most agitating periods of the distrust and terror of '98; a large number of arrests had been made; all places presented a scene of silence and anxiety and desolation, the like of which the city has never since exhibited; and it was with some difficulty that he found, in their once populous home, one old woman, as sulky and solitary as the Cumean Sibyl, to make a fire and dislodge the spiders. In the mean time, Lovell, fully convinced of the truth of the revelations he had received, and which he already saw confirmed, to some extent, by the actual existence of rebellion; having learned, also, that a number of political prisoners were confined in buildings adjoining the Castle, turned his steps in that direction, for the purpose of inquiring if M. Latour were there. He had nearly reached the lower gate, which he found so formidably guarded that he paused for a moment, hesitating to attempt an entrance; and while he looked around him doubtfully, the well-remembered features and form of Antoinette, approaching timidly within a short distance, and partially revealed by the removal of a long thick veil, seemed at first, from long habit, rather an illusion of the senses than the welcome reality of her presence. But that momentary impression immediately gave way to glad astonishment, as she came nearer with a sad and gentle smile, and pronounced his name. Tears, recently shed, still stained her eyelids; and long anxiety and suffering had cast a shade of patient dejection upon her countenance; but she was lovely as ever, for her beauty was of that sort which sorrow only softens, but cannot mar.

"Evinced scarcely any astonishment, she extended her hands to him and said, quietly, 'My prayers are answered, and you are here; I felt, indeed, a sort of presentiment that you would come about this time.'

"'Naturally,' said Lovell, still holding her hands in his, 'I started at once on learning from you in that interview—or, what shall I call it—in Greece—that there was danger.'

"'Then, indeed, my prayers are answered,' she replied, solemnly. 'I did not know that you were in Greece; but, since we parted, I have wished and desired, with all the powers of my soul, that, if so subtle a sympathy were possible during this dim and earthy life, my thoughts and feelings may become known to you;—our spirits, then, are two harmonising strings, and the note struck upon one wakes an echo from the other; and that,' she added, with a smile of most melancholy sweetness, 'is a countercharm to misfortune.'

"'But,' said he, 'the last time I saw you in a vision, you were in mourning; what did that mean?—for I thought, then, that the worst had come.'

"'I wished earnestly,' she answered, 'that you should know that your friend had lost his father; I learned it that day, from a newspaper—but I dare say he knows it before now.'

"She then conducted him to a house in the neighbourhood, where she resided with her mother and Marie; and when the agitation of the first greeting subsided, acquainted him with the causes which, so far as they could conjecture, led to the imprisonment of M. Latour. The facts were, that, having been a proprietor of some vineyards, in Guienne, and compelled to leave Paris without receiving an account due to him by a Bordeaux merchant, he had arranged that the money should be transmitted through a Dutch house to their correspondents in Dublin. Ascertaining, after a

considerable delay, that this had been done, and applying for payment to these latter parties, he had been repeatedly disappointed, under various pretexts; and while still waiting for a settlement, was arrested under a charge, preferred by a notorious public informer, of being actively implicated in the rebellion, as a medium of correspondence between the insurgents on the spot and their sympathisers in France; and, although there was no tangible evidence of the fact, they found it impossible to exclude some suspicion of cause and effect.

"There is an impression on my mind," said Marie, "that Mr. Fitzgerald spoke one time of those merchants, Messieurs Mansfield, as persons whom he knew, and could influence. I have either heard it or dreamed it; but, in any case, to us strangers and foreigners, and so helpless, your arrival must be a consolation, if not a help."

"Your memory is correct," said Lovell, "he not only knows them, but can command them; for they have been under heavy obligations to his father, of which we shall immediately take advantage."

"When Lovell returned from this interview to his friend, he found him sitting with his head bowed upon his hands, and a mourning letter lying on the floor by his feet.

"I have heard of your loss, Fitz," he said, softly, taking him by the hand. "The heaviest that mortal man can sustain."

"It is sad enough, Lovell," he replied, raising his eyes, "to lose the truest and most unselfish friend that human being can have, even if we are there to say farewell—to see him shut down for ever from our view; to return to the hushed and desolate home, and find his place vacant,—but to be far away; to return and see that he is gone; to remember that, when we left him in life and health and strength, that parting was the last, though we felt it not then; to have heard no whisper; to have felt no chilly shadow pass across the spirit when he was taking his flight from earth and time,—oh! 'tis a thing to lie upon the heart like a stone, to haunt the hours of silence and solitude for many a year. I must be going at once, Lovell; it will be some comfort to those who are left, to see me again, though tears will flow afresh for old remembrances."

"During that evening, Lovell, of course, made no allusion to the Latours; and it was not until the next morning, when Fitzgerald, at his departure, bade him assure Marie of his unaltered attachment, that he acquainted him with their position, and received a hasty note addressed to the Messieurs Mansfield. Previously to presenting that introduction, however, he went to accompany Marie and Antoinette in the daily visit which they were permitted to make to their father, adopting the precaution of wearing the cap and gown of a University graduate, which was at that time regarded as an evidence of loyalty, and would be a passport to places otherwise inaccessible.

"M. Latour was sadly altered in the interval since he had seen him; the erect figure was bowed; the brilliant eye was dull and sunken; the black hair was thickly streaked with silver lines; the graceful and sparkling address had fallen into a querulous and desponding tone. Lovell's presence seemed to reanimate him a little, but it was only as the pale sunshine of winter glances through leaden clouds upon lonely plains and leafless trees, for no encouragement could induce him to entertain a hope of liberty; he had seen too much of political persecution at home to believe that there was any other exit from prison than that which led to the grave;—he had learned to doubt of human mercy and human justice.

"When Lovell left the girls at home, now sanguine of success, and called upon the head of the firm of Mansfield, that gentleman was all smiles and acquiescence; his regret for his late excellent friend was equalled only by his anxiety to know in what way he could oblige his successor.



"I am happy to find, sir," said Lovell, gravely, "that we are so likely to succeed in an object which interests my friend and me very deeply. We have reason to believe that you possess political influence sufficient to procure the release of a prisoner, whom we know to be perfectly innocent; I allude to M. Latour, for whom I believe you have received some remittances from abroad."

"Really," said Mr. Mansfield, smiling again, "you do tax our powers. The case, you must be aware, is a very serious one. Visits from French officers, while a French fleet is cruising off the western coast; and interviews with members of the '82 club—these facts are not easily got over."

"Personal acquaintance," observed Lovell, "is, even in these suspicious times, a distinct thing from political sympathy; and it must be remembered how much M. Latour has lost and suffered for a creed the reverse of revolutionary."

"I shall be most happy, indeed," said the merchant, "if his case can be cleared up."

"To speak plainly," said Lovell, "it *must* be cleared up; he *must* be liberated."

"*Must* is rather a strong phrase," replied the other, "for the powers that be. The bright eyes of French ladies cannot open prison doors, as they unlock the hearts of romantic young gentlemen."

"I shall be very candid with you," retorted Lovell, warmed a little by the sarcasm, "Mr. Fitzgerald is now the holder of your bond for three thousand pounds. It may, perhaps, be more convenient for you to effect the liberation of M. Latour, than to have that sum withdrawn from your capital. We know that a word from you would set him free."

"You are pleased to say so," was the dubious reply.

"Then, sir," said Lovell, "we clearly understand each other; and you will be good enough to have justice done, even at the last hour."

"A few days more of anxiety, and hope, and despair, went by, and an order was issued for the liberation of M. Latour; but his presentiment was true. When the storm beats upon a young man, he can bend to the earth while it rages; and rise refreshed and elastic, when its fury is spent, for another grapple with the world; but the old are the dry leaves, that quiver a moment in the blast, and sink rustling into the damp earth. Before the order arrived, the slow-wasting torture of suspense, and the dread of the bewildering entanglements of law, had set the prisoner free. But the bereaved exiles, whom he left behind, clung only the more closely to their faithful friends; and when the greenness of their sorrow passed away—as soon as the light shone again in their eyes, and the sunny smile returned to their lips, the pledges given in happier times were faithfully redeemed."

"I don't know," said the old gentleman, in conclusion, "if you all believe the story; but I give it as I heard it from themselves."

## "J. Ferraby."

BY ANDREW HALLIDAY.

MR. JOSHIAH SPOONBY lived in a genteel villa, in a genteel terrace with a floricultural name, in the genteel regions of St. John's Wood. But why do I waste adjectives? Does not gentility pervade St. John's Wood like an essence, and cover it like a mantle? Mr. Josiah Spoonby was, and I trust continues, chief clerk—report, in his own immediate neighbourhood, assigned him a partnership—in a mercantile house in the city. But if the house in the city was not a partnership affair, the house in St. John's Wood most assuredly was, and Mr. Spoonby was not the chief partner. Mrs. Spoonby was that person.—Mrs. Spoonby, a woman, as she herself loved to say, of presence, of strength of mind, formed to command; qualities which she continually brought into play by ordering Josiah about, and dictating to him in everything. My own private opinion is, that the only really happy moments of Josiah's life were those which he spent between nine a.m. and five p.m., the daily period of his absence from home. His highest point of felicity was probably reached when he found himself on the box seat of the omnibus going into the city, with a cigar in his month. He did not smoke coming home, though he was very partial to a cigar—why, it will not perhaps be necessary to explain.

The moral features of Mr. and Mrs. Spoonby, as thus set forth, may be taken as an index to their physical features. Mr. Spoonby was a little, restless, apologetic sort of a man, who constantly seemed to say—"I am exceedingly sorry, I beg your pardon; pray, pray, don't use any violence towards me." Mrs. Spoonby, on the other hand, was a large person, inclined, decidedly inclined, to be stout; whose whole manner seemed to say, "Now then, where are you shoving to? mind I don't hit you." But there was another partner in the firm. That was Miss Spoonby. I am not very sure whether I ought to reckon her as the second partner, or as the junior partner. Perhaps she was a little of both. When she wanted a new dress, or a little pocket money, she sank for the nonce to the junior grade; but when all right in these respects, she would abdicate the high stool of the outer office of importance for the leather stuffed chair of the private room. There, seated in independent dignity, she would say, "Don't be stupid, 'pa,'" as if 'pa' were only the junior partner, or the chief clerk come in for instructions. I have seen both Mrs. Spoonby and Miss Spoonby look out of the window, of a morning, after Mr. Spoonby, as he trotted off to catch the omnibus, and I have read the expression on their countenances thus:—"Well, really, he is a very ridiculous little man." But these trottings to catch omnibuses of a morning brought in something like five hundred per annum, and five hundred per annum brought silk dresses and imitation Indian shawls, a box at the Opera now and then, occasional evening parties, visits to flower shows, comfortable tea drinkings, and other pleasant things; and all these, together, reconciled Mrs. Spoonby and her daughter to the otherwise hard decrees of fate. But I have not described Miss Spoonby. She was nearly thirty; improbably slim in the waist; and had hit prematurely upon the fashion of dragging her front hair back until her eyes were in an unnatural state of openness. If I add that she played draughts and beat everybody who entered the lists with her, and would never join in a hand at whist for less than sixpenny points, perhaps I shall have said enough for the purpose of this brief chronicle.

The Spoonby villa, I should state, was semi-detached,—as, indeed, were nearly all the villas in the terrace. But there was one house adjoining the Spoonby villa which was not semi-detached. It was a larger and more imposing-looking edifice than the others; it stood in more extensive grounds; had a coach-house and stables, and a carriage drive in front; and, instead of being called a villa, like the rest, it broke rank, and stood back in its own self-contained grounds, proclaiming itself a "House." This pretentious "House," under the various designations of the "Grange," the "Priory," and so forth, will be found to be a prevailing feature of the streetological arrangements of St. John's Wood. It holds, among the humble villas of its genteel ilk, the position which the "Hall," or the "Castle," holds in the country; and, like the Hall and the Castle, it is occupied, or is supposed to be occupied, by the highest quality in the immediate neighbourhood. The House in question had been occupied by a succession of nobles, who had all made more or less of a sensation during their residence in it. But it seemed to be the fate of most of the nobles who took up their abode at Acacia House, to dawn upon the terrace with the brilliancy of a rocket going up, but to finish their career in the ineffective manner of a rocket coming down. At the period of which I am writing, Acacia House had just been taken by a new tenant. The Spoonbys had narrowly watched the unloading of the furniture, and the profusion and richness of the various articles of use, comfort, and refinement, which, for nearly a whole week, continued to be deposited at the gates, inspired them beforehand with a highly favourable impression of the new tenant. They were not disappointed when they came to see him. About a week after the furniture had been all arranged, and new gravel laid down on the carriage drive before the door, the new tenant drove up in a handsome barouche and pair, with a livery servant behind. It was Mrs. Spoonby's opinion, and Miss Spoonby's opinion, and, I need not add, Mr. Spoonby's opinion, that the new tenant was a very handsome and aristocratic-looking man. He was six feet in his boots. He had black whiskers, and a splendid pair of moustachios tapering off in curls at the points. He had curly black hair, which seemed to part naturally down the middle and down the back. He dressed in the top of the fashion; and, as Miss Spoonby, with a keen perception of the evidences of a superior nature, observed,—“You could tell he was a gentleman by his gloves and his boots,”—which, I need not say, fitted him to a nicety not to be surpassed. There was one circumstance which Mrs. Spoonby did not fail to note, and Miss Spoonby did not fail to note, and Mr. Spoonby was soon made to note, and that was, that their new neighbour appeared to be a bachelor. No lady had been seen as yet; and the presumption that no lady was at present a partner in the tenancy of Acacia House, was strengthened to a point of confidence by the daily outgoings and incomings of an elderly female of a medium degree of respectability, who appeared to be his housekeeper; or who, imagining her to occupy any higher station, could be, at worst, but his mother,—an idea which her patters and her bonnet equally forbade.

The new tenant had no sooner settled in Acacia House than he began to see a great deal of company, and apparently to enjoy himself very much. He gave dinners to his male friends, concerts and balls to friends of both sexes; and scarcely a night passed for six months that the windows of Acacia House were not blazing with light, or an early morn that the slumbers of the humble villa-gers were not broken by the vocal ebullitions of the departing guests. During this period, the doings at Acacia House had been watched with envious longings by Mrs. Spoonby, and, it is needless to say, by Miss Spoonby. Mr. Spoonby, I am bound to say, had not been an indifferent spectator of the goings on; but his aspirations had never taken a higher flight than, on the occasions of the dinner parties, wishing, in a

feeble sort of way, he were one of those jolly fellows enjoying his wine and his cigar without being watched, like a mouse by a cat, as he was at home. But the wife of his bosom had deeper motives, and it was not long before she endeavoured to make Josiah comprehend them.

"Spoonby," she said, one night, digging her elbow, with an unpleasant amount of foregone spite and impatience, into her husband's ribs—"Why don't you make his acquaintance?"

"Whose acquaintance?" said Spoonby,

"Why, our neighbour's. You know who I mean."

"Acacia House!" inquired Josiah.

"Yes, Acacia House," replied his spouse; "he's rich, he's a bachelor, and you've a daughter."

"Well; what would you suggest, my dear!"

"Suggest, Mr. Spoonby! I would suggest that you made the gentleman's acquaintance. Nod to him when you meet him; say 'it's a fine day,' and that sort of thing. If you had any tact about you, your own sense would teach you what to do."

"Very well, my dear," said Mr. Spoonby, "I'll think about it."

Mr. Spoonby did think about it very elaborately. He lay awake that night long after his amiable spouse had gone to rest, and while she indulged in brilliant dreams of the handsome neighbour standing at the altar of St. George's, Hanover Square, with Maria Spoonby in a white Honiton lace dress, presented to her by the bridegroom's aunt, an elderly lady in amber satin, with a yellow chariot waiting for her at the church door—Mr. Spoonby, I say, while this brilliant vision flitted before the mind's eye of his slumbering wife, lay awake excogitating devices.

At length, after devising and rejecting a number of schemes in succession, Mr. Spoonby hit upon a little plot, which he flattered himself would serve the proposed object admirably. Mr. Spoonby was so elated by this notion, that he impulsively, and without due consideration, gave the wife of his bosom a nudge, dispelling in a moment the bright dream in which she was revelling. In the excitement of the moment, Mr. Spoonby had given his better half a much sharper nudge than in a calmer mood he would have judged prudent, and taking alarm at the temerity of the act, he suddenly began snoring, pretending to be asleep.

"Mr. Spoonby!" said his wife in sharp vengeful tones.

Mr. Spoonby snores louder, and mutters, as if very deep indeed in dreams.

"Humph!" exclaims the wife of his bosom.

"Flower pots," mutters Spoonby. Whereupon Mrs. Spoonby gives him a shake, in the idea that his supper has disagreed with him, and he is suffering from nightmare. But Mr. Spoonby keeps his own counsel, and shams sleep until he sleeps in reality.

Mr. Spoonby babbled of flower pots. There was method in Mr. Spoonby's madness. Flower pots were the key of his grand idea; his grand device for making the acquaintance of his neighbour. Mr. Spoonby's back garden was separated from the garden of Acacia House by a brick wall. It was not a very high wall. It was just high enough to admit of Mr. Spoonby putting his empty flower pots on the top of it. Mr. Spoonby's grand scheme was to busy himself in arranging his flower pots, and while doing so to knock one over into his neighbour's garden.

"Don't you see, my dear!" said Mr. Spoonby to his spouse at breakfast. Mrs. Spoonby did not see exactly. Miss Spoonby said, "Pa had always such odd notions; why go and break a flower pot! it was sure to break, and it might fall into one of their neighbour's flower beds."

"Ah! that's just it," exclaimed Mr. Spoonby, rubbing his hands, "that's what I intend to do. I will write and apologise—he will write in return—

then we shall nod as we meet—by-and-bye we shall be on speaking terms, and then—why, then, my dear, we can ask him to supper.”

Accordingly on his return from the city in the evening, Mr. Spoonby walked out into the garden, intent on the execution of his scheme. In the garden of Acacia House he espied the elderly lady, who was supposed to be the housekeeper, engaged in feeding the parrot. The moment seemed to be highly favourable. Mr. Spoonby began moving the flower pots from one part of the wall to another. Suddenly a pot goes over. It no sooner disappeared from Mr. Spoonby's sight than a crash, as of glass, is heard. The elderly lady utters a scream the parrot echoes, and Mr. Spoonby stands aghast at the unexpected result of his machination. He had simply intended the flower pot to fall into a flower bed, but it was evident that it had fallen into a glass frame. For a few moments Mr. Spoonby stood gazing at the wall, uncertain how to act. The elderly lady, on hearing the crash, had immediately rushed into the house, as if for help, but had not returned. Mr. Spoonby had thus no opportunity of saying anything, apologetic or otherwise, to anybody. But to tell the truth, as his plot had turned out, he was not sorry to escape into the house unchallenged. He immediately sat down and wrote the preconcerted letter of apology.—“Unhappy accident—extreme regret—perfectly willing to make good the damage,” and so forth. Having sealed and directed the letter to “—Ferguson, Esq., Acacia House,” Mr. Spoonby sent the servant to deliver it. After an interval of some hours, during which Mr. Spoonby had suffered the most extreme anxiety of mind, the Spoonby servant brought in a note for her master. Mr. Spoonby seized it, tore open the envelope, and read as follows:—“Acacia House.—My dear Sir, Don't mention it—accidents will happen, you know, in the best regulated families. Come in and smoke a cigar with me, yours, J. Ferraby.”

“J. Ferraby!” exclaimed Mr. Spoonby, looking up at his wife, “Ferraby! You said, my dear, that his name was Ferguson.”

Now Mrs. Spoonby had said that their neighbour's name was Ferguson; but it was one of Mrs. Spoonby's great characteristics never to get hold of anybody's name correctly. If she referred to a Mr. Macdonald, it was as Mr. O'Connor; if to a Mr. Tomlinson, it was as Mr. Thompson, or at best Mr. Tomlins. In the natural course, therefore, Ferraby became Ferguson.

“Ferraby! my dear,” resumed Mr. Spoonby, “I know that name. J. Ferraby; I know that signature. It strikes me our neighbour must be a person of importance, a public character. I can't call to mind, at this moment, how I have become familiar with the name; but it seems to take a place in my mind with John Doe, and Richard Roe, and John Lord Campbell—”

“Oh bother John Lord Campbell,” said Mrs. Spoonby testily, “what does it matter! he invites you to go in; you had better go.”

“Certainly,” said Mr. Spoonby, “I shall go; but I should like to call to mind who our neighbour is.—J. Ferraby,” he repeated, referring again to the note; “look at the loop in the F, Mrs. Spoonby; observe how the upstroke of the J is joined to the top of the F. Does it not strike you that you have seen that signature before?”

Mrs. Spoonby examined the autograph, and presently said that she thought she had seen it on the black-lead packets. Miss Spoonby, however, interposed, and gave it as her opinion that the signature was to be found on the sauce bottles. “Don't you know, ma, it say, *none is genuine without the signature J. Ferraby.*”

“No, my dear, you are wrong,” said the mamma, “it is *none is genuine without the signature of E. Lazenby.*”

“Stop!” cried Mr. Spoonby, who had meantime produced a piece of

paper from his pocket.—“There it is! I told you he was some important person.” The piece of paper which Mr. Spoonby exposed to the gaze of his wife and daughter was a five pound Bank of England note!

“There!” he said triumphantly, “mark the signature—J. Ferraby! compare it with the letter—the very counterpart. Look at the J, and the F, and the e, and r’s, and the a, and the b, and the y! Letter for letter, stroke for stroke, twirligig for twirligig. I thought I could not be mistaken; he is the head man at the Bank of England, the eldest son of the Old Lady in Threadneedle Street—his name is a guarantee for millions! billions!! trillions!!!”—and Mr. Spoonby warmed to such a pitch of enthusiasm on the subject, that he became quite unutterable.

Mrs. Spoonby, though she was not accustomed to give her husband credit for great sagacity, or to think highly of his opinions, was fain, on the present occasion, to be impressed with his discovery. She was playing a game, and of course she could not but be well pleased, as she risked little herself, to find that the stake for which she played was a particularly heavy one. In an ordinary way she would have objected to Joshiah’s going out to drink and smoke, but on the present occasion she smothered her imperious jealousy, and urged him to go. Mr. Spoonby was not loth. He went, and met with a hearty reception from Mr. Ferraby, who at once proclaimed himself a jolly fellow by slapping Spoonby on the back, and rallying him about the flower pot, ere he had hung up his hat in the hall. The richness and splendour of Mr. Ferraby’s dining room might have rather awed Mr. Spoonby, had his host given him time to contemplate the apartment; but he had no sooner motioned him into a chair than he pushed a cigar box towards him, and filled him a bumper of wine.

“Here’s to our better acquaintance, Mr. Spoonby,” said Mr. Ferraby, lifting a glass of sherry to his lips.

“To our better acquaintance!” echoed Spoonby, doing likewise:

“Try a cigar, Mr. Spoonby.”

Mr. Spoonby tried a cigar. He particularly liked to try a cigar.

More wine and more cigars—supper—and wine and cigars again—brandy and water. The pair got very confidential indeed. Mr. Spoonby talked of his wife and daughter, and Mr. Ferraby was pleased to be interested in that subject. Nothing would give him greater pleasure than to make their acquaintance.

“You shall, my dear sir,” said Spoonby, putting the wrong end of his cigar in his mouth—“you shall come and dine with us; you shall be most welcome, sir—and if we cannot do things next door as you do them, Mr. Ferraby—”

“Don’t mention it, my dear sir,” said Mr. Ferraby, “I shall be most happy, I shall be delighted, I—”

“You are very good, Mr. Ferraby, very kind of you to say so; but J. Ferraby, you know, is J. Ferraby. Everybody knows him, and everybody trusts him—he is as safe as the bank, sir, safe as the BANK,” and Mr. Spoonby winked his eye, and poked his host in the ribs.

“Ha, ha!” laughed Mr. Ferraby, admissively, poking Joshiah in the ribs in return. And by this time Joshiah had put on his hat to go home.

“Good night, Mr. Spoonby,” said his entertainer, “and I hope to have the pleasure of calling upon you soon.”

“Good night, my dear sir,” returned Spoonby, “and when you go into the city to-morrow, make my compliments to the Old Lady—the Old Lady in Threadneedle Street, ha! ha!”

“Ha! ha!” laughed Mr. Ferraby, as he closed the door upon his guest.

Mr. Spoonby had scarcely touched his own knocker when the door flew open. Mrs. Spoonby, with her hair in curl papers, had been impatiently

awaiting his return, and had rushed to the door the moment she heard him open the gate.

"You are very late, Mr. Spoonby."

Mr. Spoonby answered with a hiccough.

"You are—" and Mrs. Spoonby pulled him in and shut the door—"intoxicated, Mr. Spoonby."

Anxious as Mrs. Spoonby was to hear all the news, she could get little out of her husband that night, beyond the assurance that it was "all right," and that their neighbour was J. Ferraby and no mistake. Next morning, however, Mr. Spoonby was more lucid in his observations, and Mrs. Spoonby was not a little excited by his glowing description of Mr. Ferraby's dining room, Mr. Ferraby's jovial hospitality, and Mr. Ferraby himself, whom Mr. Spoonby declared to be the most jolly fellow, and yet the most perfect gentleman, he had ever met.

It was not long before Mrs. Spoonby had an opportunity of judging of the handsome neighbour for herself. Mr. Ferraby called one morning, partook of cake and wine, and made himself very agreeable to the ladies. On his return that evening from the city, Mr. Spoonby found the wife of his bosom, and the daughter of his love, in a fever of delightful excitement. Mr. Ferraby had called—he was a most agreeable man—a perfect gentleman; so engaging in his manners—and so aristocratic in his bearing. And he had invited them all to a musical soirée on the following evening.

That soirée was the means of establishing a close intimacy between the house of Spoonby and the house of Ferraby. Mr. Ferraby went to the house of Spoonby and took supper and luncheon without ceremony; and the Spoonbys were not without invitation to return the compliment. Mr. Ferraby gave excellent dinners, agreeable musical parties, and the most delightful *soirées dansantes*—that was what Miss Spoonby called them—and the Spoonbys were invited frequently. After a lapse of time, Mr. Ferraby began to pay marked attention to Miss Spoonby; and Mrs. Spoonby flattered herself that the desire of her heart was in a fair way of being fulfilled; and this hope was reduced to a certainty when Maria informed her that Mr. Ferraby had asked her, at a picnic on Hampstead Heath, while he was in the act of helping her to the liver wing of a fowl, which she liked best, the name of Ferraby or the name of Spoonby!

"And what did Maria answer?" asked Mr. Spoonby, when informed of this.

"Maria made a very sensible answer," said Mrs. Spoonby. "She said she thought 'Ferraby' by far prettier than Spoonby."

In consequence of this portentous *tête-à-tête* between the handsome neighbour and the sole daughter of the house of Spoonby, the heads of the latter resolved to give a grand evening party, and, of course, to invite Mr. Ferraby. Luckily, Mr. Spoonby had just drawn his quarter's salary, and Mrs. Spoonby flattered herself that she would be able to do the thing in style. The arrangements were made accordingly, Mrs. Spoonby taking care to couple the guests neatly; that is to say, to invite no ladies who had not husbands, or who were not "engaged." The eventful Friday at length arrived, and the Spoonbys were up by break of day, making the necessary preparations. About eight o'clock, while Mr. Spoonby was standing on a pair of steps, nailing up some festoons, a sharp double knock came to the door. Mrs. Spoonby, who was hanging up tacks to her husband, rushed to the window, and immediately exclaimed—"a curriole at the gate—it must be Mr. Ferraby." Mr. Ferraby it was.

"Ah, good morning Mrs. Spoonby; I hope you are well, and I hope Miss Spoonby is well this morning, madam. I trust she did not catch cold yesterday at the flower show."

"Thank you, Mr. Ferraby, she is very well," said Mrs. Spoonby.

"And permit me to hope that you did not catch cold, Mrs. Spoonby."

"You are very kind, sir, not the least; the head of your curricie is so very comfortable."

"Ha, Spoonby!" exclaimed Mr. Ferraby, holding out his hand to that gentleman as he appeared on the scene,—"I hope you are well this morning." Mr. Spoonby was quite well, and, he could have added, in high spirits, for he liked parties.

"I am afraid this is rather an early visit," said Mr. Ferraby; "but the fact is, my dear Spoonby, I am going down to Barnet to buy a little estate there—lovely house and grounds, Mrs. Spoonby,—and I have come, my dear sir, to ask you to do me a favour."

Mr. Spoonby would only be too happy to do anything in his power. Mrs. Spoonby was sure he would.

Mr. Ferraby bowed, and continued,—"Well, the fact is, I am going to complete the purchase of this estate—excellent shooting and fishing, Mr. Spoonby—and I am short of a hundred pounds. The price is a thousand; but by some inadvertence I only brought nine hundred from the city yesterday; and as I have to be at Barnet by eleven, I have no time to go to the bank; so, Mr. Spoonby, if you would oblige me with the loan of fifty, I know a friend on the road who can oblige me with the rest." And Mr. Ferraby, while thus explaining himself, thumbed over a handful of crisp notes.

"My dear sir," said Mr. Spoonby, "I am delighted that I should be in a position to accommodate you. You need not trust to your friend on the way, I can lend you the hundred, and with the greatest pleasure in the world, my dear sir."

While Mr. Spoonby went to fetch the money, Mr. Ferraby dilated to Mrs. Spoonby on the beauties of the estate at Barnet—lovely Elizabethan house, old-fashioned gables, beautiful lawn, fish pond, dairy, poultry yard, and productive kitchen garden; and, by-the-bye," he added, "on the lawn are two of those weeping ash trees of which Miss Spoonby is so fond."

"Here you are!" exclaimed Josiah, bursting into the room—"four twenties, one ten, and two fives, all real J. Ferrabys and no mistake, ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Ferraby, taking the notes and rolling them up with the others, "many thanks, my dear sir, I will faithfully repay you to-morrow when I return from the city. Meantime I have not a moment to lose, as I must be at Barnet by eleven, and home again by six at the latest, to prepare, my dear Mrs. Spoonby, for your delightful party—I am sure it will be a delightful one, and I anticipate a very pleasant evening in your delightful society, and in the delightful society of your daughter. Many thanks, my dear sir, and good morning.—Oh, by-the-bye, Spoonby, had I not better give you an I O U?"

"My dear sir, don't mention it," protested Spoonby, "an I O U is needless from J. Ferraby, ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha! very good," said Mr. Ferraby, as he cut the prancing greys over the back, and dashed off.

When Mr. Spoonby returned to the drawing room, he found Mrs. Spoonby gazing abstractedly out of the window.

"My dear," said Spoonby, "what are you looking—what are you thinking about?"

"I was thinking," returned the lady, "that, perhaps—at least I was remarking how convenient Mr. Ferguson's—I mean Ferraby's—curricie is, on account of that double seat behind."

"Oh," said Mr. Spoonby, going on with his nailing.

Mr. Spoonby returned from the city early that day to decant the wine



and make other necessary arrangements. By nine o'clock the wax candles were all alight, and Mr. Spoonby, in a dress coat two or three fashions out of date, a very short waistcoat, and a thumby-looking pair of white kid gloves, stood with his back to the chimney-piece, awaiting the arrival of his guests. He was presently joined by Miss Spoonby, in white muslin, looped up with red roses—Mr. Ferraby admired white muslin looped up with red roses—her hair more taut and her eyes more open than ever; and, at length, the Simpkinses were announced by Mrs. Spoonby, in yellow satin and a turban. After the Simpkinses came the Cooksleys.—Mrs. Cooksley, a prematurely stout young lady, who had the reputation, in the evening party circles of St. John's Wood, of being, in a vocal point of view, quite equal to Alboni; Mr. and Mrs. Snobson with a roll of music—Mr. Snobson also a party in great repute as a vocalist—a pupil of Tamburini, and universally pronounced not inferior to his master; Mr. and Mrs. Goochy and Mr. Thomas Goochy—Mr. and Mrs. Goochy nothing particular, but Mr. Thomas Goochy great in the "Man who could'nt get warm," after supper; the Wilkinsons, Mr., and Mrs., and Miss. Miss engaged to Mr. Sparkington, of Somerset House, who followed immediately in their wake, with an astonishing area of linen showing, a gold lace cord on his waistcoat, which, as he is going to be married in a month, he is making the most of while he can; others too numerous to mention. And here is Mr. Spoonby, bowing, and smiling, and shaking hands with them all; and there is Mrs. Spoonby, conscious of the dignity of her turban, behaving in a gracious, but queenly manner; and here is Miss Spoonby, kissing the lady guests with an impressive girlishness quite delightful to behold.

Mr. Spoonby imparts confidentially to all the male guests in succession, that he expects a great city man, his next door neighbour, in fact, Mr. Ferraby, of the Bank of England, whom they all know of course by repute. Mr. Goochy, junior, who is an acknowledged funny man, says "of course they do, and respect him too. Does Mr. Spoonby think that Mr. Ferraby is likely to favour the company all round with his autograph on one of those nice crisp pieces of paper which they print at the bank?" Mr. Goochy, junior, then suggests to Miss Spoonby, what a clever thing it would be to get Mr. Ferraby to write his name in her album, at the bottom of a page, so that she could fill in an I O U for a million over it.

But meantime Mr. Ferraby does not come, and Mr. Spoonby is becoming anxious. He consults his watch and finds the hour eleven. What can have become of Mr. Ferraby? Mrs. Spoonby takes Joshiah aside to ask that question, with evident symptoms of uneasiness. Miss Spoonby joins in the anxious inquiry. Mr. Spoonby can only answer that he is afraid he has been detained, but that he hopes he will make his appearance presently. A set of quadrilles, and Figaro's song, by Mr. Snobson, over, and still no Mr. Ferraby. Mr. Spoonby, urged by his wife and daughter, who in their increasing anxiety are beginning to neglect the guests, goes next door to make inquiries. Mr. Ferraby has not yet returned. During the next hour, Mr. Spoonby is continually running out to the gate to listen for the sound of wheels. Mrs. Spoonby and her daughter sit by the window listening for wheels also, when they ought to be listening to Snobson Tamburini, or Cooksley Alboni. Mr. Spoonby comes in very pale and very agitated from a long spell of listening on the door step, and informs his wife that he fears something is wrong. Miss Spoonby overhears this, and immediately assumes the responsibility of going off in a faint. The music and the dancing come to a sudden stop, and the guests gather round the prostrate form of Miss Spoonby with faces full of alarm and inquiry. Miss Spoonby resists being brought to, and has to be carried to her room, at which point Mrs. Spoonby is affected with violent hysterics. Poor Joshiah rushes about like one dis-

tracted, and the guests begin to gather, from his incoherent talk, a vague notion of the state of affairs. Mrs. Spoonby, after aal volatile and bready, comes to, and is able to preside at supper; but the continued absence of Miss Spoonby, and the visible agitation of the host and hostess, combine to throw a damp over the whole company, and as soon as supper is over, the guests drop off one by one.

At two o'clock in the morning Mr. and Mrs. Spoonby found themselves alone in the drawing room, the half consumed wax lights still burning brightly. Mr. Spoonby stood at the chimney-piece with his head resting on his hand, trembling like a leaf. His wife sat glaring at him ominously. She said nothing then, but Joshiah knew that she thought the more. Suddenly the sound of wheels broke upon their ears. Both, by one impulse, ran to the window, and the next minute, Miss Spoonby, who had also heard the wheels and immediately rushed down stairs, was looking over their shoulders. It was not a curricie: it was a cab, but it stopped at the gate of Acacia House. Mr. Spoonby immediately rushed out to see if it was Mr. Ferraby who had arrived, leaving his wife and daughter to imagine that the curricie had been upset, and that the cab contained Mr. Ferraby's mangled body; but Mrs. Spoonby and her daughter were soon at the gate of Acacia House, to see and learn for themselves. The cab had not brought Mr. Ferraby; but a couple of police officers, who were now in the act of ringing and hammering at the gate of Acacia House. The Spoonbys soon learned the sad truth. The officers, with whom was a gentleman in plain clothes, were in search of Mr. Ferraby, for whose apprehension a warrant had that day been issued, the charge being the embezzlement of several large sums of money, the property of the Royal Brummagem Bank, of which he had been manager and secretary. Mr. Spoonby, on hearing this, would have torn his hair, had not his wife instantly performed that office for him. The officers of justice had come there to apprehend a swindler; but failing to find that party, their mission, as protectors of the public, was eventually fulfilled in rescuing Mr. Spoonby from his wife's vengeful grasp; and, subsequently, in finding in the road, a bundle of something white and red, which proved on examination to be Miss Spoonby in a state of swoon. The apprehension of Mr. Ferraby, at Boulogne, his trial and conviction, together with the whole history of the infamous Brummagem Bank swindle, are of such recent notoriety, that it is needless to recapitulate the story. The affair was a serious blow to many hundred families, but it bore upon no one with greater hardship than upon poor Joshiah Spoonby, who, in addition to the loss of his hundred pounds, had to sustain the taunts and reproaches of his wife, long after the loss of the money ceased to be felt.

Let the misfortunes of the Spoonby family be a warning to the public to look well to the signature of "J. FERRABY."

### "Supposing."

Suppose, that I had garnered wealth;  
 Suppose that I had youth and health;  
 And all things fair to view;  
 Suppose, enwrapped in selfish ease;  
 Suppose, none but myself to please;  
 Suppose, no ills of life to tease—  
 Each day, with fervour new,  
 I headed Pleasure's crew?

Suppose, hands full of glutton gold;  
Suppose that Beauty's bought and sold;  
And Friendship's but a name;  
Suppose, supported by cold pride,  
I turn men's envious looks aside,  
And float down with the smiling tide,—  
Naught the hot blood to tame,  
And Life burn with bright flame?

Suppose, my riches paved the way  
To pomp, and show, and gay display,  
Maybe buy honours too;  
Suppose, fair scenes all travell'd o'er,  
And Learning added to my store,  
With time still adding more and more:  
But life nigh journeyed through,  
And Nature's debt near due?

Suppose, that fullness filled my cup—  
Desire grown dull—joys dried up—  
And I stood *then* alone;  
Suppose, that Love is yet unbought,  
And Friendship must be truly sought,  
And honest Fame be earned, not caught  
What then would wealth atone,  
When I such truth must own?

Suppose, that in world's feverish glare,  
With all its hollow, gilded care,  
I'd played my selfish part;  
Suppose, I reaped as I had sown;  
Suppose, all kindred ties outgrown;  
Suppose, then yearning for a home,—  
How solace then impart—  
To ease my cheated heart?

Suppose that old, and worn, and proud,  
Spurned by as I had spurned the crowd,  
And all then stood aloof.  
But my lone self then wanting aid,  
Of the dread Future doubt-dismayed,  
And of that thing, myself, afraid:  
O Wealth! of what behoof  
To make me armour-proof?

No; thou must sow if thou wouldst reap,  
For pearls must dive the farthest deep!  
For Life's real treasure-trove  
Of loving hearts, with wealth untold,  
Of kindred minds that ne'er grow cold,  
Is bought—returning hundredfold,  
By sacrifice of self  
And gauds of pomp and pelf.

HOPK WINGOLD.

## How I united Love to Business.

BY EDWARD MOGRIDGE.

AFTER a long scolding, my uncle agreed to give me one more chance, stipulating that I should remain at Birmingham, where he would set me up in a new business with a young partner, whom I had requested some mutual friends privately to recommend to him. Not that my acquaintance with the merchant amounted to much; but I was pretty sure it was a little money he required, and, possessing that, little probability existed of his desiring more attention to hardware than was compatible with my idle habits.

"Now, John," concluded my uncle, "I shall expect you to stay at work and regain your character. No starting off backward and forward to London, after you have paid one more visit; and, especially, no trips to Derby, on any consideration whatever. You must give up that girl, Angelina, entirely."

What could I do but remain silent!—out of cash, and out of luck, possessing an intense hatred to business of every kind, and with a strong determination never to give up Angelina.

"You must write to me at St. John's Wood, at least twice a-week, John, and say how things are going on. There is no more time for conversation. You can look into matters, and come up by the express, to-morrow, to pay your parting visits."

I was only nineteen—Angelina was eighteen. She had been on a visit to St. John's wood, near my uncle's house; and, of course, I fell desperately in love with the little precocious coquette. But my uncle was a rich East India merchant, and Angelina was only the daughter of a little grocer, at Derby.

Of course my uncle, who regarded the doings of little tradespeople with sovereign contempt, was quite unaware that Angelina and myself were regularly engaged. He had resolved to banish me from London immediately upon discovering where my morning calls were made, and with what companion I frequented the parks; but it was not until he had concluded the negotiations for the Birmingham business, that he discovered the usual residence of my inamorata to be Derby. Still that place was two hours away by the rail, to speak in common parlance; and by enjoining strict attention to trade, letters twice a week, and allowing pocket money only on the homœopathic principle, my respected relative considered himself likely to out-general any manœuvres on my part, for enjoying much more of the society of that charming demoiselle who had occasioned him so much uneasiness.

"Love will find out a way," says the old song; and of course I set my wits to work to discover some method of residing in reality at Derby, and proving myself to be always in Birmingham.

Before the express started next day, I carefully directed a few envelopes to my uncle at St. John's Wood, and posted them, taking care to be up early the next morning, and to receive the letters myself from the London postman, in which way I secured the means of enclosing some few letters from any part of the kingdom, which should still bear the Birmingham post mark; and I did not profess to be accountable for the alterations of the dates, or say who might imprint another and a wrong stamp thereon, such

as Derby for instance. The adhesive envelopes, lightly stuck together, I had only to open, enclose any letter, and seal them when there was occasion to despatch them.

As for my partner in Birmingham, of course I led him to expect that my stay in London would be one of some weeks ; but after making my adieux in a very hasty and witty manner, if brevity be the soul of wit, and speaking much of my anxiety to commence the new undertaking in the hardware line, I met the charming but too faithless Angelina, by appointment, at Euston Square ; and ignoring Warwickshire as much as possible, very pleasantly conveyed her down to Derby. By elaborate calculation, the fact was ascertained that the state of my exchequer would allow, by great economy, of a residence in that place for some time.

After despatching, in due course, some of my precious envelopes, with fictitious reports of business and other matters, I began to be anxious about the replies, which my uncle might possibly take it into his head to send, though he was very chary of his manuscripts generally. How to obtain these was for a moment a matter of difficulty ; for Birmingham being a strange place to me, I knew no one therein in whom I could put confidence. It was also quite as well my partner should be in the dark ; and since my residence, when at business, was to be at his house, I had not the advantage of instructing my landlady to forward any correspondence.

The only plan that then suggested itself, and which was at once acted upon, was to write a note dated St. John's Wood, some two days in advance, mentioning that I was gradually getting through my farewell list, and in a few weeks intended to come to Birmingham, via Derby, at which latter place I had some business ; and since it was arranged that letters for me should be sent to my Birmingham address, it would be as well, when they arrived, to re-post them to wait my arrival at the former place. This elaborate piece of composition I directed to my partner, and sent it in another envelope to the general post office, London, in order that it might be forwarded from thence, and bear the proper stamp. This seemed to succeed admirably ; for in a few days I received two letters from my uncle, the first replying to my remarks upon business, and the last asking some questions, which I was just in time to answer, without incurring suspicion from neglect.

A new source of uneasiness, however, presented itself. My envelopes were all gone, and I was less inclined than ever to tear myself away from the fair one. Oh ! Angelina, what inventions thou hast driven me to !

The next letter which it was absolutely necessary to send, I gave to the guard of one of the Birmingham trains, with a sixpence, enjoining him to post it when he arrived ; but on my repeating the request, he refused, with a suspicious look. I waited till his train had gone, and another was ready for the journey ; but the second guard was less likely to accede to my wishes than the first, being a much rougher and less mannerly customer, and also one with whom, on my journey down, some unpleasantness had occurred, in consequence of my smoking. What was I to do ! In five minutes the carriages would start. My letter must be despatched that afternoon. There was no time for thought ; and almost at my wit's end, I entered a first class carriage, and carefully laid my note, properly directed, sealed, and stamped, on the farthest seat, in one corner, so that it might have the air of being left in mistake. When the train started, owing somewhat to my officiousness in going in and out, this particular carriage was empty, which greatly rejoiced me, for the probabilities were that my missive would not be discovered till the usual search of all the train took place at Birmingham, and there, of course, the railway authorities could only send on the letter to the post-office with their own.

The next enclosure from London, via Birmingham, brought a note which my uncle had received for me. It was a friendly letter from my partner, stating that he trusted I was enjoying myself, (at which Angelina and I laughed heartily.) Of course, my partner had addressed to me at St. John's Wood; and, among other things, he mentioned that my correspondence should be sent as desired to wait my arrival at Derby; but that my few lines, making this request, had been received from London, with a notification from the post-office authorities endorsed on the outside, the purport of which he could not understand; but it looked like "received from Derby on the 16th, and reposted to Birmingham the same day."

I am afraid, on reading this, that I devoted the postal magnates to martyrdom, in thought at least; but a little reflection reassured me. No suspicion of the real state of the case seemed to have dawned upon my partner's mind, and the knowledge that it was not safe to trust to this method of forwarding notes was very important; while to balance the matter, some information in my Birmingham letter respecting business served admirably as the basis of a despatch, which was at once written and made-up for my uncle, the date being innocently omitted altogether, in consequence of the uncertainty of the communication. How to get this delivered was for some time a poser; nay, it was not until an hour in the grocer's little back parlour, and the enjoyment of some of his choicest sweets had strengthened my imagination, that any course of action was decided upon.

At last I wrote to the authorities at the Great Western Railway Company, Birmingham, requesting, in the most polite manner possible, that the station master would be kind enough to take charge of the enclosed letter for Mr. Crabbs, a particular friend of mine, (was he not my uncle!) who had left on important business, without some necessary papers; he could not be communicated with in the ordinary manner, (there was some truth in my letter after all!) since it was not known at what hotel he would put up, and this also made the telegraph of no avail. The only chance of catching him, therefore, was for the station master, so far to oblige his unknown correspondent, as to expose the letter at the window of his first class booking office, since Mr. Crabbs, who had evinced a very proper and becoming horror of narrow gauges in general, and the North-Western Railway in particular, would doubtless look to London from the Great Western station, and might observe the letter waiting there addressed to himself. My urgent letter was concluded by a request, that if no Mr. Crabbs claimed the despatch in twenty-four hours, it should be quietly posted, in the ordinary course, to his address in London, as thereon inscribed. After this brilliant achievement, I went with Angelina, and a fat old aunt of hers, to an equestrian performance, and spent the evening without anxiety as to the result.

Hitherto I did not consider the "course of true love" had ran particularly "smooth," but, compared with the mischances that followed, my previous experiences had all been plain sailing. A greater danger than was anticipated by my too credulous self appeared the next morning, in the shape of a stalwart young farmer, who made a call in the most free and easy way possible, just as I had persuaded my inamorate to sink the shop for the time, and accompany me for a long walk. Her reception of "Mangold," as she called him, was by no means reassuring, until I heard my fair one's father eagerly inquiring after Mrs. Würtsel, and all the little Würtzels; and a blissful hope shot across my mind that this apparently formidable rival might turn out, after all, a very ineffectual, harmless, married man. Alas, my returning courage was shaken by the discovery that Mangold was a scion of the house of Würtsel, his father

being a farmer very well to do, who resided at six miles distance, in the country. As for Mrs. Würtzel and the little Würtzels, they were undeniably Mangold's mother, and brothers, and sisters.

The young farmer, it appeared, had not been previously aware of Angelina's return from London. He learned it, on the evening we spent at the circus, from his father, when he returned from the Derby market. It was too soon very apparent that my pleasure must be subservient to that of my rival, who drove over on every possible opportunity, and sadly interfered with my plans. He had been a former lover of Angelina's. The little coquette delighted in playing us off, one against the other; but her artifices were so transparent that I could not disguise from myself the fact that it was only pride at having made a London conquest so rapidly, and so thoroughly entangled him in the meshes; pride, and perhaps the convenience of having two strings to her bow, which induced her to allow me to retain any portion of her favours or good graces. This position became daily more untenable. The false one's father and mother were vulgar speculating people; and when they became aware that my exchequer was low, and my future prospects involved in doubt, they went over without remorse to the enemy's side, spoke disparagingly of me to young Würtzel, and marvelled in Angelina's hearing how she could encourage an idle, penniless fellow, who had no means of providing even for himself.

And this was the girl for whom I had risked so much—to enjoy whose society so many stratagems were needed. Many times did I resolve to quarrel with her and leave for Birmingham, while there was still a chance of reinstating myself; but at the slightest renewal of kindness, a few gentle words and appealing looks, all my determination vanished. She played with me, as men sometimes do with their dogs, caressing and kicking by turns.

So time went on. To prevent the chance of difficulties, I always avoided dating my letters to my esteemed uncle; and even then it was occasionally necessary to give a long explanation of some detentions in the post-office, which he hinted at.

It was often a source of great regret to me that, in passing through Birmingham, en route for London, I had not made friends with some one there who would undertake to forward letters for me; but one could not foresee everything—and while there, no time for thought had been allowed me. I drew up a guarded advertisement for such an agent, but found that the expense of putting it in the papers would at this time much inconvenience me; and, as for taking the rail to Birmingham occasionally to post my letters myself and find an agent, I was unable to afford it on any single occasion.

I sent some of my letters to different hotels in Birmingham, stamped and enclosed in separate sheets, in which I requested the proprietor to post such letters, if Mr. Crabbs, who intended to put up at their establishment, did not arrive to claim them within from one to two days. It will readily be surmised, that I carefully omitted from my list the "Hen and Chickens," where my uncle was in the habit of stopping.

Having exhausted these artifices, and the faithless Angelina becoming every day colder and more exigent, my imagination and spirits began to flag. I was reduced to clumsy devices which I am ashamed to mention, such as the following one.

The grocer had occasion to write to a friend of his in Birmingham. I eagerly offered to post his letter, and attached to it, at the back, with a little gum, my own note for my uncle Crabbs, arranging it in such a way, face downwards, that while on the road it might have the appearance of a single missive, and when the owner came to open it he might suppose that two

My application to my uncle for money had met with no response ; but one Wednesday morning, to my consternation, arrived a short note from Mr. Crabbs, dated the previous Monday evening, enjoining me to write to him on receipt, giving the present price of best Staffordshire bars, as he understood iron had risen, and was just concluding arrangements for a large contract. This important letter ought, of course, to have been replied to at latest the evening before. I had just come to my last shilling, and was deeply in debt to my landlady. What was to be done ! After a few moments' consideration I actually borrowed a sovereign from my rival, consoling myself with the reflection that it was probably the only revenge I should ever be able to take ; and proceeding to the electric telegraph office sent the following message, "per wire," after some altercation with the officials, who could not comprehend my object for such a round about method of sending intelligence.

**"Send a message immediately exactly as follows :—**

"Delayed replying to yours on Monday, till price fixed to-day. Best Staffordshire bars  
£—delivered free on board in London."

Since I had not the most distant idea of the price of iron, and deemed it inadvisable to put a fictitious value upon my dispatch, it was necessary to arrange for the telegraph people to fill in the blank on receiving the message in Birmingham; and what with that, and the double message, I returned to my lodgings with a small portion only of the sovereign remaining. The reader will perceive that I by no means met care half way, or troubled my brain too much about future contingencies. Under the circumstances it would hardly have done to encourage such a disposition. The next morning, soon after eleven, a great resolve rose in my bosom "to go in and win," if it were possible, as I poetically phrased it; and after a rather slender fortification of breakfast, owing to the increasing mistrust of my landlady, I was preparing for a decisive interview with the perfidious Angelina, when a furious cab drove up from the railway, a carpet bag was thrown excitedly out of the window, an elderly gentleman followed, and commenced a tantarara on the knocker more readily imagined than described. Horror of horrors, my esteemed relative had discovered my retreat!

Disguising my fear as far as possible, under a most inane smile, I hastened to meet him ; and was proceeding to cover my confusion under a series of commonplaces, when he opened a full broadside upon me. What deluges of animadversions, what thundering invectives ! How the colour mounted in the old gentleman's face as he abused his reckless nephew !

"But uncle—Mr. Crabbe—when I left Birmingham last night—"

"Ah! stop sirrah!—no more attempts to deceive me! There is not a particle of truth in your carcass. Left Birmingham! why the railway guard who gave me your address, told me you had been here for the last month, to his knowledge, and I don't believe you have ever been in Birmingham at all!"

"But the business, uncle!"

Business, indeed—such rubbish, such unlikely trash, as you wrote about trade, was never seen before. Why, if you had made the purchases you



spoke of, both you and your partner would have been bankrupts before now."

"At least my quotation for the Staffordshire bars was correct, and I hope you have made a good bargain."

"Look at this," cried my uncle, as he drew from his pocket-book a telegraphic message. Oh! the perversity and thick-headedness of officials! In spite of all my lucid explanations, in spite of the extra payment received, they had positively transmitted the *whole* of my message, not only to Birmingham, but on from thence to London; thereby cruelly exposing the whole transaction. The blank was still there, since they had given themselves no trouble to fill it up; and, to my utter discomfiture, Mr. Crabbs declared he had lost five hundred pounds by my neglect, the contract for which he was quoting having been secured by a neighbour whose agent kept him better supplied with information.

"There, swindler!" concluded my relative, throwing a couple of my letters on the table,—"*there are some of the proofs of your deceit.*" I picked up an envelope, certainly in my own handwriting, and read thereon, with feelings of the most intense disgust,—"*this letter was found in first-class carriage number 789, at Tamworth, and posted from thence the same day. Samuel Searcham, guard.*"

The other letter had been enclosed to my uncle in an envelope from the "*White Swan*," the landlord taking advantage of the opportunity to enclose his card and recommend all his accommodations in general, and his splendid cigars in particular;—a most unfortunate occurrence, for Mr. Crabbs detested smoking!

To give me the *coup de grace*, at this moment entered to us my landlady, Mrs. Wiggley, who had been rather rejoiced than otherwise to hear high words upstairs; and bearing in mind the old proverb, "*'tis an ill wind that blows nobody good*," had resolved to see if she could not make her own claim good during the storm.

My protestations, of course, were of no avail whatever. Mrs. Wiggley was satisfied, except that I shrewdly suspect she regretted having made no further additions to the bill, which my infuriated uncle would not stay to examine. Within an hour, without any parting scene at the grocer's being permitted, I was on my way back to London, where my relative took good care to keep me pretty strictly. My romantic letters to Derby, sent every few days, breathing unutterable affection and sentimental allusions to *our* hard fate, were unanswered; and before many weeks had elapsed, I received, much to my relative's delight and his never-failing amusement, the wedding cards of Mr. and Mrs. MANGOLD WURTZEL!

## Odd-Fellowship.

**"Is it a fact that Lodge Funds are the Property of the District?"**

REDUCED FROM A PAPER READ IN THE MARC ANTONY LODGE, NORTH  
LONDON DISTRICT, ON TUESDAY, 27TH JULY, 1868,  
BY JOHN HARRIS, SECRETARY.

*"Is it a fact that Lodge Funds are the joint property of the District;—that the members of each lodge are only the managers;—and, as a necessary consequence, members of insolvent lodges have an equal claim to the funds of solvent lodges with the members thereof?"*

ANY number of persons may form and establish a Friendly Society, under the statute passed in 1855, for the purposes therein named; and on the rules being certified the Society is entitled to the protection of the law, and none can interfere with it save its own officers and members. It can be dissolved by consent of the members; or it can be united with any other society. This is the simple benefit club. In considering the question now proposed we have to remember we are dealing with a large society, long since formed and established, spreading itself all over the country; having for the proper conduct of its business a division into districts; and for the convenience of members, branches called lodges.

We all know that to open one of these lodges application must be made to a district meeting, composed of deputies from the then established lodges; that thence an application is made for what is called a dispensation from the chief officers of the Order, under which—and only under which—the lodge is formally established, and commences business. Here then we see that formation under another society at once implies being a necessary part of that society, subject to its rules, and, if the lodge should not choose to have separate rules certified for its own use and purposes, it is in all things governed by the general laws, and the laws of the district to which it belongs. This is proved by the fact that a registered district can recover money due from a lodge not registered or certified, on its seeking to secede from the parent society. Separate laws are indeed only necessary to secure the lodge, as a branch, the benefit of the law by statute for security of its immediate funds and property; and to enable proceedings to be safely and summarily taken to recover them if abstracted or detained. The primary laws of the parent society, and the district rules made under them, govern the rate of payments and benefits. The branch must not accept a less subscription, or pay higher benefits, than those fixed by these primary laws, except at its own risk, and, by providing separate funds, if higher benefits are intended. Why all this restriction? Simply because the funds are intended to be treated as the joint property of the district.

The funds may be distributed in the lodges, some may be more careful in paying them out than others, but that which comes from the subscriptions is a common fund, raised by a common law, to be used for common purposes.

To get a proper idea of our combination, let us venture upon an explanation of the practice of this lodge, and the laws which affect it. The dispensation to open it was obtained in 1845, and its form sets at rest any doubt about our being bound by the general laws of the Order. Since the lodge was opened it has had to alter its scale of payments for the benefits to be assured. The payments have been increased, and the benefits have

remained the same. This was consequent on the result of statistical inquiries, made for ascertaining the experience of the Unity, and its probable liabilities ; and the alterations were imposed upon the lodge by general law, not adopted of its own simple accord. We have paid incidental levies to the district and Unity. We have paid sick and funeral levies to the district. We have made these payments from the "lodge funds," and till the moment we were called upon to make the payments we seldom or ever knew the amount for which we were liable. Under what compulsion have these uncertain payments been made, and why in the future must they be made ?

The lodge rules seem to be completely silent on the matter; but the first rule states our objects in the exact words of the first general and first district laws, with this addition :—"The whole of the objects and rules of this lodge shall be carried into effect in conformity with *and subject to the laws of* the North London District of the said order, and the general laws of the Improved Order of Odd-Fellows' Manchester Unity Friendly Society."

The benefits to be assured by means of the society being defined, we must see how the laws secure them. The 125th general law says, "Every member shall pay his contributions, which shall not be less than threepence per week clear, to the sick and funeral funds of the lodge to which he belongs." The 126th, "Each lodge shall keep a separate and distinct account of the monies received and paid for sickness and funerals, and shall not be allowed to appropriate any portion of such sick and funeral fund, or the interest by any means arising therefrom, to any purpose except the payment of sick and funeral gifts to members having a legal claim." The 127th, "Each lodge shall establish a fund, which shall be called the management expense fund, which shall be raised by a separate contribution from that paid to the sick and funeral fund, and from which shall be paid medical attendance, the necessary expenses of management of the lodge and districts, and gifts to members for meritorious services rendered to the lodge, district, or Order. Each lodge shall keep a separate and distinct account of such fund, and shall have power to collect this sum from their members in what manner they may think best. A separate account shall be kept of all monies paid in cases of charity." The 67th, "Each district in the Unity shall fix the amount of contributions to be paid by the members of each lodge in the district ; subject to the provisions of Law 145 ; such contributions, together with the initiation fee, and all interest which may arise from the investment of the whole or any portion thereof, shall be appropriated *solely* to the payment of the sick, and burial of the dead. Each district shall fix the amount to be paid by each lodge during sickness, for such payment, and the amount of the funeral donations." The 69th, "Each district shall form a district funeral fund, and a district management expense fund ; to each of which funds every lodge shall be bound to contribute according to its number of members. From the funeral fund shall be paid the funeral donations ; and from the district management fund shall be paid all necessary expenses of the district, delegates to the Annual Moveable Committee, and Unity levies." The 42nd, "When a lodge in strict compliance is unable to meet the demands of its members from want of funds, or when a lodge closes without the sanction of a district committee, and divides its funds leaving (sick) members unprovided for, such (sick) members shall become chargeable to the *funds of the district* to which they belonged for present, past, and future claims ; and if the district breaks up they shall receive relief from the funds of the Order. But the amount to be annually expended in such relief shall not exceed the amount which a levy of 6d. per member will raise in the Unity, for Unity members ; and 1s. per member in districts, for district members ; *until a uniform rate of payments and benefits*

*exists throughout the Order."* Under these general laws, the district laws made are these:—the 54th, "The charges for admission and additional contribution shall in all cases be those stated in the 145th rule in the general laws." The 45th, "The contribution from each member in this district shall not be less than 5d. per week, to the sick and funeral fund, for 12s. per week in sickness for 12 months, and 6s. per week as long as the sickness may continue after that time, £12 at a member's death, and £6 at the death of a member's wife. All lodges in this district shall join in paying the funeral expenses thereof. The amount expended each half year shall be divided into an equal rate per member, and charged to each lodge according to its previous return sheet. The lodge to which a deceased member belonged, or to which the husband of a deceased wife belongs, shall enquire into the legality of all claims made for funeral money, and, if the claim be a legal one, shall advance the funeral money on behalf of the district;" and the 28th, "That all expenses of the district be equalized for each lodge to pay its share according to the number of its members, taken from the previous return."

Now, if we proceed by steps, we may arrive at a solution of the difficulty which seems to present itself in considering the question proposed. In the first place we will suppose, for the sake of argument, that the surgeon, secretary, trustees, and auditors of this lodge gave their services without remuneration, and that the lodge agreed to discontinue making any gifts in distressed cases. It might be thought we could then do without our incidental expense fund, or management expense fund, which means the same thing, so long as we could continue to carry on the business of the lodge without trenching on the sick and funeral fund, that must be kept sacred. But next December we shall receive a polite request to pay perhaps £2 16s. 8d. as a share of 170 members of the expenses of the district, and whether the lodge rules say so or not, the officers must collect it from the members. They do so, and if they put to themselves the question, whose property is it? the answer must be, the districts. They are merely the agents to collect from the members, and hand to the district, the amount required for district purposes, to be paid as the district—and the district only—may direct. Is it not therefore plain that even the incidental funds of lodges—so far at least as claims may be made for district purposes—claims *uncertain* in amount, are the joint property of the district. So with another levy paid out of the incidental expense funds of the lodges, for the purposes of the Widow and Orphan fund, the amount obtained by the levy is not the property of the lodge, but of the whole society.

In passing it may be well to notice, too, that the lodges are agencies for receiving for the Widow and Orphan fund, the entrance fees and contributions of members, and for paying the claims made in the society. It will be mere repetition to say anything similar about the district funeral fund. We know we may expect the same polite request as before, for payment of about £17 next December, as a levy of 2s. per member, and we pay it. From whence? From what is called the "sick and funeral fund of this lodge." Well, but instead of £17 it may be £24. It may be £70, if the hot weather should stir up Father Thames to spread an epidemic. This then is plain, that our sick and funeral fund so far as claims may be made for funeral levies—claims *uncertain* in amount—are the joint property of this district. And the district has also another interest or joint property, in that fund, for sick members, under the 42nd general law. At present it is quite true there is no cause of complaint for any lodge as to the operation of that law. But let us contemplate what may happen next week. A large lodge may agree by a majority of its members to close business and divide its funds, and according to the

practice which has prevailed up to the present time, it would but pay the district dues, and secede. The members who voted in the minority then claim to be admitted district members, and there is little doubt they would be so as a matter of course.

It must be admitted that the laws do not say in positive and plain language lodge funds are the joint property of the district, but from the whole force and meaning of the provisions made, that proposition must be considered as affirmed: otherwise, let members ask themselves these questions:—Why do the district laws contain so many restrictions made under the general law? Why must the contributions of members be at least so much, and the benefits for those contributions so much, but no more? Why may not one lodge pay its members double the maximum sick pay if it chooses so insanely to deal with its own sick and funeral fund? Why must a lodge pay funeral levies, though it may not have a death occur amongst its members for perhaps a space of ten years? Why must it pay sick levies, though it has never received a farthing of the contributions of the members claiming, whose "brethren" have walked off with the "funds divided?" Why insist upon uniform practice amongst all the lodges? Why interfere to compel them to keep their funds intact, and observe the common laws governing all? If the lodge funds are not the joint property of the district, all this supervision and interference is wholly unnecessary. It is more, it is vexatious, and impertinent curiosity.

Lastly, it should be observed that if we are here agreed upon answering the question above stated in the affirmative, the words added to the printed circular are paradoxical. If a joint fund, *that fund* may be solvent, or insolvent, a fact which is not ascertained; but there cannot be separately either solvent or insolvent lodges. As to the desirableness of making any change in dealing with the funds, it is certain an improvement might be effected by having a funeral fund properly based and divided from lodges, under the entire control of the district officers, and a district sick levy periodically made; but these matters require further and great attention.

**MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETIES IN FRANCE.**—A report has just been rendered to the Emperor of the French respecting the present state and future prospects of mutual benefit societies in France. In the year 1852, a decree was published, authorising the establishment of mutual benefit societies, and offering certain privileges and grants of money to such as adopted the rules and scales of payment recommended by Government; the said societies to be termed "Approved Societies," and their laws, &c. to be subject to revision after five years of existence. That period of five years expired in 1857, and a committee of noblemen and gentlemen of high position in the State was then formed for the purpose of examination and revision. The following is a portion of the report to the Emperor of the situation of the mutual benefit societies, presented by the Supreme Commission of Encouragement and Surveillance of Mutual Benefit Societies, composed of His Excellency M. Rouher, Minister, Vice-President; M. Amedée Thayer, Senator; Baron Viard, Deputy; M. Deujoy, Counsellor of State; M. Guillemot, Director-General of the Superannuation Fund; the Viscount de Melun; M. Poussin, Co-Director of the Gifts and Succours of their Imperial Majesties; M. Cassimir Gaillardin, Professor to the Lyceum of Louis the Great; M. Cazeau, Inspector-General of Agriculture; and M. Alexis Chevallier, Clerk to the Minister of the Interior, Secretary:—"Sire,—During the year 1857, the mutual benefit societies have not slackened their progress. On the 31st December last they numbered 3,609, composed of 470,414 members, of whom 53,533 were honorary and 416,881 participants. Among the latter were included 359,081 men and 57,800 wo-

men. The capital amounted to 18,897,920 francs 90 centimes (£755,916 15s.). In these figures appear 1,672 'Approved Societies.' They had, on the 31st of December, 245,999 members, of whom 44,160 were honorary and 201,839 participants; amongst the latter 169,773 were men and 32,066 were women. Their reserved capital was 8,023,160 francs 25 centimes (£321,126 8s. 6d.), comprising the Superannuation Fund. The year 1857 presents over 1856, for the approved societies, an augmentation of 286; 34,271 participants; 6,709 honorary members, and 1,779,479 francs 45 centimes (£71,179 3s. 8d.), accumulated capital. We but mention this increase, Sire, that your Majesty may remark with what zeal the mutual benefit societies respond to the high favour with which they are honoured by the Government. They have thus justified the gracious and encouraging words which the Minister of the Interior addressed to the societies of the Seine the day of the distribution of the medals and marks of interest which those of the other departments received at that period. They have shown themselves worthy of the decree of the 27th March, by which your Majesty doubled the value of the rewards, and permitted those who obtained them to wear them in the assemblies of their societies, and thus present themselves to the respect and emulation of all the members. The number of sick in 1857, in all the societies united, has been 108,943, of whom 93,163 were men, and 17,780 women. The number of days of sickness amounted to 2,126,800, of which 1,873,485 for men, and 253,315 for women. The number of deaths has been 4,977. The number of sick compared to that of members was 27.61 per cent. men and 31.65 per cent. women. 18.08 days have been paid for each sickness amongst the men, 13.96 days for each sickness amongst the women. The average number of days' sickness for each member has been—men, 4.90; women, 4.40. The comparison of these figures with each other brings the mathematical justification of our last reports relative to the admission of women; if they are more frequently sick than the men, 31 to 27, their periods of sickness are shorter, 13.96 to 18.08. Thus the equilibrium is established, and the balance is, in fact, in favour of the women, as they average 4.40 days of sickness each only, while the average duration of the illness of members extends to 4.90 days amongst the men. This result leaves no argument to the prejudiced, no pretext for doubt; the admission of women adds to the resources rather than diminishes them; economy is in accord with humanity, and foresight with justice."

### Correspondence.

#### *The Circulation of the Magazine.*

*To the Editor of the Odd-Fellows' Magazine.*

WITHAM ESSEX.—DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—I was very sorry to see, in the January Report, that the circulation of the Magazine was diminishing; and again, by the July Report, to see that the directors were likely to be obliged to enforce the taking of a copy by all lodges. The lodge to which I belong, though consisting of only about 60 (resident) members, have from the commencement taken 13 copies quarterly, but have had to push them. Now, I think it ought to recommend itself, and circulate at least double its present number. The reason it has not had the support of the members generally, appears to me to be because it has not been made their organ. This is not my view alone, but of many, or all who have spoken to me on the subject. If from 8 to 16 pages were devoted to correspondence, original articles on subjects connected with the

Order, reports of anniversaries, &c. &c., it would then, I believe, be well sustained. Members, instead of looking upon it as they now do as a mere competitor among general literature for their patronage, would then consider it as their own—as the *Odd-Fellows' Magazine*.—Yours fraternally,

S. T. DAVIES.

[Our correspondent will perceive that his wishes and suggestions have been cheerfully responded to by the Board of Directors.—*Ed.*]

### Re-arrangement of Districts.

To the Editor of the *Odd-Fellows' Magazine*.

SIR AND BROTHER,—May I request the favour of your insertion of this letter in the ensuing number of the *Odd-Fellows' Magazine*. It is upon the want of arrangement in the number of lodges composing each district about London. At present there are no fewer than thirty-four districts in England; seven in Wales and five in Scotland composed of but one lodge each; while there are some districts composed of thirty, forty, or even fifty, and one district actually contains seventy-one lodges! There can be no doubt that in some country places in England it would be inconvenient to have more than one lodge, nay, sometimes a single lodge can much better and cheaper manage its own district funds than being joined with other lodges; but it is not concerning that I wish to write, but upon the absurd system of one district having sixty or seventy lodges. The North London District has seventy-one lodges. Now, I ask, can a district be properly and efficiently managed composed of so many lodges! Some of those lodges are situated in Hertfordshire, some of them in the western part of London, and some in the city of London. Then, again, the South London District, containing forty-two lodges, has some in Kent, some in Surrey, some in the city of London, and some in Middlesex, one actually being in Pimlico, surrounded by lodges composing the Pimlico District. Now, I would suggest that all lodges situated in the city of London should form a separate district; those to the North of the city form another, those to the South another, and those to the West be added to the Pimlico District; those in Hertfordshire (now part of the North London District) might be added to the Ware District. The lodge at Chatham, now forming part of the South London District, might be formed into a district of its own, no other lodge being near it; and the lodges at Brentford and Isleworth, being so far from the other lodges composing the Pimlico District, should, in my opinion, also form a separate district. The object I have in view is to get the districts about London more equalized in the number of lodges of which they are composed, and to have fewer lodges in each district.—Yours fraternally,

THOMAS A. WOODBRIDGE, Jun.,

V.G., British Lion Lodge, Pimlico District.

### An Address

Written by JAMES CURTIS, G.M. of the Brighton District, and delivered by him at the Seventeenth Annual Fête of the district, at the Swiss Gardens, Shoreham, on Monday, June 26th, 1854, in aid of the *Odd-Fellows' Hall*, Brighton, being the day on which the Hall was formally opened.

Our annual day has once again arrived,—

Since last we met Odd-Fellowship has thrived.

This day we've open'd, 'midst applause from all,

The home of each,—our own Odd-Fellows' Hall.

In this, our Order's home, for age and youth,  
We'll prove our motto—Friendship, Love, and Truth.  
We've no dissensions, and from quarrels free,  
We're now united, and none disagree.

*We fear'd not faction—we our Hall did raise,*  
And our opponents now will give us praise;  
For now, in Friendship, rallying at our call,  
They've lent their hands to aid th' Odd-Fellows' Hall.  
All you, in Friendship, at our call are here,  
To aid a cause Odd-Fellows must hold dear:  
In Friendship's name you've joined our cause to-day,  
In Friendship's name our grateful thanks we pay.

We'll prove our motto 'midst all else above—  
Our home shall be our Order's home of Love;  
This sacred virtue we will spread around,  
With us shall Friendship and true Love be found.  
This golden maxim on our walls shall be,  
And practised by us through our Unity—  
"To do to others as we'd wish them do,  
And to each other be for ever true."

We'll practise Truth in every act and deed—  
Truth for our motto we must then succeed:  
In Truth, we tell you, we're in debt—'tis plain—  
Let's practise Truth, this debt shall not remain.  
In Friendship, then, we've link'd our hearts and hands—  
Raised up in Love, behold our Hall it stands;  
Sustain'd by Truth we can not droop or fall—  
This motto, then, will still support our Hall.

O, lend us then, kind friends, your gen'rous aid,  
Assist us till our debt is fully paid;  
There's none here bashful—that would be a pity—  
Lend us your aid—pray help on our committee.  
A *Hall* we have—we yet a *haul* require—  
A *haul* from you is *all* we *all* desire;  
You'll not be backward—come, a hand extend;  
Come, aid our cause—Odd-Fellowship befriend.

Before I end, upon this happy day,  
Give one good cheer for those who're far away;  
For those who're gone to put down haughty might.*  
Let's cheer them on—"May God defend the right."  
Let us, as brothers, bear a brother's part;  
Let's cheer them on with voice as well as heart;  
Then let your love and loyalty be seen—  
Come, join us, whilst we sing "God save the Queen."

* Crimean War.

### Anniversaries, Presentations, &c.

**ABERDARE.**—The quarterly meeting of the Aberdare District was held at the Bute arms, Ystrad-y-fodog, on Monday, June 24th. About forty delegates, officers, and visitors went over from the Aberdare side of the hill.



The meeting was presided over by the G.M. Thomas Budd, and D.G.M. Griffith Davies occupied the vice-chair. The business of the day was got through in the most pleasant manner, reflecting great credit on the excellent business habits of C.S. Vaughan. The funeral reserve fund amounted to £162 15s. 9d., and the general payments were £85, being £20 less than the preceding quarter. At the close of the general business a splendid silver medal was presented to Griffith Davies, Esq., by the Rev. Thomas Price, on behalf of the members of the Lady Bute Lodge, for important and meritorious services rendered by him. It appeared that Mr. Davies had gone to Ystrad for twelve months to preside over the lodge in its infancy, for which the members now presented him with this medal. All the lodges in the district are in a very flourishing state, and two new lodges will be opened during the ensuing quarter, making the total number of lodges in that district thirty-three.

**ATTLEBOROUGH NUNEATON**—The Loyal Howard Lodge, No. 2057, of the I.O.O.F., M.U., held their anniversary dinner at the house of host P.P.G.M. Wagstaff, New Inn, Attleborough, 18th August, 1858. About one hundred sat down to a most excellent spread. Brother Jno. Estlin, Solicitor, Esq., in the chair, P.G. Henry Clews and P.P.G.M. Chas. Lilley in the vice-chairs. After the cloth was drawn loyal and patriotic toasts were proposed and unanimously carried. Healths, songs, catches, and glees occupied the evening. On the health of the G.M. and Board of Directors, coupled with the health of the officers of the Atherstone District and Odd-Fellows throughout the globe, being proposed, D.G.M. William Taverner responded. He was proud to thank them for the healths they had just proposed, and also to tell them that he had been an Odd-Fellow in that lodge more than seventeen years and was not ashamed of the name. "I have filled," said he, "all the chairs in this lodge, and I am now D.G.M., and at Christmas, should I live, I walk the course to G.M. without opposition, and at our next audit, in October, I shall have filled the secretary's chair for seven years. I find that in October, 1851, the balance of our funds was £587 13s. 5d.; in October, 1858, I hope to have the pleasure of showing a balance sheet of £1,200; so that, after paying all we profess to pay, we shall have saved during that time £616, or on the average about £88 per annum. I think this shows you have some working Bees in this little hive, and not *Drones* on the board of management.—What will the enemies of Odd-Fellows say to these facts? Does this look like insolvency or bankruptcy?"

**BERKHAMSTEAD**.—A grand gala and fête took place on the 26th of July, in the ancient castle grounds, Berkhamstead, in aid of the Widow and Orphan Fund of the district. Special trains from London and the surrounding neighbourhood carried a large number of persons to the place of meeting, and singing, dancing, and fireworks, accompanied by the music of an excellent band, provided entertainment to the company from morning till night. We understand that the pecuniary success of the experiment was quite equal to the anticipations of its projectors. The ancient castle grounds were thrown open to the brethren and their friends by the kind permission of the Right Honourable Lady Alford and the Right Honourable Earl Brownlow.

**CUMBRAN, MONMOUTHSHIRE, SOUTH WALES**.—Good Intent Lodge, M.U., Pontypool District. The anniversary of the above lodge was celebrated on Monday, July 26, the occasion throwing quite a holiday appearance over the valley; banners flying and music resounding from "noon to dewy eve." At four p.m. a substantial dinner was partaken of by 130 members

at the Squirrel Inn. The respected and popular proprietor of the coal and iron works, John Lawrence, Esq., took the chair; and among the company were Mr. John Lawrence, jun.; Mr. Henry Lawrence, Mr. Frederick Lawrence; Mr. Fraser, sen.; Mr. Fraser, jun.; Mr. John Sims Cousins, surgeon; Mr. Joseph Green, colliery agent; Rev. John Hopkins; Mr. Wm. Callane, cashier; Mr. Davies; Mr. Wm. Evans; Mr. John Giles, and Mr. George Wilton, the examining officer of the above district. Mr. David Brown, forge manager, acted as vice-chairman. Upon the cloth being removed, the usual loyal toasts were proposed from the chair. The vice-chairman then gave the Lord-lieutenant and County Magistrates, which was acknowledged by the chairman (being a county magistrate); as was also the Coal and Iron Trades, which was proposed by the Rev. John Thomas, P.G. After the usual routine toasts, the chairman proposed the I. O. of O. F. M. U., coupling with it the G. M. and Board of Directors. Of the principles of the society he knew but little, not being a member; but it was sufficient for him to see that it inculcated habits of sobriety and morality, and taught men, while in the enjoyment of health, to be prudent and provident, and to be prepared for the season of adversity. The toast was drank with enthusiasm. Mr. George Thomas, C.S. of the District, in responding, spoke at great length on the merits of the Order, and the advantages and privileges derived from the M. U. above other societies. He referred to the business-like qualities of the Board of Directors, as manifested at the two last A. M. C.'s—viz., Norwich and Swansea, at both of which he had the honour to represent his district. There were still some young Davids in the camp, who would manage the government of the M. U. in such a manner as to reflect credit upon the Order.—Mr. Cousins proposed the Good Intent Lodge, whose anniversary they this day celebrated. For many years he had been present at their anniversary, but none had been more pleasant to him than the present.—Mr. Thos. Thomas, the permanent secretary of the lodge, spoke at some length on the merits of the Order in general, reading over the past year's accounts; from which it appeared that £150 had been received upon the Sick and Funeral Fund and Incidental Expenses. The lodge had been rather unfortunate (referring to the failure of the Moumouth and Glamorgan Bank in 1851, when the lodge lost at that time about £50), also having had much sickness and five deaths in the last year only; but, after all, he was happy to tell them the lodge funds had increased £27 7s. 5d. The number of members on the last return was 104; average age, 29 years and 5 months. The total funds amounted to £368 0s. 5d.—After several other toasts had been proposed and responded to, the following gentlemen then gave in their names as candidates for members in the Good Intent Lodge, whose anniversary they had that day met to celebrate:—John Lawrence, sen., Esq., proprietor of the works; John Lawrence, jun., Esq.; Henry Lawrence, Esq.; Frederick Lawrence, Esq.; John Sims Cousins, Esq., surgeon; Anthony John Newman, Esq., surgeon; David Brown, Esq., mill and forge manager; Joseph Green, Esq., mineral agent; George Fraser, Esq., sen.; John Henry Fraser, Esq.; David Morgan, Esq.; Zephania Lloyd, Esq. Other toasts were drank, and at about eleven o'clock the meeting broke up.—The initiation of the above gentlemen took place on Monday, August 9, at the lodge house.

DOVER.—The annual dinner of the Cinque Ports Warden Lodge, Dover District, took place on the evening of Thursday, the 26th of August, at the lodge room, Walmer Castle Inn, Dover. About seventy members and friends sat down to an excellent repast, which was placed upon the table in the customary excellent style of Brother Host George. The chair was taken by the Rev. Brother Yate, who was supported by Montague Gore, Esq.,

and J. C. Ottaway, Esq. (the surgeon of the lodge), several members of the corporation, and the officers of the district. The room was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and the Promenade band, under Herr Glüber, attended and enlivened the proceedings of the evening with a choice selection of operatic airs and other music.—The cloth having been removed the chairman gave the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, which were duly honoured; the Emperor and Empress of the French, expressing his wish that the alliance happily existing between France and England would be reciprocated by all Englishmen; the health of Brother Sir William Russell, Bart., M.P., and the rest of the honorary members of the lodge, coupling therewith the name of Montague Gore, Esq., a gentleman, he remarked, whose name was connected with nearly every benevolent society in existence. This toast was responded to with cheers, and Mr. M. Gore responded in an eloquent speech. The latter gentleman then proposed the health of the Mayor and Corporation of Dover, and prosperity to the ancient port, which toast was responded to in an able speech by Mr. Councillor Terry.—The Chairman then proposed the Grand Master and Board of Directors, prefacing the toast with some remarks on the advantages accruing from Odd-Fellowship. This toast was responded to with lodge honours, and an outline given of the government of the Order, by Provincial Deputy Grand Master G. Bennett, of the Dover District. Success to the Cinque Ports Warden Lodge, having been also drunk with lodge honours, the permanent secretary returned thanks, at the same time giving an interesting and lengthened exposition of the state of the lodge, ably showing by figures that the members might contemplate its future solvency with the greatest confidence.—Prosperity to the Widow and Orphans' Fund was responded to by the secretary of that fund. The health of the Surgeon was then drunk with lodge honours, to which Brother Ottaway responded. To the toast of the Press, Mr. Friend, editor of the *Dover Express*, briefly responded. The various toasts of the evening were interspersed with some most excellent songs by Brothers Phipps, Venner, Johnson, Smaille, Jones, and Moor.—The chairman's health having been proposed, it was responded to most enthusiastically. The Rev. gentleman returned thanks, and then vacated his seat, which was taken by Brother Ottaway (the surgeon), under whose genial presidency the proceedings were prolonged to a late hour.

**FREEMANTLE, WEST AUSTRALIA.**—A splendid medal, value £5, bearing the following inscription, was presented to John Shipton, Esq., a magistrate of the colony, and P.P. G.M. of the Freemantle District:—"Presented to P.P. G.M. John Shipton, by the officers and brethren of the New Swan Lodge, M.U.I.O. O.F., as a mark of respect and esteem for his zealous exertions in establishing Odd-Fellowship in Western Australia, and the interest he has ever taken in the same, 19th October, 1857."

**IPSWICH.—OPENING OF A NEW LODGE.**—On Wednesday, July 21st, a new lodge, in connection with the Manchester Unity, was opened at the Falcon Inn, when a number of new members were initiated into the secrets of Odd-Fellowship. The lodge, called the "Cardinal Wolsey," having been opened in due form, the members and their friends, about 50 in number, sat down to partake of a good dinner provided by Host Tocock. After dinner, the usual loyal toasts having been drunk, Mr. Mills, surgeon, rose to propose the "Grand Master and Board of Directors," coupling with the toast the name of P.C.S. Crispin, who had this year served the onerous office of auditor to the Order. In returning thanks, P.C.S. Crispin drew a forcible picture of the benefits resulting to society at large from men becoming members of our Order, and thus making provision in their health for the time when sickness or death

rendered them incapable of providing for themselves and families. He then entered into some interesting statistical details, showing the number of members in the Order, and stating that, notwithstanding the loss in numbers on the reformation of the society, there were still 280,000 members in the Unity; and having given the toast of "Prosperity to the Loyal Cardinal Wolsey Lodge," sat down amid loud applause for the valuable information he had afforded all present. P.P.G.M. Luff having given the "District Officers," P.P.G.M. Pitcher returned thanks, and said he trusted that the new lodge, whose inauguration they had that day met to celebrate, would go on in the prosperous manner the old lodges in the town had done. Several excellent songs were sung by Messrs. Bennett, Flowerman, Goodchild, and others, and altogether a most harmonious and pleasant evening was passed.

**KELSO DISTRICT.—SUPPER AND PRESENTATION.**—On the evening of Tuesday, the 10th of August, a number of the officers and members of the Tweedside Lodge of Odd-Fellows supped together, in the Black Swan Hotel, on the occasion of Past Secretary Rae, the talented leader of the instrumental band of the lodge, leaving this country for America. The meeting was presided over by P.P.G.M. Henderson, P.P.G.M. Hooper officiating as croupier. During the course of the evening, after the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been given, the chairman, in the name of the meeting, presented Mr. Rae with handsomely bound illustrated copies of the poetical works of Scott and Burns, as an acknowledgment of the high estimation in which he was held by the lodge, and to mark its sense of the valuable services he had rendered to the band during the time he was its leader. He was also presented with photographic portraits of the active members of the band (executed by Brother David Broomfield, in his best style), as a "souvenir." Mr. Rae made most feeling and suitable replies to the presentations, expressed his great regret at leaving Kelso, and more especially at parting with his brother members of the band, with whom he had contracted very close and intimate ties. Mr. Rae, though a young man, is no mean musician. He has done much to bring the band to its present efficient state; and he leaves Kelso with the best wishes, not only of the members of the Tweedside lodge, but of all with whom he came into contact.

**ROTHERHAM.—TESTIMONIAL TO C.S. NORTON.**—On Saturday evening, July 24th, a large number of past and present officers and members belonging to the Rotherham branch of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, M.U., assembled in the Parkgate lodge-room, High Street, Rotherham, for the purpose of making a presentation to Mr. John Norton, who for the last 19 years has acted as C.S. to the district. Mr. Henry Laycock, P.P.G.M., in making the presentation, noticed the rise and progress of Odd-Fellowship throughout England, and said the Rotherham district had also steadily flourished, and now numbered 14 lodges and 1,293 financial members, proving that our Order—whose principal objects are to relieve in the hours of sickness, to give succour to the widow, and protection to the helpless orphan—is becoming more appreciated by those whom it is intended to benefit. He had great pleasure in presenting a gold watch to C.S. Norton from the members of the district, in acknowledgment of the many valuable services which he had rendered to the various lodges connected with the district. Mr. Norton sincerely thanked them for their handsome present. While acting as their secretary, he had always endeavoured to discharge the duties of that office to the best of his ability, and such proof of their kind appreciation would act as a stimulant to still greater exertions. The testimonial consisted of a beau-

tiful patent-lever gold watch, valued at 18 guineas, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented to C.S. John Norton, as a token of respect, by the members of the Rotherham District of I.O.O.F., M.U., F.S., July, 1858." Subscriptions were received from the Parkgate Peaceful Retreat, Star of Providence, Rockingham, Princess Victoria, Fitzwilliam, Queen Victoria, Lily of the Valley, Pride of the Valley, and the Rother lodges. Thanks were given to the testimonial committee—Mr. H. Laycock, P.P.G.M.; Mr. Massey, G.M.; Mr. J. Walker, P.P.G.M.; Mr. George Stother, P.G.; and Mr. Hewitt, P.G., for the manner in which they had carried out the wishes of the subscribers, and the meeting separated.

**RUGBY.**—A grand gala, with procession, dinner, &c., took place on Wednesday, July 21st, at this town, at which were present the principal members of the Order residing in the district, as well as a numerous company of friends. Members of the Addison Lodge, M.U., the Ancient Order of Foresters, the Nottingham Unity, and the Lawrence Sheriff Lodge, M.U., together with a vast number of children, appropriately costumed, bearing flags, banners, and regalia, and accompanied by bands of music, took part in this friendly gathering. At the dinner, the C.S. of the Rugby District was presented with a handsome gold watch and chain. On the back of the watch was the following inscription:—"Presented to Mr. William Morton by the Rugby District of Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, Manchester Unity, as a mark of esteem for his zeal and unwearied exertions in fulfilling the duties of corresponding secretary to the district during a period of twelve years in succession, 21st July, 1858." A tea party was held on the same evening, which was very fully attended. The following is the report of the procession committee:—"The amount subscribed was £45, of which only £10 was subscribed by the gentlemen and tradesmen of the town who are not members of the societies. That they have examined the treasurer's books and bills, which they find correct, and have much pleasure in stating that the total receipts amounted to the sum of £152 2s. 1d., and the payments to £91 0s. 0d., leaving a balance of £61 1s. 4d. in the treasurer's hands. Your committee recommend that the sum of £59 17s. 7½d. be divided between the several societies according to numbers, as agreed upon at a previous meeting, at the rate of 1s. 4½d. per member:—Lawrence Sheriff Lodge, M.U., 455 members, £31 5s. 7½d.; Addison Lodge, 164 members, £11 5s. 6d.; Foresters' Court, 157 members, £10 15s. 10½d.; Nottingham Unity, 95 members, £6 10s. 5½d.—£59 17s. 7½d. That the balance, together with any outstanding subscriptions that may be paid in, be devoted to such purposes as the committee may deem proper. It will thus be clearly seen that the whole of the £45, raised by subscription, will go direct to the Widow and Orphan Fund, together with £15, making the large sum of about £60." Several votes of thanks were passed unanimously to the various sub-committees who had so successfully carried out the procession, also to the subscribers, members, and public, who had contributed and assisted the committee in making a good holiday, and presenting so large and handsome a sum to so praiseworthy an object.

**RUGBY.**—The Addison Lodge of Odd-Fellows, M.U., held their anniversary on Wednesday, when a very excellent dinner was provided by Mr. Chater, of the Lawrence Sheriff Arms Hotel. D. Torrance, Esq., chairman; Mr. W. Cosby, the treasurer of the lodge, in the vice-chair. The usual loyal toasts being given and heartily received, especially the army and navy, coupled with the name of the Duke of Cambridge, who was unavoidably absent; the Rugby District and the Manchester Unity was appropriately responded to by the C.S. of the district. Mr. Gilbert, in replying to the toast of the Addison Lodge,

stated their numbers at 164 members, and that £60 had been added to the funds of the lodge during the past year, which now amounted to upwards of £1000.

**RUGBY.—WIDOW AND ORPHANS' SOCIETY, M.U.**—The committee of management of this society held their regular quarterly meeting on Wednesday evening, at the Horse Shoe Hotel. After the usual business, the treasurer of the procession committee attended, and paid over to the secretary the sum of £42 11s. 1½d., this being the proportionate share or amount due to the Manchester Unity of the proceeds of the procession.

**ST. IVES, CORNWALL.**—The seventeenth anniversary of the Loyal Strangers' Refuge Lodge (2758), and the fifth anniversary of the St. Ives (Hunts.) District Branch of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows' Manchester Unity Friendly Society, were celebrated in this town on Wednesday, July 21. At four o'clock in the afternoon about 180 members and friends of the society sat down to a splendid dinner in a spacious tent on the premises adjoining the Dolphin Inn. After the removal of the cloth, Mr. Reuben Ginn, P. Prov. G.M., was called to the chair; Messrs. Johnson, Saint, and Davis, acting as vice-chairmen. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, Mr. Ellis, of Peterborough, gave "Success to the Manchester United Friendly Society." Mr. Key, of Earith, proposed "The St. Ives District Branch and its Officers." Mr. John Norris, the Grand Master of the District, returned thanks. Mr. Cursley next gave "Success to the Strangers' Refuge Lodge, and thanks to its Officers." This lodge was established in 1841, seventeen years ago, and had ever since been progressing and prospering. At the end of 1856 it contained 147 members, and at the end of 1857, 180 members, being an increase during the year 1857 of 33 members. At the time he was speaking it numbered nearly 200 members, nearly half of them being under 30 years of age. There had not been one death among the members during the year 1857, and only one member's wife had died. During the same year, 48 members were relieved in sickness, and the total days' sickness experienced was 1,290, being an average of about one week per member, if distributed throughout the lodge. On the 1st of January last the sick and funeral fund of the lodge amounted to £859 11s. 7d., and the management expenses fund to £141 0s. 10d., making a total of £1,000 12s. 5d., being a nett increase during the year on the former fund of £37 8s. 4d., and on the latter fund of £39 11s. 1d.; the total increase during the year being £76 19s. 5d. The amount of both funds was about £5 for every member; £600, part of such amount, being invested in the public funds, and £200, further part, in the Huntingdonshire Savings' Bank. The weekly subscription for each member was 6d., with additional subscriptions in certain cases, graduated according to the age of the member on admission. The allowance in sickness was 12s. a-week for the first year, and 6s. a-week afterwards, besides medical aid. The allowance at the death of a member £10, and at the death of a member's wife £5. Mr. Thomas Matthews, P.P.G.M., briefly but emphatically responded. "Success to the Widows' and Orphans' Fund" was ably proposed by Mr. John Allpress, of Fenstanton. This is a fund to which the members may contribute one penny a-week for the temporary relief of their widows and orphans, £10 being paid on the death of every contributor to this fund, it being optional with every member to join it or not. This allowance is in addition to the £10 paid out of the funeral fund. This widows' and orphan's fund on the 1st of January last amounted to £256 5s. 10d., £200, part of that sum, being invested in Government Securities. This is in addition to the £1,000 belonging to the sick and funeral and the management funds. Nearly one-

half of the members of the lodge were contributors. The toast was well received and feelingly responded to.—Several other toasts having been proposed and responded to with the honours of the Order, the meeting separated with an unanimous vote of thanks to the chair.

**TRURO.—GRAND GATHERING OF ODD-FELLOWS.**—On Tuesday, July 7, the members of the Truro District assembled to the number of 300, and paraded the town with flags, banners, and music. At three o'clock the members of the several lodges met in the Green Market, and partook of an excellent dinner. Various toasts were given and responded to in the most enthusiastic manner; and the success of the Order in the county of Cornwall, was evidenced by the production of "facts and figures" that could not be gainsayed.

**WITHAM, ESSEX.—GUTHAVON LODGE.**—The thirteenth anniversary of the above lodge was celebrated on Monday, July 12th, in the grounds of J. H. Pattison, Esq. During the day a match of cricket was played, and at six o'clock the members and friends sat down to dinner in a marquee on the ground. The Rev. John Bramston, Vicar, presided, supported by William Pattison, Esq., vice-chairman, Rev. B. D. Hawkins, P. C. Du Cane, Bigsby Luard, W. B. Tomkin, Jacob Pattison, T. S. Gimpson, J. T. Miller, Esqs. Letters were also read, regretting their non-attendance, from the Rev. Sir J. P. Wood, Bart. and Capt. Luard, R.N. Various loyal and patriotic toasts having been given and duly honoured, the secretary (Mr. S. T. Davies) read the report, showing that the society is in a most satisfactory condition, and that its rules had been certified during the past year by the registrar general, Mr. Tidd Pratt. The chairman proposed the toast of the evening: "The Loyal Guthavon Lodge—may its prosperity long continue." He said he was not a member of this society; but valued it, because it was from reading an account of its deficiencies some years ago that he was led to inquire into the position of a society of which he then was a working member. Mr. S. T. Davies, in responding, said, that to have one's name associated with the toast of the evening might, by some, perhaps, be deemed a great honour; but certainly, on the present occasion, he failed to appreciate it, feeling altogether unworthy to occupy the position in which he was placed. He was but a young member of the Order, but in obedience to the injunction he received at his initiation, he had "applied himself diligently to the business of Odd-Fellowship, that he might the sooner become proficient therein to his own advantage and to the credit of the Order." He had now seen and learnt sufficient of the Order to claim for it pre-eminence among provident institutions, for its stability, safety, and numbers,—numbering, as we now do, 280,000 members. Just look (said Mr. Davies) for one moment at the vast amount of good this society achieves; the moral and social position of each member is elevated by the inculcation of virtuous principles, and by the liberty gained by our self-dependence; and if you raise the position of a quarter of a million of men, the influence exerted must extend itself in every direction, and society generally be benefited. Odd-Fellowship is based upon the great principles of philanthropy and self-dependence, and seeks to elevate its members by refining and strengthening their sympathies, weakening their animosities, and by the cultivation of prudential habits and an intelligent self-reliance. Odd-Fellowship, professedly, has a tendency to make those who enter among us better husbands, better fathers, and better members of society. The speaker then, quite unexpectedly to all present, produced a valuation, by Mr. H. Ratcliffe, of the assets and liabilities of the lodge. The assets, £2,093 8s. 1d.; liabilities, £1,941 11s. 11d.; leaving a balance of £151 16s. 2d. in favour of the lodge.

The communication of this intelligence was received with loud and long continued applause. He concluded by thanking the chairman for the cordial manner in which he had proposed the toast, and said that with such evidence of their past prosperity, and pursuing the same course, he doubted not but that, in the words of the toast, "prosperity would long continue." Mr. Evans then proposed the health of the chairman. Success to the Widow and Orphans' Fund was then proposed and drank with enthusiasm. The Rev. B. D. Hawkins and Bigsby Luard, Esq., expressed a wish to become honorary members, and the company, which numbered upwards of three hundred persons, separated with a cordial vote of thanks to the chairman. The evening's entertainments were enlivened by some excellent music, by the members of the Harmonic Society, and some good singing by brethren of the Order and their friends.

### Obituary.

**ROTHERHAM.**—On the 25th July, after a short illness, at his residence, Greasbrough Lane, Rotherham, Mr. William Nussey, aged 51. The deceased was much respected as a brother in Odd-Fellowship, and held the office of P.G.M. at the time of his decease. He was initiated in 1825. His funeral took place on Tuesday, and though little time was allowed to acquaint the members of the Order, his mortal remains were followed to their last resting place by a very respectable number of officers and members.

**CHOWBENT.**—Died, June 9, 1858, in Harrison Fold, Chowbent, Lancashire, Mr. T. Tyldesley, P.P.G.M., painter, aged 47, who was interred at the St. George's Church burial ground, Tyldesley, on the 12th. The deceased was initiated a member of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, M. U., August 27, 1830, in the Defiance Lodge of that district. After going through the various offices of his lodge, he was elected D.G.M. of his district on the 20th of June, 1835, and was made the Pro. G.M. on the 29th June, 1839. He again came forward to serve his district as the C.S., being elected on the 25th of December, 1850, and was continuously elected until he had served that office for five years. During that period the district became registered under the Friendly Societies' Act. He was sent as deputy to the South London A.M.C., held on the 5th of June, 1854. As a slight token for his past services, he was rewarded with a testimonial of £5 value, which was expended on a silver watch, and presented to him at the annual meeting, December 1856, which was then held at the Defiance Lodge, where he had been installed. On the 3rd of August, 1835, he married Hannah, only surviving daughter of the late Mr. Robert Yates, of the same place. The issue of that marriage were eight children, four of whom, with his widow, still survive him. As an Odd-Fellow, he was warm, energetic, and active in its cause, advocating its most liberal principles, and thus securing the friendship of many attached friends, who will long hold with pleasure the remembrance of his friendly attentions. As a husband and parent he did his duty, securing to his children a more extensive and liberal education than he himself had been able to obtain; and he leaves behind him a character worthy of imitation by all, for sobriety, honesty, and integrity.









